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From the Author

331

THOUGHTS
IN
YOUTH AND AGE.

LONDON:
GILBERT & RIVINGTON, PRINTERS,
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.

THOUGHTS

IN

YOUTH AND AGE;

POEMS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

BY THE
—Dwarf / —John
HON. AND REV. E. J. TURNOUR, M.A.

FORMERLY OF ST. MARY HALL, OXFORD.

"Æquam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem, non secus in bonis
Ab insolenti temperatam
Lætitia, moriture!"—HORATIUS.

To stern Adversity resign'd,
Preserve with care a tranquil mind;
If prosp'rous fortune on thee smile,
Do not thy fellow-men revile:
Whilst thou her frowns, or smiles, defy,
Remember this, that thou must die!



"Tyrants would, in impious throngs,
Silence His adorer's songs,
But should Salem's lyre, and lute,
At their proud commands be mute?
Tyrants, ye in vain conspire:
Wake the lute, and wake the lyre!
Why should Salem's lyre and lute,
At their proud commands be mute?"—HANDEL'S ATHALIA.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR C. J. G. & F. RIVINGTON,
ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD,
AND WATERLOO-PLACE, PALL-MALL.

MDCCCXXI.

PR 5700
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A.M. 7 Aug. 29.

TO THE READER.

I HAVE seen more than half a century; and accustomed from the age of ten years to commit my thoughts to Paper, and frequently in Verse, such as it may be; I have selected these Poems from my own compositions during thirty-five past years. I have two motives for printing them now; the one to serve my large family, if these Poems obtain the approbation of my countrymen: the other, as I have published many graver works in defence of Christian Truth, and Virtue, as taught, and illustrated, by our holy Established Church of England: to shew that what I have often inculcated from the Pulpit is true: "that cheerfulness and piety are far from being incompatible." On the contrary, "*Cheerfulness* is

the fruit of true Religion ; it springs from the heart, and is the voice of Truth, and Nature.”

The Dramatic Poems, and all the lighter subjects were written when I was in the Army ; for, like all young men of my youthful days, I bore arms for my Country, when England was so long threatened with invasion by Napoleon. I wrote many Epigrams and other Poems at College ; but so many friends are gone before me into eternity, that they would not *now* have interested the Reader.

Arundel, May, 1831.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Justification. To the Critics	1
Advice	2
The Triumph of the Cross	3
The Warning Voice.	9
On New Year's Day, 1810	37
Hymn I.	ib.
Elegy on Miss Boetefeur	38
Charity	39
Hymn II.	49
On the Eighteenth of February: my Mother's Birthday, and first Wedding-day	50
Epitaph in Hampstead Church-yard on my Fifth Daughter . . .	51
Conclusion of a Letter to my Sister in India	ib.
To Eliza, after seventeen and a half years' Marriage.	52
Resignation	ib.
The Fairies of the Lady's Bower	54
Sent with the First Volume of my Sermons to Charles Norris, Esq.	55
Hymn III.	56
Written Impromptu in a farewell letter to my brother G. R. . .	57
Hymn of Thanks.—IV.	58
A Character	59
Hymn V.	ib.
Hymn VI.	60
Hymn VII.	61
Anthem I.—On the Resurrection	62
The Farewell Prayer	63
Hymn VIII.	67
Hymn IX.	69
To the Vicar of Oving	70
Ode on my Eldest Child completing his Fourth Year	ib.
To my Wife, on her Birth-day, May 18, 1806	71
Hymn X.	72
To my new-born Daughter	73

	PAGE
Ode on Meditation	74
Sorrow is Folly.—An Ode	75
The Grave	76
On New Year's Day, 1807	77
Thoughts after grateful Prayer and Praise	78
Orison. For a Spanish Chant	ib.
My Fifty-first Year	80
Sorrows and Blessings	81
Hymn XI. Confidence in God	83
A friendly Wish for the Rising Generation	ib.
Victory has Charms even in Death	84
Impromptu. On Sir R. Strachan's engaging and capturing four French men of war with an equal force	85
Epigram on Flattery	ib.
On the Death of Viscount Nelson, October 21, 1805	ib.
To the French Admiral, captured on the above occasion	86
Lines written extempore in Thomson's Seasons, lent to me by a Lady	87
Hymn XII.	ib.
To my Sister, on her Passage home from India	88
On Feeling	89
Friendship	90
To him who owns it	91
Address to the Public for the Chimney-sweepers	92
To Love	93
Jeu d'Esprit	ib.
On the threatened Invasion	94
To my First Born	95
To my Wife	96
Song	97
A Mother's Thoughts before her Child's Birth	98
On the Preparations in Portman Square	99
Lines written upon the death of an Infant	100
To my Wife	ib.
To my dear Wife on her Birth-day	101
To a Friend	102
Hymn XIII. Written the Morning after the birth of my First Child	103
The young Mother to her First-born	ib.
On the Peace in 1802	104

	PAGE
A Happy Death-bed	107
To the Vicar of Arundel. For some Long Life Lozenges . . .	ib.
To a Friend	108
Epitaph for Myself; on planting Tea-plants	109
Epigram on a certain learned Lady	ib.
Letter sent by the Post to a Young Lady	110
Extempore Address to the Vellorian Bard, who was vastly witty upon Miss Angelique Cochrane; a friend of the Author's .	112
Hymn XIV. Written after a severe illness	113
On the Malvern Hills	114
On the Death of Captain Philip Armstrong	115
On Love	116
On the Massacre at Vellore, in India	117
Recollections. To Lady S— T—.	118
To Lady Eliza R—	120
Time was. Written after eight years' Marriage. To Eliza . .	121
On my Sister's Second Voyage to India	122
On the Abolition of the Slave-trade	123
To Eliza, on her Birth-day	124
On Penmaen Mawr, North Wales	125
On Mental Ease	126
Hymn XIII. On my Eldest Child's recovery from sickness . .	127
My Infant Daughter's Birth-day	128
A Soldier's Song	129
Epitaph for Myself	ib.
Praise well deserved	131
Epigram on the Exploits of the Leda Frigate	132
The Pleasures of Meeting again in India	ib.
On my Birth-day	133
Proofs in favour of Marriage	134
Hymn XV. On completing my thirtieth Year	135
Hymn XVI.	136
Hymn XVII.	137
To Daphne, on a dead Bullfinch	138
Epistle to C. E. A., Esq.	139
To the Lark	147
On Pride of Birth	148
Ode to Liberty	149
Conscience	150

	PAGE
Hymn XVIII.	151
On New Year's Day, 1808	152
Hymn XIX. Thine be the Glory, Lord!	153
Hymn XX.	154
On the Misseltoe. A Christmas Carol	155
Ode to Christmas	156
Anthem III.	157
On Family Union, addressed to all Mankind	159
Pride	160
To my Infant Nephew. Written on his Birth	161
Sonnet XXIX. To my Niece, Elizabeth Annette, on giving her a Bible	162
On New Year's Day, 1806	163
Epithalamium	164
The Absent Wife to her Husband	166
The Druid's Song : a Christmas Appeal to my Country against Infi- del Writers	167
Voyage in the Royalist, from Plymouth to Devonport	181
The Old English Baron : a Tragedy	193
The Negro of Saint Domingo, or the Triumph of Humanity	283
Translations from the French	309
On Marshal Turenne being buried in the Royal Sepulchre . . .	ib.
Inscription under a Statue of Love	ib.
On a fine Statue of Ariadne	310
On dining at a General's house, and sitting between his Mistress, and his Daughter, both very fine women . . .	ib.
Monody	311
On the truly Christian Motto, "Deo, non Fortunâ"	312
To Eliza on her Birth-day	314
To the Dean of Achonry	316
Epigrams on given Subjects	ib.
Apology for quitting Town	326
The World	327
On G. R.'s Marriage and Bridal Voyage	328
Written during the Gout	329
To my Cousin, C. E. Bacon, a young Physician	ib.
A Christian Paraphrase on Ovid's "Os homni sublime dedit, cælumque tueri"	330
Elegy on my how dearly beloved Sister, Lady E. R.	ib.

	PAGE
The Dream	332
Insects	335
Words for the German Hymn	338
Hymn XXI. Written after reading the 1st Chapter of the complete Duty of Man	339
Written at Stonehenge, in May, 1815	340
With a Sparrow-hawk's compliments	341
To Eliza. Written on the twentieth Anniversary of my Wedding- day	342
Written in my Son Arthur's Bible, at parting for India	343
Written at Linton, in Devonshire	344
Epigrams	345
Ode on Little Strawberry Hill	346
On the Lady to whom the preceding Ode was sent	354
Epigram	355
Written at Linmouth, Devon	356
My Wives equal	358
On the Cavern at Wookey, near Wells	ib.
Epigram	359
Hymn XXII.	360
Follow good Example	361
On Cutting my Oaks for Little Hampton New Church	ib.
On Marriage	365
The Inscription on my Wife's Tomb	366
On my Beloved Wife being struck with Death	ib.
To My Rebecca	367
To Little Hampton Church, 1826	368
Dirge on the Death of Sir Ralph Abercrombie	370
Economy, a New Song upon an old Subject	371
The Chichester Lasses' Petition to His Royal Highness the Duke of York	372
A Cicestrian Epigram	373
On giving Four Seals, with suitable Inscriptions, to my Second Wife on her Wedding-day	374
Retirement	375
Eclogue	376
English Words adapted to Mr. W. Knyvett's Canzonet "Tu fai"	381
To a Sick Friend	382
On presenting my Bust to a Lady	ib.

	PAGE
Hymn XXIII.	383
Hymn XXIV.	ib.
Written extempore, on hearing Mr. Henshall, Organist to the R. C. Archbishop of Dublin play, and sing	384
On an ill and hastily written Book	385
On the same Book	ib.
To the British and Foreign Bible Society	386
To Eliza	ib.
Second Verse, adapted to the Air in Artaxerxes	388
Lines written in the Bathing-room, at the Cascade Spring in Stoke Rochford Park	389
Ode to Mr. Canning, the new Premier	ib.
To the Spirit of Canning	391
Lines written at Cotehele Castle, Cornwall	392
On the Church of England	ib.
On the same Subject	393
To a Brother Minister	394
On the Figure of Britannia, armed	ib.
The Oving, moving, Address	395
Resignation	ib.
To my Country	396
The Christian Graces, Faith, Hope, and Charity	397
To the Vicar	398
True Love	403
Letters from Watering Places in the Summer of 1808	404
A Christmas Carol	423
On the Threats of Invasion	427
De Anglia Invadenda, 1806	428
Translation of the same	ib.
Reply to Miss Howard's Note to the Sick Author	429
Epigrams	431
On Waste of Time	432
Midnight Recollection and Reflection	433
Midnight Consolations of Age and Infirmary	435
A Midnight Meditation	439
Lines written in my Great Nephew and Godson's Prayer-book	442
Epigrams	443
The Clergy Orphans: an Appeal for the destitute Widows and Families of my poorer Brethren	445

THOUGHTS IN YOUTH AND AGE.

JUSTIFICATION.

To the Critics.

THINK not that Criticism e'er can daunt
That heart which is the Muses' frequent haunt ;
In vain the friends, the anxious friends, may chide ;
Our sanguine hopes their efforts weak deride :
We still, as Fancy prompts, our stanzas frame, 5
Perhaps adorning a too simple story ;
He knows, deserves not, the true meed of Fame,
Who fears the Peril ;—nor can have the Glory.

In strains poetic long my friends I troubled,
Vainly endeavour'd still each one to please ; 10
Behold, ah ! now my cares, and pains, are doubled ;
I wish to charm,—perhaps I only tease :
Tell me then why I still must ape the Poet,
No praise I get, nor write I for the pelf ;
Friend Vanity ! i'faith I well may show it, 15
I write to please thee only, and myself.

ADVICE.

No man, unless in manners he is wild ;
 But straight exclaims, " Ah ! what a charming child !"
 Although the Babe perhaps is very ugly ;
 No matter that,—'tis right the truth to smother :
 The Father simpers, smiles the gentle Mother, 5
 And matters thus go on so snugly.

In Poetry each bantling is so fine,
 In Parents' estimation so divine ;
 Although perhaps the Muse refuse to know it :
 Believe me, friend, unpardonable sin, 10
 (Such as the human heart ne'er entered in ;)
 It is to criticize a Poet.

Beware the lash, the Poet's piercing gall,
 Which, restless will torment ye all,
 If on his works too curious ye pry : 15
 Depend upon it, one way, or the other,
 No consequence if Father, or if Brother ;
 You'll feel the vengeance if critique you try.

Let me one easy way to you point out,
 One, indeed, easily found out ; 20
 Praise, and extol, his works unto the skies :
 For every Virtue has its own reward ;
 You'll gain his love, his gratitude, regard ;
 And lo ! he'll paint you too as wondrous wise.

With Music, Painting, Poetry combine ; 25
 Three sister arts their graces thus entwine ;
 And have you either, pray, would not you show it ?
 One Man excels in one, or two, or three ;
 I know but one, but prithee, tell to me,
 Where is the harm in showing I'm a Poet ? 30

THE TRIUMPH OF THE CROSS.

O FOR a portion of that holy fire,
 Which the divine Isaiah did inspire ;
 And fill'd with grateful joy his sacred lays :
 While I attempt to sing my Saviour's praise !
 Awake my soul ; exert thy strength, and prove 5
 Thy grateful recollection of his Love :

Whose blessed influence, in thy earliest days,
Shed tranquil pleasure o'er thy Infant plays.
Whose kind protection made thee fully blest ;
Whose Prayer composed, and sweetly made thee rest: 10
And when in youth thy footsteps often stray'd,
His mild reproof thy ready love obey'd :
Confirm'd by early precept, kiss'd the rod ;
And humbly fear'd, and own'd the pow'r of, God !
In manhood's graver time still, grateful, sing 15
The praises of thy Saviour, and thy King !
For thou, observing, as the tempest past,
The World by vice, by Tyranny o'er cast ;
Never desponding, firm in faith, didst see
Thy Saviour's Triumph in futurity. 20
And, though 'so long, the destined scourge of Man,
In blood, and terror's, murd'rous courses ran ;
While Hell, and Death, dread ministers of fate,
Still on his conqu'ring banner seem'd to wait :
Though cloud on cloud in dark'ning horror prest, 25
While man by pow'r demoniac was opprest ;
By all thy Saviour's promises secured,
The time's afflictions patiently endured :
And still thou didst behold, through glooms of Night,
Though distant far, the welcome gleam of Light ! 30
We all remember Gallia's inward strife,
Alas ! so fatal to her Monarch's life ;

Too virtuous for his age, poor Louis fell
An easy sacrifice to fiends of Hell :
While streams of blood in dreadful torrents ran, 35
To vindicate the boasted rights of man !
While frantic Atheists loud their God defied,
And o'er his precepts triumph'd human pride.
For, as the first great Rebel's impious rage,
Once disobedient, horrid war did wage 40
'Gainst fellow Angels, and the might of God ;
Disown'd his sceptre, and defied his rod :
Till Archangelic hosts, in bright array,
Hurl'd on his head confusion, and dismay ;
So Gallia's Atheist bands, with pride elate, 45
Pour'd fire, and murder, o'er each neighb'ring State.
Dethroning Kings their maxim, and their boast ;
While rapine added thousands to their host.
From State to State the dire contagion ran,
And millions died to fix the rights of man. 50
While thus she hurl'd dismay on friends, and foes,
In Britain's Isle a milder sway arose.
There Christ's religion taught a better part ;
And, while it nerved each arm, did mend each heart.
For God—their King, and Country ; and its Laws ; 55
Each bosom beat with ardour in the cause.
England her Cross, her standard, bold unfurl'd ;
And dared the foe, and saved a trembling World.

While her brave Navies God's protection blest,
In triumph borne to succour the oppress. 60
From shore to shore her fame, her worth was shewn;
And God, who victory gives, upheld his own!
Where'er her pendant floats, her armies fight,
She bears away the palm of valour bright:
And Britain's thunders o'er the rolling wave 65
Proclaim that England fights, but fights to save.
Around her standard prostrate nations crowd,
And for protection cry to her aloud:
Display of blood, and wealth, how great a loss,
When Atheists rule, and overturn the Cross. 70
That blessed Cross on which our Saviour died,
Born to redeem mankind from Satan's pride:
That blessed Cross, which points from earth to Heaven;
To sinful man for his redemption given!
Inspired by thee, O Jesus! Lord of all! 75
Before thy throne united Monarchs fall:
Bow down their standards on the hard earn'd field;
And praise to thee, their Lord, and Saviour yield.
With one accord proclaim thy might, and pow'r;
While, with one soul, Jehovah they adore. 80
Again the foe breaks forth with furious rage,
Nought can the fierceness of his ire assuage;
Till Moscow's wrapt in flames; her temples all
With hideous ruin into ashes fall.

Then rose the stormy North at thy command, 85
And snow, and tempests, harass'd all the land :
The native Russians to their cities fly ;
The Gallic savage writhes in agony.
Before thy vengeance flies ; and on his rear
Hang famine, sword, and fire ; and frost severe. 90
The vengeful Russians chase the flying foe,
And quickly lay his bloody trophies low :
O'er guns, and tumbrils, waggons, man, and horse,
O'erturn'd, and dying, urge their angry course :
Nor stay their vengeance, till, with joy elate, 95
They thunder at the flying Tyrant's gate.
Then Paris, nest of Atheists, seat of blood,
Of infamy, and horror, them withstood ;
Withstood in vain, to her eternal loss :
But Christ there shew'd the triumph of the Cross ! 100
There did his servants, urged by pity, stay
Their angry wrath, and bow beneath his sway ;
By Britain's great example sheath'd the sword,
And quarter gave, and peace again restored.
The Tyrant, abject pleads, his life to save ; 105
To Elba borne a pris'ner o'er the wave.
Louis, in triumph, takes his brother's throne,
And subject Gallia does her Monarch own.
Alas ! that Treachery once more appears,
Again her bloody standard Gallia rears : 110

Recalls her tyrant Emperor in vain ;
For Britain does the battle still maintain,
Till Waterloo does all her laurels crown,
And hurls th' Usurper from his blood-stain'd throne.
Till the fell Tyrant, in Saint Helen's Isle, 115
A captive, mourns his black career of guile.
And Britain, gracious to a fallen foe,
On him does all, but liberty, bestow.
Here I my lyre resign—some future day,
If time allow, I may resume the lay. 120
To thee, my Saviour ! I devote my pen,
In solemn words to tell my fellow men ;
That thou alone redeemest every loss—
Eternal triumph waits upon thy Cross !

THE
WARNING VOICE,
A SACRED POEM,

IN TWO CANTOS;

ADDRESSED TO INFIDEL WRITERS OF POETRY.

THE ARGUMENT.

Angels in Paradise lamenting Man's Fall.—Discourse on Christ's Salvation, and the Progress of Infidelity.—How much the World patronizes Writers in that Strain, because its guilty Passions are flattered in such Poetry.—One suggests an Attempt to excite a mortal Man to show that Poetry has a more noble Cause to advocate—the Praise of God, and the Salvation of Man.—Encouraged by the rest, she passes to the Gates of Eden, where the Archangel Gabriel, after praying for her Success, opens the Door to the Earth.

A Christian Pastor's Family assembled to Morning Prayer.—The Cherub's Contemplations thereon.—Dismissed to their various Occupations, the Father retires to his Study.—There meditating on his Sacred Calling, anxious to serve God and Man; the Angel suggests, invisibly, and imperceptibly, the Idea of trying the Effect of Sacred Poetry; for Poetry is so much the Present Taste, that he may, through God's Blessing, reach those Hearts, and Minds, which turn away from grave Discourses.—That if he fail, his fall in such a Cause is no Disgrace to the faithful Servant of his Lord.—Hence “The Warning Voice.”—Quitting Allegory, the Writer invokes his Saviour's Blessing on an upright Intention tending to His Glory, and proceeds in the Plan of the Poem.

CANTO I.

IN rosy bowers, where Almighty Love
Man's garden planted, seats of peace, and joy ;
Where vernal air for ever breathes, and light,
From Heaven's throne proceeding, shines around ;
There ministering Angels roam, and still prepare 5
For just, and righteous, Spirits a reward ;
Mansions of rest eternal ; when their Lord
Calls to his Father's house his flock redeem'd.
For they, his first Creation, did rejoice
When this bright globe from Chaos dark arose : 10
And to their golden harps they sang the praise
Of great Jehovah, fair Creation's Lord.
Father of all, sublime on Cherubs' wings
He rode, in darkness shrouded ; and with him
Th' Almighty Son, and Holy Spirit, join'd 15
In blessed Union, pour'd forth Heav'nly love !
Beneath their hands, at God's Almighty word,
Those golden stars were born ; those two great lights,

The sun, and moon, were hung sublime in air.
The planets danced around in glad accord, 20
Proclaiming to all Nature's teeming womb
The mighty fiat of Creative Love !
In Eden's roseate bowers, now no more
The seat of Man, (far thence by justice driven
An exile from the seats of bliss, and joy ; 25
To earn his food by labour, and by toil,
On earth his mortal days in trial spent :)
Assembled Angels struck their holy lyres,
Lamenting Adam's fall in strains of love :
Such love as blessed Spirits feel for sinful men ; 30
Love infinite, deriv'd from Him, the God
Of truth, and life, and joy ; for God is love !
Hence Angels sang, at our Redeemer's birth,
" Glory to God in Highest Heaven be ;
To men on Earth good will, and peace be given !" 35
Hence joy arises in those bright abodes
O'er each repentant sinner ; praise resounds
Throughout thy beauteous groves, sweet Paradise !
For every soul reclaim'd to life, and God.
Of youthful Cherubim, with golden harps, 40
On verdant banks reclined the Heavenly Choir,
Midst close embowering shades, whose sweet perfume
The ambient air diffusing, freshness breathed.
Thee, Lord and Saviour, only Son of God ;

O Jesus Christ ! they sang ; thy glorious deeds— 45
Leading death captive ; guilt and sin no more
In chains eternal holding fallen Man ;
For men repentant thy Redemption saves.
As thus Salvation's power they sang,
And of its benefits to Man conferr'd ; 50
The recollection of those hostile wiles,
Which the dread King of Terrors still prepares,
Amidst the shades of Hell, for our frail race,
Brought on discourse of Satan's guilty schemes.
He, like a roaring lion, walks the Earth ; 55
And spreads his hidden snares on those, who fall
From glad obedience to our Heavenly King.
Vain all his arts on those whom Christ protects ;
His faithful Church, in love, and duty, firm.
But strong the chain which guilty sinners holds ; 60
With years increasing, till its cumbrous weight
Oppress the struggling Soul, and drag it down
Toward the ever open gates of Hell.
Thy proud ambition, Lucifer ! they told ;
An Angel once of light, and mighty rule, 65
In blest pre-eminence among the thrones,
And pow'rs, and principalities of Heaven.
Till unrepentant guilt, and rebel force,
Th' Almighty Son, with God's own arms, o'ercame ;
And with thy hosts, from Heaven's utmost verge, 70

His lightnings drove thy blasted form to Hell,
Whose fiery lake up-bore them on its waves.
For God's tremendous justice thus decreed,
And adamantine gates had o'er them closed.
Ill fits the time to show how Satan left, 75
By Death, and Sin's, connivance, his sad realm ;
Where dark'ning horror, mad despair, and guilt
Without repentance, mark his gloomy reign.
Fall'n are the mighty !—they who Heaven's throne
Encircling once, in days of peace and joy, 80
Attuned their harps to great Jehovah's praise,
While everlasting youth their brows adorn'd ;
Through guilt, and fraud, have lost their happy state ;
And now in endless torment wait the Day,
When Justice to Creation shuts them out, 85
With sinful men, for ever from its light.
O doom tremendous !—word, nor thought, can frame
Expressions, such to speak to human minds !
As thus the faithful angels did converse ;
One spoke of present time on Earth, and told 90
The works of Infidelity ; the strain,
Framed for its guilty passions ; and the World,
A giddy thoughtless World, in full pursuit,
And approbation, of the worthless Theme !
For here the scoffer at Religion's name, 95
The guilty pander to licentious love,

Is high proclaim'd a man of talents bright ;
Of learning exquisite, and deep research ;
In manners polish'd, and of sense refined ;
His fame by men, and women, too, is told ! 100
With blushing face, and modest look arose
A sister Angel from the youthful throng ;
Her half-averted face, with pity beam'd,
And holy love, as thus she them address'd ;
“ Since man's Creator is our Holy Lord ; 105
His ministering Spirits we : O let us try
On man our influence, as those of old,
In Holy Writ recorded, sent from hence :
Speak, O my Holy Brethren ! Sisters ! say
If zeal, and grateful love, th' attempt may make. 110
Perhaps some humble Son of Earth excite
To rescue sacred Poesy from shame ;
Show forth her nobler power ; and his theme
Be Man's Salvation, and the praise of God !”
With one accord arose th' Angelic host, 115
Applauding, all, their Sister Spirit's love :
Their harps resounding great Jehovah's praise,
Whose ever watchful Providence inspires
Each counsel just, each word and action good.
Cheer'd by their kindness, sweet the Cherub smiled ;
Her light robe gathering up, of virgin white, 121
Onward she went, with youthful beauty crown'd ;

While love celestial gave her double grace.
Such are the graces gentle Pity, mild,
And merciful, bestows ; the great Jehovah 125
Beams in her looks, her smiles of peace, and joy !
Through the green alleys, as she onward went,
Where clustering fruits the loaded branches press,
And pendant roses strew the borders round ;
There Gabriel, guardian of the gates 130
Of Paradise, beheld her light approach ;
His Sister Angel hail'd : “ O Spirit bright !
In whose appearance holy joy I trace,
Say what thy message, and thy glad commands ;
That ready service to my Lord I may 135
Most grateful offer !”—She to him her plan
Unfolds, with modest downcast look ; at which
The mighty Angel smiled, with such delight,
As when he hail'd thee, Mary ! blest of women,
And promised thee Emmanuel as thy Son : 140
To wait upon the throne of God his place,
Among the seven chosen Spirits who
In glad accord Jehovah's praise proclaim.
The Seraph first to Him this prayer address'd,
The lovely Cherub kneeling at his side : 145
“ Father of all, thou God of peace and love !
With thy own influence crown a just design,
Prosper a righteous cause, O hear our prayer !

Be hers the grateful toil, the glory thine!
Thou, Son of God! man's great Redeemer! hear. 150
Spirit of God! thy sanctifying grace
Pour forth, and prosper ev'ry good intent!"
Thus as the Seraph pray'd, a rushing sound
Of wind arose; the trembling Zephyrs breathed
A softer strain, and holy lyres are heard: 155
"Glory to God, to God our mighty Lord!
To man good will, and peace on earth, be sent:
Glad hallelujahs, from Angelic choirs,
Proclaim that Heav'n approves; proceed,
And prosper, O my Sister! in the cause!" 160
So Gabriel speaks, and as he speaks, unfolds
The golden gates of Paradise; while she
In playful circuit, mid the air upborne,
On wings Cherubic soar'd; then light to Earth
Descended, as the morning Sun arose. 165
The Village spire, reflecting gilded beams,
With borrow'd lustre shone among the groves;
There, gliding by the sacred House of Pray'r,
To blessed Jesus dedicated, soon she found
A humble Pastor's roof. His family 170
Around their Father kneeling, while he prays
For God's continued care, their Saviour's love,
And for the Sanctifying Spirit's grace;
That each may run their race, and gain from Christ,

Their Judge, and blest Redeemer, peace in Heav'n! 175
Serene the Cherub smiled, herself unseen :
In each she well expressive feelings mark'd :
So soon the youthful mind may thus be bent,
To think of God, and bow before his throne !
The happy Mother, with her Daughters near ; 180
Each Son around his Father kneels ; and all
On ev'ry word intent, in pray'r unite.
“ These are thy olive branches, blessed Lord !
Thy fruitful vine I see, of clusters full.
Hail ! marriage ! source of joy, and peace, 185
Domestic happiness, and social love !”
So inward spoke the Cherub, as her looks,
Upraised to Paradise and God, she turn'd.
Each Infant face, again, she, earnest, view'd ;
And pity, love, and mercy, from her eyes 190
Shone, with a Sister's feeling, on them all.
The breakfast over, each their station sought ;
And work, or study, household cares, or play,
The youthful party soon employment found.
On Matron cares intent, the Mother's gone ; 195
While to his Study as the Father bends
His way, his sacred Duty claims his thoughts ;
How best this weekly day he may employ,
On which the Church no solemn office claims ;
To serve his Lord, in serving fellow-men. 200

Unseen, unknown her presence, as he goes,
 The Cherub, smiling, on his steps attends.
 And when he turns an anxious look on shelves
 With holy Brethren's labours crown'd, directs,
 Unfelt, his hand on Jeremiah's page. 205
 The Prophet's words divine elate his Soul
 With grateful love; but soon an anxious fear
 Pervades his breast—"O! for a *Warning Voice*;
 That men may know, and feel the might of God!
 Folly should reign no longer; Infidelity 210
 Hide her diminish'd head; and sacred Poesy,
 Sublime, the great Jehovah's praise resound!
 No longer be her nervous lines disgraced
 By wanton songs, or blasphemous attempts
 To ruin Man, that glorious work of God!" 215
 To Him, at once he kneels; and while the pray'r
 Of an unworthy servant to the throne
 Of grace is offer'd, through his Saviour's means,
 The youthful Cherub spreads her silver wings,
 Rejoicing, back to Paradise again; 220
 Well pleased relates to Gabriel her attempt;
 And, thankful, hastens to th' Angelic Choir,
 To speak in Eden's groves of poor frail Man;
 Frail as he is, an object of the love
 Of Him, who never lets a sparrow fall 225
 To Him unknown, much less a human Soul!

Relates to them her hope of final joy,
When Christ shall reign, and God be all in all,
And Men and Angels roam in Eden's shades.
In deep reflection rose the Village Priest, 230
For pray'r his mind composed, and led him thus
His thoughts in argument, and place, t' arrange :
Such had the Cherub, Heaven-born, inspired :
" Of all the works which men are prone to read,
Is Poetry the first ; harmonious lines, 235
And polish'd stanzas, chief attract their eye.
But in more nervous verse a Sacred Theme
I'll strive to sing ; if, haply, I may win
Those minds to grave discourses most averse.
For God, well-pleased, beholds our every plan 240
To show His glories unto faulty men ;
And if His mercy prosper the attempt,
Some good may follow this my feeble strain.
Weak instruments are mighty in His hands ;
And what His love inspires His might may aid ! 245
What, if I fail !—to ridicule consign'd
My labours, and their honest purport lost :
But, if sincerity within my breast,
In humble triumph, still her reign maintain,
Serene I yet may feel. For, here to fall, 250
In such a cause is glory !—My reward,
If faithful, never will my Lord withhold.

His merits I alone rely on, and his grace ;
 Unprofitable, truly, are my deeds !———
 Before the throne of grace, O God ! I fall ; 255
 Hear me, O Father of the human race :
 To thee I cry, O hear thy servant's voice !
 I leave Poetic fictions to adorn,
 Perhaps attract attention to my lays :
 Of Heaven telling, and of Eden's groves. 260
 O aid my work, if in thy Spirit framed ;
 Some good may follow, by thy mercy giv'n,
 And fruits of virtue from its words ensue !
 Where I have err'd, thy proffer'd grace I ask
 Through Jesus Christ, my Saviour, and my God ! 265

To ye, to ye I lift the warning voice,
 Apostates from the cause of Truth, and Love !
 Who talents bright profane in Vice's cause,
 And meretricious graces add to Sin.
 Thou, noble Scribe ¹ ! of atheistic mind, 270
 Pride more than human, and perverted sense !
 Thee, too, I warn ; oh, may I not in vain ;
 Who on those Eastern ruins well didst write,
 In strains sublime ² ; and from Isaiah's page

¹ Byron.² Peacock's *Palmyra*.

Didst quote, without belief, the words inspired 275
 By God himself, thy pages to adorn ;
 Denying Him, who ev'ry thought inspired,
 And taught Isaiah to proclaim his truth.
 If Sacred Poesy can fire thy Soul,
 Turn to his pages once again, thou lost 280
 Companion of my early years¹ ; oh ! turn ;
 Return to him ; and in historic page
 Of many Centuries of later date,
 Read, and *behold* the truths Isaiah sung !
 If your Philosophy dare seek for Truth, 285
 The boasted purport of your bold attempt
 To shake the Christian Faith, I throw my pledge,
 As boldly venturing I your skill defy !
 God's Holy Records in the Bible be
 My only shield. At once a shield of proof 290
 'Gainst hostile darts, a two-edged sword I wield ;

¹ He is some years my Junior. I was head boy when Peacock entered at Englefield Green, A.D. 1793.

Twelve of the scholars, in after years, erected a marble monument to Mr. Wicks's memory in Egham Church. I was Treasurer, and have an Engraving. It cost one hundred and twenty guineas.

Six of my family were there together ; and eight of our children afterwards. Can any testimonial be more honourable ? " The memory of the Just *is* blessed ! "

Peacock declined my challenge *to write* on Revelation. He is very eloquent, and wanted to talk me down. Mr. Wicks conveyed my challenge, and awarded me the victory, A.D. 1819.

And in this panoply array'd, your arts,
Your wit, and arguments I laugh to scorn!
Thus, Revelation to my aid I call,
One potent edge the sword of God maintains, 295
Reason the other; with the two I'll cast
All Infidelity to shame: for by His Word
Shall Holy Truth their strength united prove!
Hear, hear, ye Infidels! the Warning Voice;
And turn, repenting, from the paths of Hell! 300

CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The mighty Attributes of God from Scripture.—That Truth, Reason, and Revelation, as History and Experience show, unite to set forth His Power, in the Unity of the ever-blessed Trinity.—His Mercy and Forbearance.—Judgment sure, though withheld for a time.—The Warning renewed ; and consolations of Christianity proclaimed.

O FOR the Prophet's pen, his holy fire,
And love of God, by God himself aroused ;
That in my Sacred Theme my utmost pow'r
Of mind, and intellect, the strain may show !
As bending o'er my Lyre, its trembling strings 5
I feebly waken, their responsive notes
In soothing accents hush my Soul to peace.
Composed each anxious fear, a nobler chord
At once I strike in great Jehovah's praise !
And as its fuller tones to Sacred Themes 10
In loud harmonious concord sound, I feel
How grateful love can human Souls awake,
And Reason, Truth, and Scripture fire the breast !
With Jeremiah weeping o'er the Fall
Of sinful men ; myself, who dare to raise 15

This feeble voice, as sinful as the rest,
Yet in God's mercy humbly confident ;
Once more I try to raise the Warning Voice,
And call attention to its awful words.
Such are his duties, blessed Lord ! to thee, 20
His Master, Saviour, Maker, and his God :
Thy servant fruits to bear by thee
Ordained ; in thy Name to Men sent forth
To preach thy Gospel, and thy Love proclaim.
O how shall Man, frail, weak, and uninspired, 25
The mighty Theme continue, and declare
God's awful attributes in all their pow'r !
Here Reason fails ; and human pride, abash'd,
Confesses all its intellect is vain !
Still darkly seeing through the glass, till Death 30
From mortal chains shall free the struggling Soul,
And face to face shall God by man be seen !
O blessed hope, by holy Jesus given !
Hope shall I say ?—nay more, a joyful pledge,
In God's own words, of light, and life, and peace ! 35
I see the bursting tombs asunder rent,
While Archangelic trumpets loud resound ;
The teeming womb of Earth gives up the dead,
And joyful Myriads pour forth strains of praise !
Hosannahs ring from Heaven's mighty Host ; 40
Assembling Angels, round their Holy Lord,

46/—

Unite with ransom'd men in hymns of Love!
In Majesty and grace the Son of Man,
Our great Redeemer, comes ; before his throne
I prostrate fall, and Him my God confess! 45
O joyful hope ! that just and pious men,
By Jesus' merits sanctified, shall then
With those on Earth beloved, if good, and true,
Unite again ; and meet to part no more !
Where ye, my Children ! call'd away by God 50
From scenes of mortal trial, early call'd
In youthful innocence,—ye op'ning flow'rs
That bloom'd, and bloom'd to die ; I then perhaps
Once more may fold within a Father's arms !
Blessing unutterable!—He, the Father, 55
Father of Men and Angels, never form'd
These strong affections in the human Soul,
To perish with corruption in the Grave.
Ah ! no !—he form'd thee, Man, in His own image ;
And gave thee feeling, reason, truth, and love, 60
Sure pledges of immortal happiness ;
Redeem'd thee fallen ; call'd thee back to peace ;
From death did rescue, and from sin did free ;
Thy forfeit paid himself ; and thus redeem'd,
Shall just men perfect make in Worlds above. 65
There holy love for ever reigns ; there Saints
And Angels ever sing the praise of Him,

The God "who was, and is, and is to come!"
Such are thy balms, Religion, to the Soul!
From Holy Writ I take them; and to ye, 70
O my frail erring Brethren, recommend
The medicine, whose saving pow'r I know!
"I know that my Redeemer liveth; He
Shall stand upon the Earth, and in His Day
Shall judge mankind: and though the worms destroy 75
This body, in my flesh, shall I see God;
Whom for myself shall I, myself, behold;
And not another for me."—I shall hear
His awful voice, and kneel before his throne,
There to receive my doom. My righteous Judge, 80
If actions prove my faith, while here on Earth,
In mortal flesh I humbly walk with God,
And mercy, justice, show to fellow-men;
My Judge, and my Redeemer, then will cause
All tears to cease; will save my Soul, and blot 85
From recollection all my sin, and shame!
O hear the Warning Voice; oh! turn, and try
If Truth pervade my words; my numbers flow
In just accord with Revelation's strains!
Kneel, Brethren! kneel to Him, before whose throne 90
At His great Judgment Day all Souls *shall* kneel;
And every power, throne, dominion, might,
Shall own Him "King of kings and Lord of lords:"

God infinite in wisdom, might, and pow'r ;
Of truth unfading, and eternal Love ;
Whose mercy, justice, loving kindness are
For ever shown in Providential care
Of men and Angels, and whose ev'ry work
Proclaims the action of *a present* God ;
Who, shrouded, reigns in darkness, for His light 100
By mortal man, alive, can ne'er be seen ;
Who in blest union God is ever named,
In three eternal Persons rules supreme,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the Lord !
Is ever present, and to Him our thoughts, 105
Our inward thoughts are known, by Him are weigh'd,
Our acts discern'd, their consequence foreseen ;
Reward or punishment their fruit will be.
For His Almighty rule can know no bound,
His Will no limit owns, and in His hand 110
Of Life and Death the issues still remain.
Call'd from the dust, to Man he reason gave,
Who rules pre-eminent above the brutes,
Lord of the Earth beneath the Almighty's throne.
For disobedient Man his gracious love, 115
Unchanged, in hopes of glory, still is shown.
“ And those who me acknowledge,” said his Son,
“ I will to Angels and to Men confess,
My faithful Flock whom I myself redeem'd.

Those who deny me, them will I deny 120
Before my Father's face, and laugh to scorn
Their cries for mercy. If on Earth they turn,
Repenting, to my Gospel, and their hearts,
Devoted to my rule, confess me Lord,
To them I then will turn, and on their Souls 125
Will all my Father's mercy *here* bestow !"
O hear the Charmer's voice, nor turn away
From our great Shepherd ! God and nature call !
O bend the stubborn knee ; the blessed tears
Of penitence pour forth to Christ your King ; 130
Nor, like the adder, deaf to all his charms,
Resume the paths of Sin, and Him defy !
Philosophy will seek the ways of Truth,
And Candour listen to each Party's claim.
Behold the Bible ; read its blessed words ; 135
Judge for yourselves. Its ancient records try
And prove by History : its Prophecies
Long after Ages will in truth unfold.
Can Man foresee events, can Man foretell
What Men unborn shall see, and hear, and say ? 140
But such the Prophets do, through Him, who spake
By them His servants, God the Holy Ghost,
Proceeding from the Father and the Son ;
One Lord and God in bond eternal join'd.
Say, where is Babylon, where Tyre ?—They lie 145

In mighty ruin, as the Prophet sung,
In sacred verse by God the Lord inspired.
Nor Tyre could from the threaten'd woe escape,
The land forsaking, to the Isle removed :
For Macedonian Alexander made 150
“ Her timbers, dust, and ruins,” one huge mole,
O'er which his Army marching burnt the Town.
And where her purple standards proudly waved
“ The fisher dries his nets :” the ruin'd walls
May yet, o'erwhelm'd beneath the waves, be seen.
Such had Isaiah threaten'd from his Lord, 156
Jehovah, God of Israel, Lord Supreme.
Let Reason and experience prove His Truth.
From History turn your minds to living men.
Behold *the daily proof* that Jesus Christ 160
Is Lord and Saviour of the human race !
Rejecting Him, their great Messiah King,
Who through their Sacred Records was foretold
Redemption's Herald and Salvation's means,
A scatter'd People wander o'er the World. 165
In *every* nation you behold the Jews,
Distinct in feature, customs, from the rest.
Where'er they roam, their Sacred Records bear
The dread memorial of their loss, and shame.
God's chosen People once ; His Laws ordain'd 170
To keep for sinful Men ; His blessed Name

With thankful joy to worship and adore.
When disobedient Adam fell, and Eve
To Satan lent an ear, forsaking God,
Then did His mercy shine, His justice find 175
A full atonement for a sinful race.
Corrupt became Man's nature, innocence
And Truth were lost ; and Sin and falsehood reign'd
Supreme in mortal hearts : for purity
With vile impurity can never join. 180
“ But if by Man came Sin, by Sin came Death ;”
By Man, Christ Jesus, was atonement made,
And Woman's seed has “ bruised the Serpent's head.”
They who denied and crucified their King,
The King of righteousness, whose blessed reign 185
Not *this* World but Eternity sustains.
Rejected in their turn, by men despised,
A laughing stock in every Nation roam !
Then why deny your gracious Saviour's Name ;
Why turn away with empty jest, and scorn ; 190
In darkness choosing rather far to live,
And dread the closing moment of your days ?
O Brethren ! what are talents, what are fame,
Honour, or riches, to the troubled mind ?
They cannot silence conscience, though to Men 195
A dauntless front for years ye may maintain.
God's records tell us how th' afflicted Soul

In doubt and horror mourns, from Him estranged.
In vain to silence reason do you try,
For Conscience, Memory, prove her Truth, 200
And force the Unbeliever to confess
Within himself a ruling Power Supreme!
A slave he lives to fear, in horrid doubt
If good or evil be his future lot,
Or God or Demon rule within his breast. 205
In night's drear silence, on his lonely couch,
He hears in every wind a threatening voice,
A Warning Voice foretelling future woe.
Arise, my Brother ! rouse thyself, awake
From Sin's lethargic dream, from dreams of Hell! 210
Kneel, to our Saviour kneel ; on Jesus call,
And Jesus Christ will hear a Sinner's pray'r !
Repenting, turn to Him ; with joyful tears
Before His throne, and contrite heart appear ;
And you *shall feel* the balms religion owns ! 215
Jehovah's Priests, your erring fellow Men,
Frail like yourself, and still to weakness prone ;
His sacred Priests proclaim His Truth, and Love :
His blest commission bear ; His gracious means
Of peace, and pardon, to themselves, and thee ! 220
No magic power, and no human wiles,
No Priestcraft, no delusion do they show :
Turn to your Bible, to Christ's Gospel turn ;

First make your peace with Him ; then gladly join
 With great Jehovah's Priests in thankful praise ! 225

O God Omnipotent ! thy Name I bless,
 My Father, Maker, Saviour, Lord Supreme !
 O sanctify thy servant's weak attempt
 To glorify Thy Name : for words must fail
 When man attempts to set forth all thy praise. 230
 While in my veins the purple current flows,
 Within my Soul thy Truth shall ever reign :
 I feel, I own, I bless and praise thy love ;
 And Death alone shall hush my feeble Lyre,
 Attuned in holy gratitude to Thee ! 235
 Its trembling strings my hand unsteady wakes,
 My faltering voice still more discordant sounds :
 Yet in my Soul I feel Religion's awe,
 And, lost in admiration, kneel to Thee !
 And, as the Christian's life shall, in the tomb, 240
 With silent force still speak to fellow Men,
 A good example of obedient love ;
 So does my Soul, in silent, grateful joy,
 Pour forth to Thee, my God, its strains of praise !
 O let me in Thy sacred Temple live ; 245
 Restore my health, and strength, that I may pay,

Till Death, the Sacrifice of duteous love :
 That near Thy altar, faithful, I may wait ;
 Thy Holy Records read ; proclaim thy Truth ;
 “ And my last faltering accents tell thy Praise !” ¹

O hear the Warning Voice ; arise, awake
 From death-like slumbers of your Souls ; throw off
 The heavy chains of Satan, Death, and Hell !
 A false and flattering World may smile applause,
 May listen to your strains, in hopes, like you, 225
 To charm away reflection, silence thought ;
 May lift the foaming cup, the jest proclaim,
 Like impious King Belshazzar at his feast.
 O may that mighty hand which on the wall
 The awful warning wrote ; *that very night* 260
 Fulfilling all His Prophets had foretold
 Of ruin and destruction upon Babylon ;
 Impress His Truth upon your minds in time,
 Lest unrepentant guilt consign your Souls
 To wait in horrid fear His Judgment Day ! 265
 For in the Grave is no repentance ; there
 “ Ashes to ashes, dust to dust” will turn.
 The Souls of men die not ; but, after Death,

¹ Sermons, p. 470.

Await unpurged from guilt, that awful Day ;
 When in their bodies rising from the Tomb, 270
 Before God's throne must all of them appear,
 To hear from Jesus Christ their final doom.
 Great is His mercy, His forbearance great ;
 To you, to me, to all of us He calls ;
 Calls by His Ministers, His holy Word, 275
 Through all the World dispersed ; calls to our Souls
 In secret warnings of th' unquiet mind,
 Which dwells, yet fears to dwell, on future scenes
 Shown darkly,—scenes of woe, or realms of joy,
 According as we hear *His warning voice*. 280
 In awful vengeance when our Saviour comes
 To judge a sinful World, His mighty arm
 O what can stay—His Judgment *who* escape ?
 “ For if we say we have no Sins, we but
 Deceive ourselves ; but if we them confess, 285
 Faithful and just, forgiving all our Sins,
 Our Lord will cleanse us from unrighteousness.”
 Then hear His gracious voice, and turn your hearts
 From vile blaspheming words, and works ; redeem
 Your time ill-spent ; repent, amend, and live : 290
 Live for His mercies *here*, and after Death
 Then rise like Him to realms of Peace and Joy !
 “ For when the wicked man doth turn away
 From wickedness committed, and he doth

That which is right and lawful, he shall save 295
His Soul alive ;” His Saviour’s love shall know ;
Kneel at His altar with repentant tears ;
And humbly there, forgiven as himself
Forgives all enemies, partake that Rite,
Which Christ himself ordain’d, Salvation’s means !

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1810.

BE mine the myrtle wreath to weave,
 Nor let my wonted welcome fail ;
 Contented, we the old year leave,
 And, happy, bid the new-born, hail !
 May sunshine beam on all around, 5
 And pleasure in our paths strew flowers ;
 Or if more griefs than joys abound,
 Mild Resignation then be ours !
 For why should Man, ingrate, repine,
 If clouds his brightening views o'erspread ; 10
 " The Power that made him is Divine,"
 And ever watches o'er his head :
 Enjoy the present:—never see
 Dark prospects in Futurity !

 HYMN I.

To praise my God I'll early rise,
 And daily will rejoice,
 To pay my morning sacrifice
 With thankful heart and voice.

From him both Life, and health, do flow, 5
 From him all comfort, too ;
 He every blessing does bestow :
 To him all thanks are due.
 To God my praises will I raise,
 One holy Power in Three ; 10
 And Father, Son, and Spirit praise ;
 The sacred Trinity !

ELEGY ON MISS BOETEFEUR,

Who died, in her 24th Year, on the 22nd of January, 1810.

LONG would our grief resound o'er Anna's urn ;
 O'er Anna, gone to moulder in the sod :
 But that Religion does forbid to mourn,
 And says, "Your Anna's happy with her God!"
 In blooming youth she falls to Death a prey, 5
 Since every mortal must his terrors see ;
 Her Virtue triumphs o'er his iron sway,
 " His sting is weak :—hers is the Victory ¹ !"

¹ St. Paul.

O sainted Maid ! while feebly I relate
 Thy matchless worth ; as, weeping I repine 10
 That youth and beauty meet untimely fate ;
 And mourn our loss : how great a gain is thine !
 For Christian Faith beholds our Anna rise ;
 Those Angels who in death did aid afford,
 With rapture see her gain th' immortal Prize ; 15
 “ Hail'd a good Servant, welcome to her Lord ¹ ! ”

CHARITY.

BRIGHT Seraph ! from thy starry throne ;
 Where midst the blaze of glories thou hast lived,
 Before Time was ; rejoicing in the praise
 Of Him, thy loved Creator : and whose deeds
 Of loving-kindness thou hast ever sung, 5
 Attuning every note to Holy Love :
 Hear me, fair Mercy ! as I humbly strive,
 Filled with awful reverence for Him,
 From whom all goodness flows : hear, and assist ;
 As bending o'er my Lyre, its trembling strings 10
 I wake, to sing of Heaven-born Charity !

¹ Our Saviour's own words in the Gospel.

Say, was it Love, which from Chaotic mass,
From darkness, and confusion, raised up
This beauteous Globe : which then created Man,
The happy, if he would be happy, Lord of all : 15
Dependent sole on Him, whose Love for all
His creatures shineth forth, as doth the Sun
O'er Afric's Land, in full meridian blaze:
“ It was, it was !” his every work exclaims !
Through all the Ages of revolving Time 20
It still hath shone, illustrious : and to Man
Points out, how well the space allotted him
He may adorn, and bless by Charity.
Nor would the Muse His praises leave unsung,
Who quitting the blest presence of His Father, 25
Where ministering Angels undertook¹
The charge of Him : assumed our form,
And shew'd by great examples, how to live
In goodness ; taught men too, that Charity
Can even cover sins : who was Himself 30
All charitable even to his foes². But here
The trembling Muse resigns to abler pen ;
Such, if Heav'n deign to gift it, as of old
The blest Apostles used : the wondrous theme.

¹ “ He shall give his Angels charge over thee.”—Psalms.

² “ Bless them that curse thee.” “ Forgive them, they know not what they do.”—New Testament.

How comes it then that Men could e'er rejoice ; 35
Forgetting His example, and the voice
Of tender Nature scorning ; how could they
Delight in heaping woes upon their kind.
It needs not here to tell the suffering state
Of the poor Negro ; how he patient bore 40
Through many, many years the galling yoke
Of bitter slavery : shame on their hearts,
Who steep'd his hard-earn'd bread in bitter tears ;
Unmindful of his sighs for home, for kindred,
And all that Life holds dear. Yet here, fair Hope 45
Sings, as she soars above the skies ; and marks
Thy sunbeam, Mercy ! rising from the cloud.
Yes ; 'twas a God-like Act, and worthy those
Who boast them thy disciples, blessed Lord !
To free the woe-worn slave from chains, 50
And teach the Heathen crowd to sing thy praise.
Go on, bright Prince ! in this thy glad career ;
For ever blessed are the feet of him ¹
Who carrieth good tidings : blest is he
Who to the poor and needy bringeth help ! 55
These acts do well adorn a British Prince,
Who sees around him noble mansions rise,
All for the purposes of Charity ; these acts

¹ " Blessed are the feet of him that beareth good tidings."—New Testament.

To Britain's heart endear her Gloucester's name.
 Nor be thy Wilberforce unnoticed past ; 60
 Who scorning opposition from the proud,
 The wealthy, stern oppressors; many years
 His laudable, and strenuous, endeavours
 Directed to this end. His name shall be
 Bright on the records of Eternal Love ! 65
 'Tis thine, fair Charity! to lift the Soul
 In raptures, how superior to those
 Which human plaudits give: 'tis thine
 To grant a sure reward to generous hearts ;
 Thy grant th' applause of conscience, and of God! 70
 How many, Britain! in thy happy Land
 Have felt that grateful glow, which instant waits
 Upon the giving hand ; and bids the Soul
 Aspire in mental converse with its God!
 All hail, fair Charity! long may our Isle 75
 Be blessed in thy reign ; for sure it is
 Hardly presumption, if to Charity
 We our success attribute; and our Cause
 Upheld by Heaven's own outstretched Arm.
 Nor, Britain! shall thy goodness be unsung : 80
 Mild to thy bitter foes, and lending aid
 To heal their sick¹ ; on whom no sooner health

¹ In sending bark for the sick soldiers in the hospitals of France ; with whom we were actually at war.

Shall spread her balmy wings, and by thy drugs
 Their unstrung nerves renew their wonted pow'rs :
 Than, like the serpent warmed into Life, 85
 Ungrateful will they rise against the hand
 Of her, who heard their cries, and sent relief.
 How many, Britain! in this callous Age,
 Who think thou shouldst obey the stern command
 Of *their* Philosophy ; condemn this act 90
 As proof of folly : mindless of His words
 Who preached Love to all ; and to their foes
 Hath bid his followers be charitable.
 Nay, He hath even told us not to smite,
 But calmly bear their scorn : which though to Man 95
 It seemeth wrong ; yet coming from His mouth,
 It ought to be obeyed, for He was Holy ;
 And that which He commanded must be good.
 In louder strains the trembling strings I wake,
 And to His praise attune my vocal Lyre ; 100
 Who from the seats of bliss hath deign'd to look
 With pity on the Infant poor below.
 I hear their hallelujahs loud resound ¹ ;
 While Heaven's blest inhabitants rejoice,

¹ At the Anniversary of the Charity Children, at St. Paul's, where several thousands sing their Maker's praise at once. In fact, the first burst of their Psalm must be heard, to be conceived ; and when heard, it *will* be felt.

And bear the welcome praises up to God. 105
Let him whose callous heart no mercy knows,
Whose griping penury deep wounds inflicts
Not only on his fellows, but “whose Soul
Is pierced through¹” by want, from thirst of gold ;
Let him attend, and in that sacred Dome 110
Their burst of praises hear : while every friend
In silent worship lifts his soul with them ;
And feels, and knows, and, glad, adores his God :—
His iron heart would melt, his griping hand
Would learn new motion, and would quick obey 115
Thy impulse, blessed Charity ! thou type
Of Him our holy Saviour, Jesus Christ.
When Man first fell from happy seat of bliss,
And for his disobedience Eden lost :
Then for his comfort Charity appear’d ; 120
And deign’d to shew Salvation in his seed,
And vengeance on the Devil, his seducer.
Again ; when wickedness o’er all the Globe
Had like thick darkness spread, and only one,
One happy Family remember’d God : 125
Then Charity was shewn, and they were taught
How to escape the Floods of angry wrath.
Innumerable as the stars of Heav’n, the times

¹ Psalms.

In Holy Writ recorded ; when her power
 Shone forth, as does the Gospel's blessed light 130
 O'er Jew and Gentile, " savage too and sage ¹."
 Nay more, to trace the cause up from the effect ;
 Where in the darker Ages after Christ
 Was learning hid, and cherish'd ; while around
 The horrid gloom of ignorance was spread. 135
 'Twas Charity which first induced men
 To found the Convents, Abbeys, and the like.
 For here, where Love's my theme, I wave
 To say if Superstition lent her hand :
 " The ways of Heaven are dark, and intricate ² ;" 140
 But, " in our Father's house are many homes ³ !"
 " And whatsoever my profession be, the name
 Of Christian will include us all, or else
 Of fellow Man ; ⁴" for God will bless
 The just, and the obedient to His words. 145
 Immured within the sacred Walls long years
 All knowledge lay ; until a genial Sun ⁵

¹ Pope's Universal Hymn ; a truly sublime effusion.

² Addison's Cato.

³ Our Saviour's words.—New Testament.

⁴ See the short and beautiful Epitaph, from his own words, of the Rev. Dr. Geddes, translator of the historical books of the Bible ; in Paddington Church-yard. He was a Roman Catholic.

⁵ The Reformation, although it overthrew the Cloisters ; yet, not only by making the best book in the world commonly read : but by

Once more call'd forth the works of Ages past,
 And bade the cherish'd seeds of learning spread.
 Thus from the work of Charity arose 150
 Inestimable blessings to us all.
 Nor be the Sunday-schools forgotten here.
 How better far to pass the solemn hours
 Of God's own hallow'd Day in quiet ease;
 With knowledge, adding comfort to their Souls; 155
 Than in rude mirth, or wanton mischief, as
 Want of employment ever will excite.
 The human mind, by nature prone to ill,
 Rather seeks harm than good; as all must know,
 And unless Memory fail, must ever think. 160
 While Infidelity around us stalks,
 And shews his dauntless head; while Vice
 Builds high her gilded domes, and courts applause:
 While underneath the Iron sceptre groans¹
 Almost a World; the heavy rule of him 165
 Who scorns all Laws both human and Divine;

producing general freedom of enquiry, brought to light many other valuable works. See Henry's History of England, in Reign of Henry the VIIIth.

¹ The character of Buonaparte is well known. Even making allowances for our National prejudices, there is a terrible mass of evidence against him. He, like the fallen Angel, presents a sad,—would I were not compelled by Truth to say—a too frequent instance of the most splendid talents perverted to Sin, Sorrow, and Despair.

By turns a Christian, Pagan, Turk, or Jew :
 Should not the blessed followers of Christ
 Endeavour all they can to aid his cause ;
 The cause of human nature, and of God. 170
 Weak are our efforts oft ; unsteady too,
 As fancy or caprice dictate : yet He
 Who framed the human heart, knows all its ways ;
 And in His tender mercy will accept
 Even the smallest mite ; our humblest wish 175
 To do him service is by Him received.
 As frequent drops will wear the solid stone ;
 So frequent acts of Mercy on the Soul
 With Holy influence operate ; and Grace
 Redeems the sinner, reconciled to God. 180
 Again I sing of Albion ; happy realm
 In times of war to worship God in peace :
 For horrid War his hell-hounds hath not loosed,
 Nor in our Isle “ do famine, sword, and fire ¹
 Crouch for employment.” Fair indeed is known 185
 Her name for Charity : her acts of Mercy
 I humbly pray to Heaven may atone
 For deeds of vice, and the tremendous scourge
 Be yet awhile averted from our Land.

¹ Shakspeare's Henry Vth, Chorus to First Act.

For ere the greatest, most tremendous Day¹, 190
Nation 'gainst Nation warring will excite
Confusion horrible ; not to find end,
Till Earth shall cry aloud for Mercy,
And Heaven vindicate its own. But here
'Twere long to speak of all our Charities ! 195
For sick, for aged, wounded, mad, or blind :
And that thrice blessed, which the Curse
Pronounced on Eve alleviates : for to think
What she must suffer, who, alone, brings forth
Her offspring ; without help, or friend : exceeds 200
All painting, word nor thought can tell
How wretched ! Blessed ever be the names
Of their protectors ; even their last hour
Must find more ease, from memory of good.
Thus have I tried, sweet Seraph ! of thy deeds 205
In lowly verse to sing : oh ! aid my Cause,
And plead in thy own melting tones for Charity.
Though weak my efforts, and my acts though vain ;
I on God's Holy Gospel build my Faith :—
Enraptured, to His praise I strike my Lyre,
And pour my Soul forth on its feeble strings ! 211

¹ See the Revelations.

HYMN II.

To thee, Almighty God ! my prayer,
 My humble prayer ascends ;
 Vouchsafe my inmost thanks to hear,
 Thou best, most just of Friends !

From Heaven's high Throne, on me thy care
 Both health, and joy bestows ;
 Unworthy as my actions are,
 My cup with good o'erflows.

O Lord ! incline my duteous will
 To serve, to honour, thee ;
 Thou art my God ; and thou wilt still
 Preserve, and favour, me.

Oh ! may my Children thee, their Lord ;
 Who them hast deign'd to bless :
 Acknowledge, honour'd, and adored ;
 And ever thanks express !

Hallelujah ! Amen !

ON THE EIGHTEENTH OF FEBRUARY :

My Mother's Birthday, and first Wedding-day.

HAIL, sacred day ! to filial love how dear !

May brighter Suns each glad return adorn :
Fresh honours bring, with each revolving year,

To her, who in thy circling course was born !
Our festive rites, in friendly union join'd, 5

With duteous Love her children now prepare ;
To love, to honour, her are all inclined ;

How strong thy ties, O sweet Affection, are !
Still blest by thee, let every care subside ;

Nor filial, or fraternal, kindness cease : 10
While down the vale of years we, tranquil, glide,

And children's children bless our names in peace :
Till the Archangel's trumpet bids us rise
To joy, and Heavenly Union, in the skies !

EPITAPH IN HAMPSTEAD CHURCH-YARD,

On my fifth Daughter ; Georgiana : aged only 32 hours !

HERE in thy grave, sweet Cherub ! rest,
 To Death an innocent, though early, prey ;
 For when thy Saviour calls, thou shalt be blest,
 And rise rejoicing on his Judgment Day !
 Thy Parents mourning weep, but kiss the rod ; 5
 In every dispensation mercy own :
 Rely for comfort on our gracious God,
 And hope to meet thee at his Heavenly throne :
 When Jesus calls his servants to the skies,
 And, o'er the grave triumphant, Christians rise ! 10

CONCLUSION OF A LETTER

To my Sister in India.

FOR not alone the World all good confines,
 Th' immortal Soul beyond its limits shines ;
 Adores its great Original above,
 By humble imitation of his love !

TO ELIZA.

May 18, 1817. After seventeen and a half years' Marriage.

I TUNED my Lyre to thee in earliest years,
 And hope did every note with love inspire ;
 Then, dear Eliza ! moved by anxious fears,
 I bore, but bore with pain, the amorous fire.
 But holy Rites our happy union blest, 5
 And rapture gilded every passing hour ;
 When to a heart, thy own, my fair I prest,
 And led thee to my home, the verdant bower.
 How many years have faith, and truth, from thee,
 Adorn'd my cheerful home, and blest my life , 10
 My children round my peaceful board I see,
 And point to living virtue in my wife :
 'Tis then I gladly own my charmer's power ;
 And bless with grateful love, her natal hour !

RESIGNATION.

SUBMISSIVE to thy will I bow,
 O God of life, and light ;
 Teach me Thy ways, O Lord ! to know,
 And guide my steps aright !

Before thy throne I prostrate fall,
And honor Thy decree;
With tears of love on thee I call
From depths of misery.

Let not my sins before thy face
Appear in dread array ;
O let me find my Saviour's grace ;
And wipe their stain away !

Thou God alone ! to Thee I bow,
Thy blessed will adore :
One God in Trinity avow,
Henceforth, and evermore !

O Jesus ! to thy will I give
What thou to me hadst given ;
My infant died ; she now does live,
And praise her God in Heaven !

Submissive to thy will I bow,
O God of life and light,
Teach me Thy ways, O Lord ! to know,
And guide my steps aright !

THE FAIRIES OF THE LADY'S BOWER

*To their young female Guests ; who drank tea there in August, 1813,
at Green Hill, Hampstead.*

The Address was found on their Tea-table.

WE fairies, who oft haunt this bower,
And honour virtue, love, and truth ;
Do consecrate this happy hour
To beauty, innocence, and youth.

Fear not, ye fair ones ! in our shades
No wily serpents glide, to wound ;
But blackbirds sing amid the glades,
And harmless red-breasts hop around.

Though noisy schoolboys mirthful play,
Where erst the matron's ¹ pace was seen,
Alarms ; it drives them not away,
But still they flutter o'er the green.

* The last Tenant was the Widow of Admiral Barton. She made it a beautiful place, being a great Botanist. The grounds, and gardens, contained five acres.

While you the glittering paths of life,
 In youthful eagerness pursue ;
 Here oft the gentle, tender wife
 Will sit amidst her infant crew.

Like her, when Fashion's day is o'er,
 May you, as fit in Courts to shine ;
 Find peace within some fairy bower,
 'Mid shades a diamond of the mine !

Judah's great King found all on earth
 Was vanity, save virtuous vows ;
 And justly called female worth
 A crown of rubies to his brows !

SENT WITH THE FIRST VOLUME OF MY SERMONS

*To Charles Norris, Esq. of Tenby, my companion at School and
 College, and Friend through life.*

WHAT though "through devious ways our steps have
 run,"

Heaven still may make them terminate in one ;
 And early friendship to the skies may soar,
 Begin on earth, and last till Time's no more !

To this blest hope have all the good, and wise, 5
From time's beginning, turned their longing eyes :
And human friendship from the earth has soared,
In this hope still, to great Creation's Lord !

HYMN III.

To thee, my God ! with fervent praise,
My inmost soul ascends :
To thee my voice, I grateful, raise ;
Most just, and best, of friends !

Thy lenient hand relieves my woes,
Unworthy of thy care ;
It on my bosom sheds repose,
And frees me from despair.

Opprest with guilt, to thee I fly,
I kneel before thy throne ;
To thee I pray, to thee I cry,
To thee my griefs are known.

O God ! thy words are true, are just ;
For those who cry to thee,
By sin though humbled to the dust,
Are by repentance free.

O send thy Holy Spirit down
To purify my heart ;
That while my faith in thee I own,
From it I ne'er may part.

Escaping from the gates of Hell,
O may I hope to see,
In Heaven, where joy and gladness dwell ;
Thy blessed Trinity !

WRITTEN IMPROMPTU

In a farewell letter to my brother G. R., going to Bengal.

FAREWELL, good Castlereagh ! oh, may your sails
Press forward, fill'd with favourable gales ;
Light be your hearts on board ; though strong the
breeze
Which bears you onward to the Indian seas.

Success attend you ; and, the voyage o'er,
May health await you at the destined shore ;
Till years revolving, with augmenting wealth,
Return you blest in competence, and health !

HYMN OF THANKS.—IV.

THOU art my God, and I will praise thee,
Ever honour'd and adored ;
Far above thought thy mercies raise thee,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !

Let the Earth break forth in gladness,
By thy power with plenty crown'd ;
Every heart be free from sadness ;
Hallelujahs loud resound.

All thy blest creation praise Thee,
Angels ever praise afford ;
Hymns of thanks my soul shall raise Thee,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !

A CHARACTER.

WHEN Doris reads you'd think she sings,
 So soft her words flow from her mouth ;
 But when she scolds her spouse, she flings
 Her voice so loud from north to south.

 HYMN V.

To thee, O Lord ! my voice I raise,
 With gratitude to thee I bend ;
 And gladly will I sing thy praise,
 Who art my Father, and my Friend.

When sickness lately me opprest,
 Thou didst relieve me from my pain ;
 By cruel foes I was distrest,
 But thou hast made their malice vain.

O save me, Lord ! from weak despair,
 And grant me strength against my foes ;
 O listen to my humble prayer,
 And hearken to my grateful vows.

So will I ever sing thy praise,
And of thy mercies will I sing ;
With gratitude my voice I'll raise,
And to thy altar off'rings bring.

HYMN VI.

PEACE of mind, oh ! grant me, Lord !
Peace of mind—the greatest blessing
Of thy mercies unto me :
Thou assistance wilt afford
'Gainst my foes my soul distressing,
And from them wilt set me free.

When I trust, O God ! in thee,
Never can I feel despair,
Never know unhappy days ;
Thou from sickness didst me free,
And, in gratitude, my care
Shall ever be to sing thy praise.

HYMN VII.

Written for the Tune of the German Hymn.

VAIN, O Man ! is all thy power,
 Vain thy riches—for alas !
 Soon shall come that dreadful hour
 When this world away shall pass.

Then the King of Glory comes
 To judge alike all of our race ;
 And shall tell us of our dooms,
 While Glory fills th' eternal space.

Woe then to him who has seduced
 The tender virgin, and the name
 Of his good neighbour has traduced ;
 For his shall be eternal shame.

But blessed shall the good man be ;
 He shall inhabit Heaven, and sing,
 Free from earthly misery ;
 Anthems to the Almighty King.

ANTHEM I.

On the Resurrection.

RECITATIVE.

When the last trumpet sounds on high,
 And the world fades before its blast ;
 The dead shall rise !

CHORUS.

Hallelujah !

RECITATIVE.

Those who have slept ; their labours o'er ;
 Shall rise, and hail Eternity !

DUET.

And with one voice the world shall raise
 To God a song of thankful praise ;
 And new-revived, each soul shall sing
 Glad Hallelujahs to his King.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Their notes Hosannas shall increase,
 And once more Angels sing to Peace ;
 “ Glory to God in Heaven be given ;
 Goodwill to men, and Peace on Earth ! ”

Praise God, ye mighty Powers of Heaven !
Praise your Creator ; laud his worth !

Then shall the dreadful thunder's roll
Proclaim our God from Pole to Pole ;
And Ocean o'er his wastes shall roar,
Till Sea and Earth shall be no more.

And, as all mortal beauties fade ; 20
To all the Just shall be display'd
Those scenes to their astonish'd eyes,

Where God's eternal glories rise !
Hallelujah ! Amen !

AWAKE, my harp, awake ! with sound divine !
Descend from Sion's hill, ye Muses nine !
Ye heavenly Graces, Mercy, Truth, and Peace,
In holy union, bid my notes increase

With richer swell ; and, as I raise my voice, 5
Let Heaven, Earth, and Ocean's waves rejoice !
To Sion's God my grateful notes aspire ;
In flowing streams of ever sacred fire ;
Such as Isaiah's raptured pen did move
To tell glad tidings of a Saviour's love ! 10
Hail ! hail ! Jehovah, hail ! O God of gods !
At whose loud voice Mount Sion, trembling, nods ;
And Lebanon her lofty cedars waves
In triumph o'er her honour'd Prophets' graves.
Hail, First and Last, thrice-blessed great Supreme ; 15
Of mortal, and immortal praise the theme !
Glad songs of fervent gratitude shall show
What great Thanksgivings to thy love I owe !
And hallelujahs, oft renew'd, proclaim
The Christian's Saviour God, and tell his fame ! 20

The Cherub Mercy near my harp now stands,
And, as I sweep its strings with feeble hands,
Shews me *five* Sister Mercies ever near,
My drooping soul, and weaken'd frame, to cheer ;
To soothe the heated wandering of my brain, 25
And with kind chidings make me calm again ;
Telling of Peace, and Mercy, Truth, and Love,
To sons of men descending from above ;
Till heavenly dews of pity gently fall,
As on *my* God, and *theirs*, for aid I call ! 30

My knees, though feeble, gladly bowing down,
With prostrate joy my Saviour's hand I own :
His balm of Gilead falls upon my head,
And blessed slumbers hover round my bed.
A bed of earth, a narrow bed, and cold, 35
How nearly did these mortal limbs enfold :
Yet here has health her blessed breath again
Poured on me, by her breezes from the main !
Again Rebecca shall her lover see,
Her infants singing on their Father's knee ; 40
Again my children on my neck shall fall ;
And our thanksgiving down a blessing call !

“ Daughters, arise ! and call your mother blest : ”
She who to others offers peace, and rest,
She whose firm friendship dares the truth to speak ;
Nor hides its glory in accordance weak, 46
When erring mortals, feeble, and in pain,
Against unerring wisdom dare complain !
Sisters ! a sacred wreath of roses twine ;
Each place it on a brow as fair as thine : 50
An honour'd brow, where Truth, and Love reside ;
Where Virtue reigns with Friendship ; long since tried,
When fell Adversity in thunder rose,
And almost gave me to my bitter foes ;

When sorrows of the Father, Husband, Friend, 55
Seem'd destined never more to find an end,
Her much-loved counsels taught me to forgive ;
And when I *had* forgiven, how to live
By moderation's rules, in sweet content :
Though from Ambition's courts in banishment ! 60
Long may her children bless her honour'd life,
Long may their Father glory in his Wife :
And still may kindly recollections cheer
Our hearts for many, many a long year ;
Till our grandchildren we may live to see, 65
Like us, in Mercy, Peace, and Unity :
Till God, the God of Love, shall bid us rise,
Through Death's dark vale, beyond those azure skies!
Till in the grave our bodies sink to rest,
Our souls ascend to reign among the blest : 70
Where over mortal errors Angels weep,
And, ever watchful, holy records keep :
Well pleased, when penning down man's frequent fall,
To let one tear of Mercy blot it all
From God's remembrance ; and in one glad voice 75
O'er *one* repentant sinner to rejoice.
O God of Mercy ! hear thy servant's prayer ;
Whose olive-branches flourish round him fair :
Whose cluster'd *vines* thy bounteous grace did move
Their own sweet fruits to bear unto his love : 80

A holy, pure, undying, honest flame ;
 Worthy, indeed, of sacred wedlock's name :
 Pour down thy blessings on this couple young,
 Who heard *thy sanction* from this feeble tongue ;
 When at thy Altar each did, glad, impart 85
 The holy raptures of a tender heart !
 Bless them—bless all beneath this friendly roof ;
 A friendship far beyond all earthly proof !
 Bless him, and them, the matron, and the youth,
 The wife, the gentle maidens, with thy truth : 90
 “ *Increase and multiply* ” thy blessings *here* ;
 And fill our souls with holy love, and fear :
 Fear, lest thy just commands we disobey ;—
 And love, as bright as thy eternal Day.

HYMN VIII.

*Composed on a sick pillow, by the Sea-side, at three in the Morning ;
 window open, birds beginning to sing, the Tide just on the turn,
 coming in with a fresh breeze. Recovering slowly from Typhus
 Fever.*

COME, gentle breeze ! my throbbing brain
 With thy soft healing breath,
 Oh ! soothe, and cool ; me raise again
 From fiery darts of Death :

While health, upon thy curling wave 5
Among thy breezes born,
My drooping, fainting, Soul shall save :
And once more cheer my morn.

Flow swift, thou wave ! and lash the shore ;
Each wave new freshness pours : 10
I love to hear the Ocean roar,
As it its God adores :
Praise Him ye feeble sons of Earth ;
Praise Him ye winds, and waves :
Ye little birds, oh ! chirp your mirth ; 15
He all things feeds, and saves !

By Thee, great God ! the Seas were made ;
From Thee, the healthy breeze,
With healing in its wings arrayed,
Comes hovering o'er the Seas ; 20
And as it health, and strength, imparts ;
We sing, O Lord ! to Thee
The glad effusions of our hearts,
In holy ecstasy.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah ! Amen !

HYMN IX.

*On the Triumph of the Church of Christ over Sectarian opposition.
Advent Sunday, 1827, at Bognor.*

SEE how Lebanon her cedars waves
Above her honour'd Prophets' graves ;
And, where the cross of Jesus stood,
Of holy light pours forth a flood !
 Ye Nymphs of Solyma ! the hymn begin, 5
 And bring your Saviour's Triumph in :
 With myrtle be your golden harps entwined,
 And sacred raptures fill each grateful mind !

Advance, ye youths ! your Palms on high,
And let your praises rend the sky : 10
Till Angel choirs with men rejoice,
And all Creation lift one voice !
 Hosanna ! see our God advance ;
 Lead on, in mystic form, the dance ;
 Encircling now His awful throne, 15
 Our God, and Lord, and Saviour, own !

Let *all* mankind in Christ behold
 Their Prince and Saviour, long foretold :
Let *every* eye His Triumph see,
 For He will their Redeemer be !

Hallelujah ! Amen !

TO THE VICAR OF OIVING.

PRAY tell me how comes it that women, and men ;
 The gay, solemn, indolent fribble :
 Assume of the Muses, the style, and the pen :
 And all hasten on paper to scribble ?
 I fear 'tis self-love, ever blind to its faults, 5
 Which induces the one, and the other ;
 So Prose does run mad, and poor Poesy halts,
 As in *my* case, not yours, my dear Brother :
 A Brother in verse ; in the good cause of Truth ;
 Sound, and sense sound, are seen in each page : 10
 So the Myrtles, and Roses, are crowns for your youth ;
 And the Bay, and the Laurel, for Age.

 ODE

On my Eldest Child completing his Fourth Year.

MY gentle Muse ! new string thy Lyre,
 Let thankful joy the theme inspire ;
 And though thy notes are weak, and rude,
 They speak a Father's gratitude.

Four years enraptured with the mild,
The fond, obedience of my Child;
On him my fondest wishes dwell,
His merit none can love too well.

His manly form, his forward sense,
To future worth a fair pretence;
When round his neck my arms I throw,
I feel what gratitude I owe.

Kind Heaven! ne'er may my Edward be
Unmindful of his debts to thee;
So shall his pleasures never cease;
Thy ways are just, thy paths are peace.

TO MY WIFE.

On her Birth-day, May 18, 1806.

ONCE more, my fairest flower of May,
With joy I hail thy natal day;
I'll crown the hours with festive mirth,
Which gave my fair Eliza birth.

And while the overflowing bowl
Exhilarates thy Edward's soul;

For thee he'll string the warbling Lyre,
Thy charms, thy worth, his notes inspire.

Still wedlock's chains are wreaths of flowers,
With thee I'll tread the verdant bowers;
The while our Children play around,
And peace, and calm content, abound.

How happy then am I to trace
Thy charms in my dear Edward's face ;
And quite delighted, sure, must be,
When Arthur smiles, and looks like thee.

Still happy may this day remain,
May pleasure it attend again :
And may a smiling Infant be,
Soon, a fresh pledge of love to me.

HYMN X.

*A particular favourite of Eliza.—Written at Midnight, Sunday,
July 13, 1806.*

SOFT may my midnight Hymn ascend
To thee, my God, my Father, Friend ;
Oh ! may my Soul find pleasant rest,
Or dreaming, view the happy blest.

Thy praise should every power inspire ;
And, echoing loud, the holy Lyre
To all the Earth it's notes should raise :
But man's too feeble for thy praise.

Oh ! could I but lift up my Voice,
My grateful heart would then rejoice ;
And 'midst Angelic Chorus raise
One simple note to sing thy praise.

Parent of all ! thy Power Supreme
Protects us waking, or in dream ;
To thee my midnight hymn ascends,
Most lenient God, and best of Friends !

TO MY NEW-BORN DAUGHTER,

June 11, 1806.

SWEET, tender blossom, may thy days
In peace and calm content abound ;
And may thy conduct merit praise ;
With virtue peace is ever found.

Sweet Stranger to this varying Scene
 Of joys, of pain ; too often strife :
 If clouds sometimes should intervene,
 May sunshine smile upon thy life

May Wisdom call my child her own ;
 In temper kind, and manners mild :
 No pleasure greater sure is known,
 When Parents, smiling, bless their child.

Source of my joys, soft gift of Heaven,
 Thy Father's raptures thou didst raise ;
 And for the Daughter to him given,
 Long, long, be heard his Song of Praise!

ODE ON MEDITATION.

WHEN meditating on this world of woe ;
 Which oft indeed with golden pleasure teems :
 My spirits feel so soft, my pulse beats slow,
 And airy fancy hovers o'er my dreams.

'Tis then, at times, I feel my thankful heart
 With unabated gratitude will glow ;
 And sometimes feel, alas ! an aching smart ;
 In this World, truly, 'tis too often so.

Yet still my constant Faith has firmly stood ;
 Ah ! may I ever kiss the chastening rod :
 Still may my Soul exhale its gratitude,
 And my glad heart, enraptured, praise my God !

SORROW IS FOLLY.—AN ODE.

DARK is the bed of death,
 Its confines are but narrow ;
 He who lies down to-day
 Shall never know to-morrow :
 For human life is vanity ; 5
 Where pleasure smiles ; and where much joy appears :
 Too oft we prove its sad inanity,
 And pour forth empty grief in useless tears.
 Yet why lament ? this World is our probation,
 Correcting mild our follies as they rise ; 10
 Shall then frail Man rebel, and cry “ Vexation ! ”
 When punishment awaits his open’d eyes ?
 Be grief far from us : gladly hail the morrow ;
 Believe that He, whom praise the fool, and wise ;
 Will cleanse the Widow’s eyes from sorrow,
 And thankful make the Orphan’s prayer arise !

THE GRAVE.

WHEN o'er thy much neglected grave
The nettles bloom, and thistles wave ;
Some one who passes by may mourn,
And Pity sigh to see thy Urn.

While the rank grass in flauntings gay,
To Reason's mind shall seem to say ;
“ His hours embitter'd oft did pass,
His efforts weak, and like this grass.

“ According still to folly's sway,
Thro' Life a melancholy way
He yet pursued : and o'er his grave
The nettles bloom, and thistles wave.”

Within the confine of the grave
Lie all mankind ; the weak, the brave,
The wicked lie ; and those whose doom
Is happiness beyond the Tomb !

May filial Love which now attends
Thy dearest hopes, then find thee friends ;
And when the nettle, thistle wave,
One Tear fall on their Father's grave !

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1807.

AGAIN our festive rites appear,
In flowing cups our joys are told ;
We welcome in the new-born Year,
And part, contented, with the old.

Since last I hail'd this welcome day,
How much of care, of joy I've known ;
Yet my glad heart can, thankful, say,
That memory marks the joys alone !

I'll ne'er, repining, quit this scene
Of cheerful mirth, and flowing Soul ;
Where nought but pleasures intervene,
And Friendship shares the mantling bowl :
And every year will I renew
My grateful thanks where justly due !

THOUGHTS AFTER GRATEFUL PRAYER, AND PRAISE.

SWEET are those tears, though oft in secret shed,
 When gracious mercies fall upon our head ;
 And sweet that grateful feeling of the heart,
 Which God to those he loveth doth impart !
 Oh ! may I never lose that tearful joy ; 5
 Nor this World's cares mix up its base alloy
 With all those purer raptures of the Soul,
 Wherein God reigns beloved beyond control !
 For tender Nature to her Maker bends,
 In Him acknowledging her best of friends ; 10
 In Him believing ; while in tears she proves
 The swelling heart its God of Mercy loves !

ORISON.

For a Spanish Chant.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord !
 Health, and peace to me accord ;
 Thou all comfort canst afford :
 Holy, holy, holy, Lord !
 Holy, Holy, holy, Lord ! 5
 Thou God of my Salvation !

Pains, and sorrows do subdue
My strength, my spirit murmurs too ;
In me a better mind renew,
That I may pay Thee homage due, 10
Holy, holy, holy, Lord !
Thou God of my Salvation !

When speech is lost, and strength is flown,
In thought I bend before Thy throne ;
I love, I worship, Thee alone : 15
With gratitude thy truth I own,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord !
Thou God of my Salvation !

Haste, my Redeemer Christ ! to save
My life, now sinking to the grave : 20
O save that Soul Thy mercy gave :
Teach me, like Thee, cold Death to brave,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord !
Thou God of my Salvation !

When I shall hear Thy trumpet sound, 25
My body mouldering in the ground ;
Within its ribs, with strong rebound,
My wakening spirit shall be found :
Holy, holy, holy, Lord !
Thou God of my Salvation ! 30

Triumphant then Thy dead shall rise ;
 The just, the pious, good, and wise ;
 Saved by Thy one great Sacrifice :
 Thy merits only gained the Prize,
 Holy, holy, holy, Lord! 35
 The Prize of our Salvation !

MY FIFTY-FIRST YEAR,

*Ending November 8th, 1829.**To the Vicar of Arundel.*

CONFINED by sickness, silent as the grave,
 Unable wind, or weather, now to brave ;
 Where is the tongue which Sion's God did praise,
 And on the scorner's spoils His Cross did raise ?
 Where is the eye with sacred ardour lit, 5
 When dwelling on the Truths of Holy Writ?
 Alas ! enfeebled, silent, aged, worn ;
 And, but a Christian Pastor, quite forlorn :
 Like Job I mourn, but do not curse my birth,
 Though almost "dust to dust, and earth to earth," 10
 My sinful ashes turning ; and my breath
 Each day more feeble seems to point to Death !

This day *my* cry proclaim'd a Mother's name ;
 But fifty years and one, have worn my frame,
 Since, quite as feeble, in her arms I lay 15
 An uninform'd, *but living*, mass of clay,
 Then let me offer ; to instruct the Poor
 In *Sion's Hymns*, that *cordial* sweet, and sure ;
 My mite, to purchase for their use, this day,
 The Hymns, and Psalms, of God ; that they may pray :
 " Restore our friendly preacher, God of Love ! 21
 From him all weakness, fever, pain, remove :
 That in Thy House we, all assembling, may
 Join in our Saviour's praise, from day to day ;
 Till Age its hoary honours *long* has spread 25
 In whitening snows upon his feeble head :
 Till Time to him, O Lord, shall be no more ;
 And in Eternity he Thee Eternal shall adore !"

SORROWS, AND BLESSINGS.

THOUGH Age enfeebles, yet it adds to me
 A strength from which I never would be free ;
 Experience in my Saviour's Love, and Truth :
 My Age He cherishes who taught my Youth !

When Manhood came, with it came Manhood's cares, 5
And anxious Hope which mortal strength impairs;
Yet Manhood's understanding made me know
Who reigns above, who governs all below;
Who reigns supreme, in loving-kindness great,
Though once disdaining not Man's lowly state: 10
Who for our sins the worst of sorrows tried;
Though innocent, He yet for sinners died:
To God submissive, bowed His weary head,
And then from suffering His spirit fled!
On His example then will I rely, 15
And mortal cares, and sorrows, still defy;
Though disappointment, sickness, grief, and pain,
At times will make me of my lot complain;
Yet will I soon repentant turn to Thee:
My Saviour! who so much didst bear for me! 20
Of Thee Thy promised mercies will I claim,
And conquer evil in my Saviour's Name.
While Age, and sorrow, drag me to the grave;
Thou standest on its brink, for Thou canst save,
And let Bethesda's healing stream convey 25
My dying spirit to the realms of Day;
Or, if on Earth my course must still endure,
By Faith, and Hope, and Love, my peace insure!

HYMN XI.

Confidence in God.

IN health, or sickness ; weal, or woe ;
 To Thee, on each occasion,
 My faithful heart doth overflow,
 Thou God of my Salvation !

On Thee I call, before Thee fall,
 In pleasure, or vexation ;
 Thou art my confidence in all,
 O God of my Salvation !

To Thee I raise one voice of praise,
 In glad enumeration
 Of lengthen'd joy, and lengthen'd days,
 Thou God of my Salvation !

A FRIENDLY WISH FOR THE RISING
 GENERATION.

OH ! for a tongue of fire to preach the truth,
 And tell of Wisdom's rules to unfledged youth ;
 Tell them what God ordains, what Nature proves ;
 How God his whole Creation truly loves ;

Prepares his Heavens for the wise, and good, 5
 Who, persevering, live in rectitude :
 Whose souls benevolent are led by God,
 Cheer'd by his light, and guided by his rod;
 Till in Eternity those meeds they find,
 Reserved for all who love, and serve, Mankind ! 10

VICTORY HAS CHARMS EVEN IN DEATH.

WHEN gallant Nelson in his dying hour .
 Enquired the battle's fate of those around,
 Still Victory to cheer his heart had power,
 True to his Country, pleasure still he found;
 " Thank God !" he cried, " I suffer in her cause ; 5
 To fall for her my glory, and my pride :
 For her, my King, and fairest Virtue's laws."
 Their flag was lower'd, as our Hero died.

IMPROMPTU,

*On Sir R. Strachan's engaging and capturing four French men of
war with an equal force.*

SIR Richard Strachan, sure, can dance,
As well as fight upon the Main;
He shew'd he knew, to Spain, and France,
Hands four and back again.

EPIGRAM ON FLATTERY.

ALL mortals in one thing agree,
To each most pleasing's Flattery:
Why make about it such a pother,
If I'm a fool, there's many other.

ON THE DEATH OF LORD VISCOUNT NELSON, OCTOBER 21, 1805.

PEACE to the Hero, who for us has died,
For whom our hearts with softest Pity mourn;
Peace be to Nelson, to his Country's pride;
May Immortality shine round his Urn.

Aboukir's laurels, Copenhagen's Towers, 5
 With honor did his noble brows adorn;
 Next Cadiz saw the mighty Hero's powers:
 Nelson to Immortality was born.
 Long shall Posterity his worth admire,
 Our children's songs re-echo in his praise; 10
 Still shall his spirit fill their hearts with fire,
 To him shall gratitude an altar raise:
 Friend of thy King, and Country, glorious Fame
 Shall ever crown, and venerate, thy Name.

TO THE FRENCH ADMIRAL,

Captured on the above Occasion.

Poor Villeneuve! where thy boasted triumph now,
 That Calder's laurels did thy brows adorn;
 Thy flag's no more erect upon thy prow,
 By Nelson's gallant seamen down 'tis torn:
 Fear not thy Fate, for British spirit ne'er 5
 Insults exulting o'er a vanquish'd foe;
 Though fierce in fight our gallant seamen were,
 No rancour, and no malice, do they know.

LINES

Written extempore in Thompson's Seasons, lent to me by a Lady.

THE varied beauties which I always trace
 In thee, Eliza dear ! I must approve ;
 How could I ever form a wish
 To taste a sweeter, greater bliss ;
 Than when I see in thy dear face
 “ Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love !”

HYMN XII.

O MAY I see Thy glory rise
 Before my all-astonish'd eyes ;
 O grant me, Lord ! the glorious sight
 In endless hours of endless light !

Through devious paths my ways have run ;
 Forgive me, Lord ! for Thy dear Son :
 Make all my paths of duty straight,
 And guide my steps to Heaven's blest gate.

So will I ever blessed days,
Most happy, spend to sing Thy praise ;
Though sunk with shame, exert my voice ;
With angels, and with men, rejoice !

TO MY SISTER,

On her Passage home from India.

WELCOME, my love ! no welcome can be more
From love than mine, unto your native shore ;
The cause I grieve at, yet rejoice to see
My much-loved, dearest sister, sweet ! in thee.

Thy lovely offspring, as their mother mild,
The father's sense reflected in each child ;
While joyful lines of welcome here I trace,
My only drawback I see not his face.

In early youth our friendship first began,
“ Grew with our growth, and ripen'd into man :”
Ere many years I trust again to see
Him so beloved by you, beloved by me.

Grant him, kind Heaven, this Thy best defence,
 A constant trust in Thee ; and innocence :
 No injured Indian's tears shall then arise,
 But grateful songs shall praise him to the skies !

ON FEELING.

YE wondrous wise ones, ye, whose cruel hearts
 To ridicule the soft emotions turn ;
 Who think none like yourselves can talents boast :
 With no affections real can you burn.
 Unworthy he of friendship's sacred flame, 5
 Whose marbled heart can never feel its fire ;
 Who laughs and scoffs, at sweet affection's name,
 His soul can ne'er to godlike acts aspire.
 Thy power, avarice, without control ;
 Ambition too, with meanness, we shall find ; 10
 These will subdue, and overcome, his soul,
 These will him govern, and will rule his mind.
 Experience shows that kindly hearts alone
 Win others love, who them do love again :
 While selfish Pride with melancholy moan 15
 Is forced to tell its anguish, and its pain !

For *me*, though tears, and mournful hours, should ere
The tide of pleasure interrupt, annoy ;
Give *me* the heart which feels, which gives a tear
For others sorrows, or for others joy ! 20

FRIENDSHIP.

To man blest gift from God above,
Source of pleasure, source of love ;
In thy essence are combined
All raptures of the human mind.

Through thee 'twas Godlike Scipio prest
His much-loved Lælius to his bre ast;
Through thy all-social, happy reign,
Rome did her mighty realm maintain.

When Edward brave did Calais storm,
There apparent was thy form ;
Her mighty Patriots gain'd applause,
Who strove to suffer in thy cause.

May thy concord ever smile
 On this our happy British Isle ;
 And may our heroes ever be
 United, fairest fair, by thee !

TO HIM WHO OWNS IT.

FIRE and water ne'er agree,
 Coolness never weds with ire ;
 'Tis just so with you, and me ;
 Ice is yours, but mine is fire.
 Friendship would my bosom warm, 5
 Caution still its feelings chills ;
 Caution with whose shield you arm,
 It my heart with sorrow fills.
 Yours romantic, perhaps, may call
 These expressions of the mind ; 10
 Be it so ; we cannot all
 Pleasure, when we're seeking, find :
 Yours be bus'ness, yours be care,
 Gravity, and gayless chill ;
 My endeavours shall be ; are, 15
 My life with harmless mirth to fill.

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC,

For the Chimney Sweepers.

WHILE o'er the World thy well-earned Fame
 For generous deeds is spread ;
 Say, Britain, shall this hapless race
 By noisome toil earn their bread ;
 Shall pity find no resting place,
 To soothe their woes, and make them bless thy Name !

Forbid it, Charity ! their helpless age
 Should longer ask, in vain,
 A friendly hand to wipe its tears ;
 To rescue it from cruel pain,
 From horrors, which e'en Manhood fears ;
 Ye generous souls come forth ; their woes assuage !

Then shall the prayer of Infancy arise
 To Him, by whom all wealth is given ;
 Your blessings shall increase tenfold ;
 The bounty of all gracious Heaven
 Shall in your spacious halls be told ;
 While you shall clothe the Poor, and stop their sighs !

TO LOVE.

GENTLE Love ! my heart is thine ;
 I bow with joy before thy shrine :
 I hail, enraptured, thy blest reign ;
 No fears I feel, nor joys I feign.

Thou comfort of the human heart !
 To me thy sweets, thy griefs, impart :
 Unworthy he thy joys to know,
 Who fears to feel thy anxious woe.

Enchant my fair ; her heart entwine
 With tender sorrows ; make her mine :
 And may thy gentle influence prove
 That pity is the friend of love !

 JEU D'ESPRIT.

“ Omnia vincit Amor, et nos cedamus Amori ! ”

Thus says the Roman Poet ;

‘ Love conquers all ; we’ll yield to Love : ’

With you, sweet girl ! I know it.

ON THE THREATENED INVASION.

Written Jan. 19, 1805.

WE draw not now the sword, in vain,
 Th' unequal contest to maintain ;
 Though hosts of foes our Isle surround,
 Undaunted we maintain our ground.

Invasion's threats, ah ! well may cease ;
 We flourish in domestic peace :
United, still the foe defy ;
 “ He comes ! ”—He may ! He can but fly !

Long time our foes have vow'd our Isle
 Shall no more in her glories smile ;
 But hark ! ah ! listen to the cry ;
 The cheering sound of “ Victory ! ”

TO MY FIRST BORN.

May 4, 1802.

WELL pleased, to thee my lovely child !
 I sing, I sing, my wood-notes wild ;
 Pleased I press thee to my breast,
 Care is gone—and I am blest !

In each feature of thy face,
 Many, many charms I trace ;
 And will every hour beguile
 With th' enchantment of thy smile.

Welcome, welcome, flower of May !
 Ever will I bless the day,
 Which, with all thy mother's charms,
 Gave thee, sweetest, to my arms !

Fairest of the gay May flowers,
 How thy presence glads my hours ;
 And my raptures never cease ;
 Welcome, dearest pledge of peace !

Of my lovely, darling child,
Pleased, I view the aspect mild ;
Thoughts of love, of lasting joy,
Crown thy looks, my darling boy !

All thy anxious friends around,
In thee, my child, sweet pleasure found ;
May thy paths be strewn with flowers,
Endless pleasure crown thy hours !

TO MY WIFE.

At last our mutual love is crown'd,
Our boy's a pledge of peace ;
With raptures our fond hearts abound,
God grant they never cease !

Thy charms, sweet love, in his dear face ;
How soft his smile like thine ;
Those charms which won my heart I trace ;
In him again they shine.

Thy constant love, thy faith, and truth,
My life have deck'd with joy ;
First charmer of my earliest youth,
Sweet mother of my boy !

Pleased on thee my fond heart dwells,
And on our child, my fair ;
To thee my heart, so grateful, tells
How I thy raptures share !

SONG.

My heart it exults in my boy,
With rapture I view his sweet face ;
All my hours are filled with joy,
When his mother I fondly embrace.

How sweet is his form ! In my arms,
Enchanted, my darling I take ;
Trace with pleasure his mother's dear charms,
And plans for his happiness make.

God prosper thy life, my dear child,
And bless thy soft hours with peace ;
On thee shed his influence mild,
And to thee may his mercy ne'er cease !

How proud of my son should I be,
No rapture my joys could exceed,
When I heard, my dear Edward, of thee ;
Heard thee praised for each generous deed.

Still, still, when my strength it is gone,
When enfeebled, I lean on thy arms ;
My fond heart will rejoice in my son,
And in death I'll forget not his charms !

A MOTHER'S THOUGHTS

Before her Child's Birth.

WELL pleased the Miser would behold
A casket full of sterling gold ;
But far more pleasure could I trace
In my dear baby's smiling face.

Let fell ambition ever rave
For honours still, and still it may;
No other blessing do I crave
Than its dear form to bless each day.

I'd careless hear the storm around,
No thought of peril e'er exprest ;
With happiness I should be crown'd,
And clasp my baby to my breast !

ON THE PREPARATIONS

In Portman Square, April 11, 1802.

BEHOLD ! what grand designs intends
Illuminating Otto !
And sure enough of candle-ends
The citizen has got, oh !

Well may his house be all one blaze
To celebrate the Peace ;
That ¹ moment did him first upraise,
Which bade fell discord cease !

He was Commissary for French prisoners.

LINES

Written upon hearing of the death of an Infant aged eleven months.

IN vain you pour the heartfelt sigh
 For one so loved, so dear ;
 His gentle spirit hovers nigh,
 Your mourning hearts to cheer !

Remember, though on earth awhile
 To bless you he was given ;
 Yet free from evil, and from guile,
 His soul return'd to Heaven !

Bend meekly to God's awful will,
 And bid your sorrows cease ;
 His Angel form around you still,
 Still hovers, blest with peace !

 TO MY WIFE.

O SAY *what* does affection prove ?
 Truth alone, and holy love :
 Which to its object solely given,
 Thinks th' all-beauteous Dame his Heaven.

Hail ! thou first of Nature's powers !
May my ever happy hours
Still on thee, sweet love, depend ;
Of my heart the mistress, friend.

Why should I, my fairest, tell
What we each do know full well ;
Sympathy alone has power
To gild with calm content each hour :
Enraptured with thy smile divine,
I yield my heart, and hope for thine !

TO MY DEAR WIFE.

On her Birth-day, May 18, 1802.

WELCOME, welcome, natal day
Of my fairest flower of May ;
Long, sweet day, for many a year
May your approach my glad heart cheer !

Gaily may your morn arise
To the dearest fair I prize ;
And your Sun, with beams divine,
Pleased, on my charmer, shine !

When your setting Sun goes down,
May peace, and joy, her pleasures crown ;
May you, through many, many years,
See her free from care, from tears !

Pleased behold her in her boy,
Source of comfort, and of joy ;
And may you see her aspect mild
Beam with rapture on her child !

TO A FRIEND.

O TELL me not of gratitude
For acts of kindness shewn ;
That heart feels most another's woes,
Which sadly sighs its own :
If yours my heart to pity move,
'Tis not the gift I heed :
For sympathy alone in grief
Could cause the generous deed.

HYMN XI.

Written the Morning after the birth of my first Child.

MY grateful heart, O God ! to thee
 A song of thanks would raise ;
 My soul, from care, from trouble free,
 Exults to sing thy praise.

From harm preserved my wife ; my child
 To bless my life is given ;
 They prosper through thine influence mild,
 O Lord ! who reign'st in Heav'n !

My feeble lyre attempts thy praise,
 Thy mercies to proclaim ;
 Teach me, O God ! my voice to raise
 To sing thy glorious Name !

 THE YOUNG MOTHER

To her first born.

I SING, from care, from sorrow free,
 My soul exults in extacy ;
 And my fond heart, with raptures wild,
 Doats on thy infant form, my child !

Pleased in thee I'll ever rejoice,
Pleased, my baby, I dwell on thy charms ;
In songs of sweet rapture I'll lift up my voice,
And sing to my boy, while he sleeps in my arms.

ON THE PEACE IN 1802.

ALL hail, Britannia ! hail, thou Queen of Isles !
Unbounded as thy glory be thy reign ;
May Peace, and Commerce, deck thy land with smiles,
And fix thy Empire o'er the unbounded Main ;
Thy heroes' feats we saw, their thunder hurl'd 5
From naval batteries o'er the astonished world ;
Their courage dauntless was, while all agree
That in the battle's rage no cruelty was seen ;
Britain's first glory is Humanity ;
In fight though brave, to vanquish'd foes serene. 10
Blest Isle, with liberty and justice crown'd,
No chains shall e'er annoy thy children free ;
No foes subdue them ; ready are they found
To fight for Liberty, for Peace, and Thee !

Nor are thy martial Heroes dead to fame ; 15
The glorious chief¹ we knew, who in thy cause
Gained, though by death he gained, a noble name ;
Fighting for Thee, thy Commerce, and thy Laws.
Astonished Nile² once more thy children knew,
Once more th' Egyptian coast thy thunders heard ;
Brave feats of war admired, and Britain, true 21
To Hospitality³, o'er all her foes preferr'd.
We heard thy cannon o'er the ocean roar,
Saw on each coast Britannia's flag unfurl'd ;
Thy glory echoed back from shore to shore 25
All hail Britannia ! Glory of the World !
But now let thoughts of war, and discord, cease ;
Blest shalt thou be with liberty, and peace ;
Glad commerce once again shall bless thy isle, 29
And agriculture deck thy hills, and valleys, with a smile.
Once, ah indeed ! we heard Britannia mourn,
Dejected leaning on her Russell's urn ;
Yet shall her tears, though due to Bedford, cease,
And his pursuits be favour'd, blest by peace :
His name thy sons shall bless, and endless fame 35
Crown the bright honours of the Russell name.

¹ Sir Ralph Abercrombie.

² The first proof was given at Aboukir, by Lord Nelson.

³ In protecting the Beys.

See from afar thy laden ships appear,
They come, thy pleasures, Britain, to increase ;
Far, far, from distant lands they treasures bear ;
Long shall thy commerce flourish, and thy peace ! 40
Hail, happy Isle ! well happy may we call
Thee, whom a King now rules, beloved by all :
And see where Britain's pride ¹, and hope, appears,
Loud shouts of triumph greet our pleased ears ;
Again, again they rise—their joys increase, 45
Gladly they meet their Prince, and hail the Peace.
That peace for which each British bosom burn'd,
Thy heroes justly fought, how just the cause !
Fought for their King, their Country, and their Laws ;
Happy Britannia in a peace well earn'd ! 50
Long mayst thou reign in quiet, free from care ;
But should'st thou e'er again war's clarion hear,
May then thy children great in arms appear ;
Proud to defend their country ; ever free ;
And may thy people ever, Britain, be 55
Brave as thy sons are now, and as thy daughters fair !

¹ The Prince—his visit to the City.

A HAPPY DEATH-BED.

THE time of human life is o'er,
 Gay visions float before my eyes ;
 O grant me aid, thou sov'reign power,
 Who bad'st those cheering visions rise !

Relieve my soul from earthly care,
 From misery, and worldly woe ;
 O free my heart from sad despair,
 And to thy joys, oh ! may I go !

TO THE VICAR OF ARUNDEL.

For some Long Life Lozenges.

WHEN writing to an absent friend,
 " Long life," and happiness we send ;
 As kindly wishing to impart
 The feelings of a kindred heart :
 Thus I your long life lozenge share,
 The valued gift of lady fair ;
 Which, aided by our Vicar's prayers,
 Will chase away disease, and cares ;

And all the ills at which men grumble :
Sent both our rage, and pride, to humble.
For this my thanks, and hopes, are due—
“ Long life, and happiness to you !”

TO A FRIEND.

OH ! may we in the circling year
See all your much loved circle here !
One union from its centre flows,
One heart with human kindness glows ;
One gentle action, one well cultured mind,
In golden bands its happy union bind.
So on one throne of Mercy, Truth, and Love,
One centre binds the Heavenly hosts above :
So from one union goodness does bestow
Its hourly bounties on the worlds below.
For thus has Heaven its high behests reveal'd
To fallen man, nor this great Truth conceal'd ;
That if we seek our own sole happiness,
No selfish joys have any power to bless ;
But that the good on others we bestow
Lights in our hearts a bright, a lasting, glow !

EPITAPH FOR MYSELF ;

On planting Tea-plants. For my future Tea-garden bower, and Tea-table therein.

YE nymphs ! who come hither for tea ;
 Weep not, oh ! weep not more for me !
 Sweet woman, living I admired ;
 By tea, and gossip, wrote inspired :
 Alive I honour'd, dying, blest
 That faithful sex, and sank to rest ¹ !

EPIGRAM,

On a certain learned Lady.

WHEN gentle Cæsar first to loving took,
 And for a learned lady left his book ² ;
 Alas ! poor Doctor ! I am much afraid
 He took the *Owl of Wisdom* for the Maid !

¹ The writer a water drinker for twenty-two years past.

² Vide her poem on the occasion, wherein she boasts of her charms, and skilful management.

LETTER

Sent by the Post to a young Lady.

A CURRICLE and pair I want to hire
For two, or three, weeks—more I don't require.
The horses gentle, handsome too, and swift,
Not like the sluggish asses on the plain ;
But such as to my farms, and back again, 5
With ease can give my bones a lift.
The carriage not too gaudy, nor too dull,
Good wheels—well hung on springs ;
The Sussex clay requires a lusty pull,
Or soon your carriage on the ground it flings. 10
Now Bessy's bones and mine, thank God ! as yet
Do pleasant play, uncumber'd, as we go ;
Upon my word I'm almost in a sweat,
The thought of broken bones affrights me so !
If Egginton, when rambling through the streets, 15
To look for such a thing should feel inclined ;
And ask a man, but not the first he meets,
A liveryman, perhaps such things he may find :
And as he is a charioteer most gay,
Which Edgeware road, and Hammersmith, well know,
He'll surely find in compass of a day, 21
A vehicle in which we safe may go.

A trial would be best, so let him hire
The horses for a day ; that he may try
If gentle they may be, or whipping tire 25
His arm—or whether at each post they fly.
Now skittish horses are not my delight ;
Nor yet would sluggards suit my eager wish,
Who slow drawl on from morning until night,
In spite of many a cut, and angry pish. 30
I like a horse sure-footed, and who can
Run easily near forty miles a day ;
Such travelling certainly is nought but play,
More slowly journeying's a horrid plan.
The horses on my journey I would feed, 35
And see that Hostlers take of them great care ;
Nor flog them, only save when there is need ;
Nor scourge them as the cockneys horses are.
I think a guinea for each horse per week,
I mean the guinea for the horses hire ; 40
Is sure enough to pay for horses sleek,
And sound—no more would honesty require.
The carriage *two* perhaps, with harness good ;
And thus th' expence of my two donkeys food,
And hire, will surely cheaper be to me 45
Than hackney chaises, and each post-boy's fee—
Or otherwise I'll tell you, my dear honey,
(I'm thankful for the rhyme ;) I'd keep my money

For post-boys fees, for chaises—and at Inns
 Change carriage—plagued, and pester'd, for my sins, 50
 By rattling glasses, and postillions rude,
 Who prying eyes inquisitive intrude.
 I hope my nonsense you will understand,
 And I'm your humble servant at command.

P.S. We do not want the Carriage down 55
 So many miles to Benhams sent;
 For be assured, we're well content
 To come in hackney chaise to Town.

The above letter was received, and enquiries made accordingly.

EXTEMPORE ADDRESS

*To the Vellorian Bard, who was vastly witty upon Miss Angelique
 Cochrane ; a friend of the Author's. Vide Madras Gazette,
 March 30, 1801.*

ANGELIC themes require *celestial* praise,
 When female excellence the Muse inspires ;
 Your verse can never claim the tribute bays,
 Trash—only fit for lighting *earthly* fires !

HYMN XII.

Written after a severe illness.

MY soul aspires to sing thy praise,
My Father, and my God;
With grateful heart I tune my lays,
Chastised by thy rod.

When, swoln by pride, my heart rebell'd
Against thy gracious laws;
Thy mild rebuke my fury quell'd,
Thy goodness gain'd the cause.

Thou didst a sinner save, O Lord!
Therefore I'll always sing
Thy praise—if thou wilt words afford,
I'll daily offerings bring!

ON THE MALVERN HILLS.

MALVERN ! thy wondrous heights, enrapt, I view'd,
 Thy charming prospects, fertile scenes around ;
 And on thy lofty side, unsteady, stood :
 In admiration every sense was bound.
 Yet not alone these scenes engaged my mind,
 But He, who made them, caused my wonder more ;
 My thoughts too, like thy hills, rose unconfined,
 And, lost in awe, bade me the God adore.
 How frail, how full of vanity is man,
 Who builds on sand, yet hopes his tow'rs will stand ;
 But thy stupendous heights no power could scan,
 Save His, who made them with his mighty hand :
 Malvern ! thy glorious scenes reminded me
 Of man's great prospect, an Eternity !

ON THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN PHILIP ARMSTRONG,

Of the Royal Artillery, aged 25.

DIRGE. "Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit."—*Horace*¹.

IN early youth he meets his doom,
And hastens to the grave ;
His honours many, in their bloom
He sleeps among the brave.

Ah! little honours, youth avail;
When we are called, we come :
To those who 're left how sweet the Tale,
That his was Virtue's doom.

Far happier those, whose constant Truth
Meets swift reward above ;
And though we lose the worthy Youth,
Who merits all our Love :
Mourn not for Philip ; in his grave,
He sleeps among the just, and brave !

¹ By many good men he lamented died.

ON LOVE.

WHEN Francis first with ardor prest
His loved Eliza to his breast ;
These words were, instant, heard above,
Proceeding from the God of Love :

“ Bow down, fair Maid, before my shrine,
Accept his vows, and give him thine ;
More manly worth, no gentler fair,
Their vows have ever offered there.

In each fond heart my power I trace,
And mark the passion in each face :
Nor can you hide, in vain you try ;
From me the gentle, tender sigh :
Your life one stream of joy shall prove,
Midst all the sweets of mutual Love !”

ON THE MASSACRE AT VELLORE, IN INDIA,

July, 1806 : when an order being issued to deprive some native Soldiers of their religious distinctions ; a battalion rebelled, and murdered nearly all the European garrison in their sleep, and, in their turn, were all cut to pieces by the 19th British Dragoons.

HARD was his heart, inured to human woe,
Unknown to Charity, and void of shame ;
Who harmless customs wished to overthrow,
And lighted up the dire Fanatic's flame.

If Revelation's light on him had shone,
Were he a servant of the Prince of Peace ;
Then had his Soul more noble maxims known,
Nor discord roused, but bade dissension cease.

When History shall note the dreadful Tale,¹
That *Christians* made such streams of blood to flow ;

¹ This Group has been suggested for a Painting, or Sculpture.

Humanity will, trembling, throw the veil
O'er scenes of bigotry, and Indian woe:
Religion will a mournful silence keep;
With face averted, Charity will weep!

RECOLLECTIONS.

To Lady S—— T——.

FAIR Godalmin! how oft among thy hills,
With eager haste my youthful footsteps past;
My breast with pleasure recollection fills:
Would that our earlier joys might always last!

But many years are gone, since in *thy* scenes
I figured every hope of childish joy;
With all its cares now Manhood intervenes,
And meditates on things which pleased the boy.

As through thy hanging woods I pensive rove;
And, lingering often, cast my eyes around,
Where melancholy silence fills each grove;
And Autumn's spoils are strewn upon the ground:

And, as some favourite seat now meets my eye,
Some prospect, once how pleasing to my sight!
My bosom heaves; I drop a tender sigh
For Friends now lost to me in shades of Night.

Far from thy Town, thy noisy looms I roam,
Those sounds which oft have charm'd my infant ear;
And lost in gloomy shade, I think of Home,
Think of my Wife, and lovely children dear:

Each gloomy scene then vanishes!—From pain
My heart is freed; and health I now inhale,
Those lively scenes as my glad footsteps gain,
Where gentle Wey glides through the verdant Vale.

Thus through Life's chequer'd Vale, some, placid,
glide;
And to all others peace, and joy, afford:
They hope to hear those words; "Thou art well tried;
Hail! thou good Servant; welcome to thy Lord!"

TO LADY ELIZA R—.

O SAY where sainted meekness dwells,
 In humbler cot, or nobler city:
 Or whether in the prison cells
 She lingers, with her sister Pity?

No! in thy heart her seat is found,
 Thy soul with heavenly kindness flowing;
 Where calm content, and peace, abound:
 To which thy cheerful looks are owing.

She helps to bear all adverse fate;
 On bed of sickness makes thee mild:
 Thy Meekness makes thee truly great,
 Where others sorrow loud, and wild:
 And meekness will assist thee still,
 To bend before God's awful will!

TIME WAS.

Written after eight years' Marriage.

To Eliza.

TIME was, when Love oft strung my Lyre,
 To sing my fair Eliza's praise ;
 And my whole soul he did inspire,
 As hovering o'er, he heard my lays.

His influence shedding on my heart,
 New life he added to my frame ;
 His hopes, his fears, he did impart,
 And bade me bless the gentle flame.

Time is, that Love my notes inspires,
 To sing my fair Eliza's praise ;
 With all himself my bosom fires ;
 Well pleased he listens to my lays :
 And as my notes more soft do sound,
 His own most gentle touch is found.

ON MY SISTER'S SECOND VOYAGE TO
INDIA.

Blow gentle winds, as o'er the seas,
 With our sweet girl, the Gardner sails ;
 Blow gentle winds, excite the breeze :
 O give her favourable gales !

And thou, old Ocean, mildly roar,
 Nor let thy billows rudely foam ;
 And our much loved, her Voyage o'er,
 Shall bless thee at her Indian home.

Her music soft shall oft be heard,
 As o'er thy wastes the Gardner floats ;
 Oft hast thou listen'd, and preferr'd
 To Triton's shells her warbling notes.
 Blow gentle winds, and let your gales
 Press forward all her well-fill'd sails !

ON THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE- TRADE.

Impromptu, after reading the News.

THANK Heaven! I cried, that I have lived to see
The happy day, on which it was decreed,
That Afric's sons shall be from fetters free;
And wounded Charity no more shall bleed.

How often have I sigh'd to think, their Lot
Embitter'd was by Christians thirst for gold;
Torn from their Country, by their friends forgot,
Un-number'd woes the Captives sad enfold.

Oft did the tear arise to think how they,
Deprived of every comfort, toil'd in vain;
Fallen from their happy state, to fiends a prey:
O Britain! to thy boasted worth a stain!
Thank Heaven! I cried, that I have lived to see
My heart-felt hope, the injured Negro free!

TO ELIZA,

On her Birth-day, May 18, 1807.

PRIDE of my heart; again with joy I see
 Thy natal Day in peace, and health, returning;
 Still my fond wishes wait, sweet girl, on thee;
 Firm is my Love, with purest lustre burning.

Increasing years, since first my Love for thee
 “Grew with my growth,” and flourish’d never-
 ceasing;
 Have but endear’d the gentle Maid to me,
 For whom my Love has ever been increasing.

Source of my joys, and comfort of my heart,
 This glad return, how welcome ’tis to me:
 And my fond Muse her numbers shall impart,
 Her numbers cherish’d by a Love for thee.

May every year augmenting pleasures give,
 Years still increasing with a ten-fold blessing;
 And in thy Children happy may’st thou live,
 They blest in thee, and thou in them possessing.

ON PENMAEN MAWR, NORTH WALES.

WHOSE, but the hand which fashioned the World,
 And made the waves, which, raging, lash the Coast ;
 Could stop these rocks, in vast confusion hurl'd,
 Nor let them from the Mountain's side be lost ?

Here angry storms have beat ; for Ages past
 These rocks have firm withstood the rising flood ;
 Perhaps, for Ages these wild forms shall last ;
 That threaten evil, but yet tend to good.

These awful scenes the shudd'ring passer by,
 As hardly steady down the road he trod ;
 These scenes sublime have caught *his* lingering eye,
 And manifest the mighty hand of God :
 And though destruction seems to intervene,
 He loiters yet, and wonders at the scene !

ON MENTAL EASE.

LIKE clouds, which from the Ocean rise,
And swiftly flit before the wind ;
One moment overcast the skies,
The next a trace scarce leave behind :

Like waves, which over Seas do roll,
In vast succession, without end :
The Passions overwhelm the Soul,
And raging, to Man's ruin tend.

On him adversity has power
To make his eager prospects fade ;
But joy succeeds the passing hour,
Like the Sun bursting from the Shade :
'Tis then, the firm, and virtuous, mind
Smiles at the faint trace left behind.

HYMN XIII.

On my Eldest Child's recovery from sickness.

Now Health respreads her balmy wings,
 And hovers o'er my darling Boy ;
 The cheerful Muse, enraptured, sings,
 And tunes her Lyre to grateful joy.

How shall a parent's heart rejoice,
 To see his health, and strength, restored ;
 Oh ! teach me to lift up my voice,
 Thou who dost Life, and peace, afford.

From thee alone comes every joy,
 From thee all health, and pleasure, springs ;
 Thou hast restored my much-loved Boy,
 Accept my thanks, O King of Kings !

Bless him with sense, thy Love impart,
 With virtue's precepts bid him shine ;
 Oh ! flourish in his grateful heart,
 And make, oh ! make, him truly thine !

MY INFANT DAUGHTER'S BIRTH-DAY.

First Anniversary.

IN gentle notes oh! strike thy Lyre,
 Or sound the vocal shell:
 Parental joys my verse inspire,
 Delight my heart does swell.

'Tis thou, my tender blossom, thou
 Whose smiles such joys afford;
 Thy natal Day to crown I vow,
 And deck the festive board.

Oh! may my heart in thee rejoice,
 When cares with years increase;
 Oh! listen to fair Virtue's voice,
 Who'll crown thy days with peace!

Then shall my setting Sun beam gay,
 Thou wilt my comfort prove;
 And Life's last hours shall fade away,
 Blest in my Childrens Love!

A SOLDIER'S SONG.

Written in early Youth.

“ WHEN I kiss'd off her tears as, at last, I departed ;”
 From her soft folding arms 'twas with pain I got
 free :

I exclaim'd, “ Sweet Eliza ! oh ! be not faint-hearted ;
 For I shall return back with honour to thee.

“ For thee I face danger, for thee I seek glory ;
 My Love, and ambition, both centre in thee :
 And no lover alive, nor the Heroes of Story,
 E'er felt more regard, than I cherish for thee !”

EPITAPH FOR MYSELF.

WHEN Life's last shadow fades away,
 Oh ! may I sink to rest ;
 Until the Resurrection day :
 By good men's praises blest :

May Filial Love upon my Urn 5
One tear to memory shed ;
But let my Children cease to mourn
For me, their Father, dead :

Blessed in hopes once more to meet,
When all from death shall rise; 10
And stand before God's mercy seat,
Above these earthly skies.

Where thee to meet, my Partner dear,
With thee again to live ;
And Him to praise whom we revere, 15
Will Heavenly pleasures give.

Thy awful darkness, Death, I fear ¹,
Yet trust my Faith will give
A Passage through thy regions drear ;
And once more shall I live : 20

For my Redeemer reigns supreme ;
In his kind Love I trust :
He can my Soul from thee redeem,
Re-animate my dust.

¹ These two last verses are to be put on my grave-stone —E. J. T.

PRAISE WELL DESERVED.

How glad the Task my Child to praise,
 His merits to record ;
 They do my heart to rapture raise,
 Unfeign'd delight afford.

His gentle manners, forward mind,
 Heart emulous of Fame ;
 His Soul to every good inclined,
 To praise, and worth, lay claim.

Affection on his mind has power,
 For me it oft hath shone ;
 May still his worth gild every hour,
 And be his merits known !

My praise to Edward I impart,
 Nor ask my reasons why :
 For Vice has never stain'd his heart,
 Or dimm'd his beaming eye.

EPIGRAM ON THE EXPLOITS OF THE
LEDA FRIGATE.

ONCE, the fair Leda, ancient stories tell us,
Castor and Pollux *bore* ; two roaring fellows,
Who gallant actions fought, and caused much wonder :
Now, like her Lover-Swan, she sails the Seas,
Proudly she scuds along before the breeze :
She *bears*, and *bears with glory*, British Thunder.

THE PLEASURES OF MEETING AGAIN IN
INDIA.

THAT chaste embrace repaid each care
I in thy absence knew ;
Thou still art lovely, good, and fair ;
I constant am, and true.

How ardent was my early Love,
As great my grief to part :
This meeting does my care remove,
And joy o'erwhelms my heart.

That heart, which in the Midnight gloom
For thee alone has sigh'd ;
Abhorr'd each melancholy room
Divested of its Bride :
Finds all its sorrows well repaid
By thee, sweet Wife, my long-loved Maid !

ON MY BIRTH-DAY.

Nov. 8, 1807.

LET not my natal day pass by,
Unheeded, or ungrateful, lost ;
As if the sport of Fate was I
By sorrows harass'd, tempest tost.

No ! Muse, awake thy tuneful Lyre,
And once more sound thy wood-notes rude ;
His praise shall every word inspire,
Who will accept my gratitude.

To *Him* whose bounty crowns my head,
With blessings makes my cup o'erflow ;
Who has my table plenteous spread :
What thanks my happy soul does owe !
Oh ! may I happy, grateful, still
Acknowledge *Him* my friend :—I will !

PROOFS IN FAVOUR OF MARRIAGE.

WHEN she of gentle manners, liberal mind,
 And heart to real benevolence inclined :
 When my Eliza, loved from earliest hours,
 Adorns my house, and o'er my path spreads flowers :

When in my Edward sense, and worth, I see,
 Whose blossoms promise fair maturity ;
 When Arthur's handsome form, and Bessy's smile,
 Their father's heart of every care beguile :

Unnumber'd blessings when I round me see,
 When looking back or towards futurity :
 When my spread table plenteousness does shew,
 And olive branches round about it grow :

Tell me, ye railers ; say at once, Is this
 The chain of wedlock, or its promised bliss ?

HYMN XIV.

On completing my thirtieth Year.

BEFORE thy awful throne, my God !
 My grateful voice I raise ;
 Call'd to existence by thy nod,
 Thy love excites my praise.

Unnumber'd blessings round me flow
 From out thy plenteous store :
 Teach me, O Father ! thee to know,
 And in all truth adore !

In thy great mercy do I trust
 My soul from guilt to free ;
 When once more called from the dust,
 My Saviour I may see.

Teach me his truth, augment my love,
 For him my gracious Lord ;
 Increasing years most fully prove
 He comfort does afford.

Incline my heart to seek thy ways,
And may my faith ne'er cease :
My soul, enraptured, sings thy praise ;
And *knows* thy ways are peace !

HYMN XV.

For Christmas Day, 1808.

I HAIL, I bless, th' auspicious morn,
Which to the World a Saviour gave ;
This blessed day was Jesus born,
Who triumph'd over death, and grave.

Descending from that bright abode,
Where holy Angels sung his praise ;
Where he on wings of Cherubs rode,
And lived with God from earliest days.

His glories laying all aside,
On him our human weakness took ;
He suffer'd much from mortal pride,
While Satan in his empire shook.

Blind men *then* could not in him see
Their promised Saviour, and their God ;
Who set them from death's horrors free,
And saved them from hell's iron rod.

Now happy millions raise their voice,
And gladly bless his natal day ;
With them I humbly will rejoice,
With them my vows I gladly pay.

For firm conviction has imprest,
Since I have felt his guiding rod ;
Th' Apostle's ¹ words within my breast :
“ Thou art my Saviour, and my God ! ”

HYMN XVI.

I SIGH'D in vain, sad tears I shed,
For of God's wrath I was in dread ;
Reason was given to prevent
Those acts which deeply I lament.

¹ St. Thomas ; after the Resurrection.

From sickness I arose anew,
Felt that Religion's good, and true ;
Death did me compass quite around,
When I my Saviour's mercy found.

I worship now that Faith, and Truth,
Whose love engaged my earliest youth ;
And when I sigh, or tears I shed,
His mercy frees my soul from dread.

TO DAPHNE.

On a dead Bullfinch.

CHEER'D by thy smile, I happy sung,
Or piped the livelong day ;
And the soft accents of thy tongue,
With mine I strove to say.

How oft I stretch'd my eager throat,
And tried each piping wile ;
To imitate thy well-known note,
And gain fair Daphne's smile.

But ah ! in vain I eager strove
 Thy melody to reach ; 10
 I fell a martyr to my love ;
 In vain did Daphne teach.
 Yet of poor Bullfinch wilt thou tell ;
 Like Marsyas ¹ he aspired, but fell.

EPISTLE TO C. E. A., ESQ.

London, Oct. 9.

“ While humble merit journeys in a hack ;
 In his Barouch and four behold the quack ! ”

—On the North Road.

THE Muse so long dormant, I thought in a fright,
 She fairly had bidden her vot'ry good night :
 At receipt of your last I aroused her to arms,
 By telling of quacks, and their wonderful charms.
 O shame to the age ! and shall it be said, 5
 That while on the hoof you incessantly tread ;
 While merit like yours must walk forty miles,
 O'er hedges, and ditches, o'er fences, and stiles :

¹ See Ovid's story of Apollo and the Satyr ; for preferring the latter, Midas had ass's ears.

That when Sol is departing, we often may find,
“ Like a sad wounded snake,” you drag on your behind :
This son of a cucumber dashes away, 11
And lolls in his carriage the whole of the day.
Had this Solomon been, like the Monarch of old,
“ Dives opum ;” from Tyre had he fetch’d his gold :
Like him had he traced every herb of the field, 15
And known how their balms, and their honey, they
yield :

Did this one in wisdom, and knowledge, excel ;
I would say that his carriage became him full well :
But this our Solomon knows to extract
The gold from the purses of those who are rack’d 20
With gout, stone, or scurvy ; nay, all our complaints
His Balm will subdue, so he swears by *his* saints.
Thus by fraud, and by cunning, he raises his store ;
And finds the old proverb just, “ that one fool makes
more !” 24

So by other folks’ nonsense, this son of queer witches,
Has “ cash in both pockets ;” I mean of his breeches.
And to harmonise well with each buckle, and link,
Of his horses, his guineas incessantly clink.
What happiness sure in his journeys must fall,
As he sees his productions enliven each wall ; 30
Nay, should he look closer, he might not neglect
While he reads of the cause, to behold the effect.

In each dairy-maid's smile, in her sweet cherry face,
He thinks he of Gilead the balsams can trace ;
And that Roger themower, "while whetting his scythe,"
Enliven'd by balm of his Gilead "sings blythe : " 36
O say what reward can the Nation bestow
On him from whom health, and all vigour, do flow !
Whose balm will enliven the youth of the nation, 39
And give sinew, and nerve, to the next generation :
Sad Ophelia was buried with "sweets to the sweet ;"
To embalm then this Solomon seemeth most meet.
Then let him drive up to Apoth'caries Hall,
There down on his marrowbones humbly to fall ;
And their pardon in vain most piteously crave, 45
For daring the lives of so many to save
Without pill, or bolus—unlicenced to part
The gains from the practice, the rules from the art.
Let a halter of silk, bought out of his gains,
Be the balm to remove him from all earthly pains :
Let Cline, and let Heavyside, quickly dissect 51
The corpse of the caitiff, and set it erect ;
Then embalming his body, enroll'd in cloths gummy,
They'll make master Solomon into a Mummy.
Then send him to Egypt ; there's plenty of room 55
In the Pyramids for him ; a notable tomb :
And perhaps some French Scavant, of antiques a lover,
May his corpse, in some ages to come, there discover.

While he finds out the name, he will search for the Ring,
 The seal of all wonders of Judah's great King : 60
 And incessantly rummage of rubbish the store,
 Having got this great Prize, in hopes to get more.
 No wonder to plot thus 'gainst quacks I take pains,
 Having plenty of medical blood in my veins ;
 Nay, my Muse is most truly a chip of the block, 65
 Descended from Fortinbras, Cock of the Rock ;
 Who, whether on Tony¹, his verses he wrote ;
 Or on hermits, or Winterton's fine gilded boat ;
 Or Elections, or Conjurers ; for their attacks
 Would have scourged both with verse, and with horse-
 whip, all quacks. 70

So much for the doctor—ah ! could I rehearse
 His fame, and his actions, like you, Sir, in verse ;
 One thousand good lines I had on him bestow'd,
 In return for your route² per the Beverley road.
 But since I possess nor your patience, nor brain, 75
 From his worship my laughter-fond Muse, I restrain.

Little news is there stirring—the world, and his wife,
 Are all gone from London : 'tis true, on my life !

¹ His favourite pony, whose chief merit was the having thrown all his sons, and grandsons.

² An eccentric version from Patterson's Road book, with notes, and reflections.

Few coaches through York Street, by day, or night,
rumble ;

From which one might think that Pride had a tumble :
And now had resolved, by taxes put to't, 81
To lay down her coaches, and pace it afoot.

But alas ! soon returning in shoals to the town,
All quiet, as odious, they'll quickly cry down ;
By day, and by night, will they harass their cattle ;
While foot passengers fly as the carriages rattle. 86
Behold then where infamy scatters her dirt,
Nor cares whether merit, or wisdom, be hurt ;
She turns up her nose, and she stretches her throat
At the Squire of the Muse, and his poor threadbare
coat. 90

O Master Apollo ! O Patron ! bright Phœbus !
Thou hunter of girls, thou inventor of Rebus ;
Thou fiddler ; physician ; ah ! prithee descend,
And thy quill-driving vot'ries come, and defend : 94
From bailiffs, and critics, oh ! guard the approaches,
And let Poets both live well, and ride in their coaches :
For thou, Master Phœbus ! throughout the long year
Art the sky's hackney-coachman, the Gods charioteer :
And like them, with your number, as daily you roll,
You smack at your tits, as they trot by the pole. 100
Oh ! hearken ; be this of your wonders the last,
'Twill surely be one which will ne'er be surpass'd ;

Let Poets excel both in wisdom, and riches,
 And strut in cock'd hats, and in black velvet breeches :
 Make the girls all enamour'd of Poesy's graces, 105
 Who is far the best Painter of all pretty faces :
 And after thy Vot'ries have sung of their charms,
 Let them drop, O bright patron ! drop into our arms !
 O Muse ! thy descriptions have made my mouth water ;
 " Parce subjecto !"—I cry out for Quarter! 110

From Ely the trio of Dames soon advance,
 From Ely more gay than was Paris in France :
 Behold where grave Dons fling aside their dull books,
 Or if they read any, 'tis only their Cook's :
 Where Grotius, Josephus, or Blair did surpass 115
 All others in honour, behold Mrs. Glasse !
 They went to the Bishop's, Ordination to see ;
 They went to his Wife both to dinner, and tea :
 Were you ever at Oxford, you'd cry, " What a rout ;
 I suppose they had only their Tea, and turn out !"
 But be this to you known, 'tis a famous surpriser ;
 At Ely the Dons, and their Ladies, were wiser : 122
 Indeed I imagine they handed strong waters,
 For the Dames, when returning one night to their
 Quarters ;
 As the Doctor went out to look at his flowers,
 Turn'd the key by mistake ; and he'd nearly been hours

In a place little suited to grave contemplation ;
 And pass'd the whole night full of care, and vexation ;
 He knock'd, and he roar'd out, so sadly betray'd ;
 At last to his rescue went Dolly the Maid. 130

From the Bishop's Example, his Clergy all round
 Did with dinners, and tea-drinking parties, abound ;
 Thus they've feasted away, and as Aldermen do,
 Instead of one Jubilee fairly had two.

Here, London ! I hail thy humane Corporation ;
 And may thy Example enlighten the Nation : 136
 How grateful your thanks you to Heaven express,
 By explaining its precepts ; “ 'Tis blessed to bless ! ”
 For thee shall the Prisoner, freed from his chain,
 Offer prayers up to Heaven—his prayers not in vain :
 For Peace, and Prosperity, Britain ! will smile 141
 Once more, if Humanity graces thy Isle !
 And to thee will the morsel that's wet with the tear
 Of the Debtor's glad Family grateful appear :
 This, this *is* a Jubilee : cheering of woe— 145
 The reward instantaneous ; the heartening glow
 Which Conscience creates, “ the still and small voice ; ”
 “ Euge, bone ! ” — “ Well done, thou good Servant,
 rejoice ! ”
 On that happy Day, oh ! what Thousands may sing ;

With heartfelt emotion: " O God ! save our King !"
 His sceptre, his health, and his honours maintain ; 151
 In the hearts of his People, oh ! still may he reign :
 May his comforts with years for ever increase ;
 Oh, bless him all merciful Heaven ! with Peace :
 Whose virtue a long reign of trouble has seen, 155
 Whose Life an example of goodness has been ;
 Whom to honour, most truly, his People agree
 Is in England, like Afric, the Captive to free :
 This, this is indeed the Grand Illumination,
 To cheer every sensible heart in the Nation. 160
 Away, and go hide ye ; your feelings go shroud ;
 Nor let Avarice prompt ye to cry them aloud,
 If any there be who this practice condemn :
 I pity ; but hope I shall never know them. 164
 When around us the sword, and gaunt famine, we see ;
 Whole Realms overpower'd with deep misery :
 While here in Old Albion where list we, we go :
 O what bosom will not with gratitude glow !

Thus, dear Charles, I again you a medley present ;
 And should it entertain, I have gain'd my intent. 170
 With good wishes my letter, and verses, I close,
 More sincere none can be, and that Heaven knows :
 Adieu ! then : write oft as you like till we meet,
 Says your Coz. E. J. —, from 6 in York Street.

TO THE LARK.

SWEET Lark ! whose soft, and brilliant, notes
 I've often heard to Heaven ascending ;
 As on the gale thy music floats,
 In cadence dying, never ending.

My mind the Enthusiasm has caught,
 And soared to thoughts of things on high ;
 Like thee, aspiring, it has sought
 The path of its great destiny !

Thy lesson's to each human mind,
 That when to Heaven our Souls aspire ;
 No melancholy should we find,
 But joyful hopes should us inspire :
 And, as at the Last Day, we all should raise
 To him who made us, one glad Song of Praise !

ON PRIDE OF BIRTH.

'Tis Pride of Family!—Is that the Cry?
 Shades of our Ancestors with pity sigh!
 In this blest Age we each our deeds rehearse;
 Yours deathless Poets crown'd with glorious verse.

Inspire your Sons, and henceforth fix our Fame
 No more on yours, but on our own good Name:
 We'll claim our Ancestry, when well maintain'd
 Their Name, and by our merit 'tis sustain'd.

Be Pride of Family no more the Cry;
 If we boast Ancestry, ah! let us try
 By merit, modest merit to surpass;—
 If not: among the Crowd, unheeded pass!

ODE TO LIBERTY.

WELCOME! "ever fair, and free,"
 Britain's guardian, Liberty :
 Welcome to these happy Lands,
 Which a Patriot King commands!
 Still thy valiant Sons maintain 5
 Thy Island's Empire o'er the Main:
 Injured Nations Britain saves ;
 Her flag adorns the subject waves :
 Never may oppression more
 Tarnish Britain's happy shore ; 10
 May She set the Captive free
 To triumph in his Liberty !
 Hail ! thou Goddess Heaven-born ;
 Thee the mildest traits adorn :
 Honour, mercy, justice thee 15
 Proclaim our guardian Liberty !
 These thy virtues, these alone
 Proudly flourish on our throne ;
 Our King, our Father when we see,
 We bless his Name, and Liberty ! 20

CONSCIENCE.

ON gilded couch, and beds of down
 How soft the Body may repose ;
 Yet rest from luxury has flown,
 Care's thorn has lurk'd beneath the rose.

And in the awful midnight's gloom
 " The still, small voice" is ever heard ;
 No ghost but Conscience haunts the room
 Of those who vice to good preferr'd.

Oft " on the giddy mainmast's height ¹
 The sailor boy finds pleasant rest ;"
 No horrid dreams his sleep affright,
 His heart by Conscience unopprest.
 Mysterious Power ! may I rejoice
 To hear the warnings of thy voice !

¹ Shakspeare's Henry Vth.

HYMN XVII.

IN thee the World, with one accord,
Proclaims its Universal Lord ;
To thee all Nations, Ages bend ;
We hail thee as our dearest Friend.

To me, blest Lord ! thy will impart
Oh ! grant me still a grateful heart ;
May worldly cares, nor thoughts, remove
The glad remembrance of thy Love !

Thou art my God ; from thee the power
Of cheering thus the lonesome hour ;
This power shall to the praises tend
Of thee, my Father, God, and Friend.

In silent gratitude I raise
My inward voice to sing thy praise ;
My raptured Soul shall ever sing,
Glad thanks to thee my God, and King !

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1808.

AWAKE ye trembling strings, again,
Nor in your wonted welcome fail ;
Once more your festive pow'rs maintain,
And gladly bid the New Year hail !

To me each Season has its charms,
Each beauteous shews its wondrous form
I dread not lightning's vivid arms ;
Can smile to hear the Wintry storm.

Bring forth the myrtle-crowned bowl,
Again the annual feast prepare :
Surrounding Friends elate the soul ;
In mirthful pleasures all shall share.
Once more I bid the New Year, hail !
My thanks to Heaven shall not fail.

HYMN XVIII.

Thine be the Glory, Lord!

IF e'er my Soul to good incline,
Or proofs of worth afford ;
Oh! never be the merit mine :
Thine be the glory, Lord !

Shall Charity demand my mite,
Or want attend my board ;
No credit ought me to requite :
Thine be the glory, Lord !

Thy holy word is my delight,
With wisdom's precepts stored ;
Teach me to move my steps aright :
Thine be the glory, Lord !

From thy abundance I am blest,
And plenty decks my board ;
Oh! may I never shun the opprest :
Thine be the glory, Lord !

If I my Children teach thy Name
 Is to be loved, adored ;
 Oh! guide their footsteps free from shame :
 Thine be the glory, Lord !

HYMN XIX.

O LORD ! on thee I daily call,
 Before thy throne I prostrate fall ;
 To thee I offer up my Soul :
 Accept me, Lord ! and make me whole.

Though I of sinful men may be
 Most undeserving, Lord ! of thee ;
 Of sin, and sorrow, cleanse my breast :
 I on my Saviour's merits rest.

I will for me no merit claim,
 Nor eager seek for Earthly fame ;
 But if in aught I may excel,
 Unto *His* glory shall it tell.

Confiding in His sacred truth,
 Whose Gospel charm'd my early youth ;
 'Tis now, O Lord ! my boast to be
 Adorer of thy Trinity !

ON THE MISSELTOE.

A Christmas Carol.

IN times of Innocence, and Love,
 Boadicea reign'd;
 The Misseltoe adorn'd each grove,
 In honour due sustain'd.

The hoary Druids knew its charms ;
 Which would each heart inspire :
 Could rouse the Nation up in arms,
 Or soothe the amorous fire.

Till Roman Powers envious came,
 The sacred groves o'erthrew ;
 And altars burnt with cruel flame,
 Their worship to subdue.

One only mark of it remains ;
 Well known, sweet maid ! to me :
 Its power, communicated, gains
 A mirthful kiss from thee.

ODE TO CHRISTMAS.

Now chilling winds around us blow,
 We seek thy cheerful fire ;
 And till we feel its pleasing glow,
 No joys our thoughts inspire.

The drifted snow lies round in heaps,
 Or flies before the storm ;
 Or else each tree, each hovel, weeps
 When thaws their tops deform.

Thy warmth enlivens every heart
 With mirth, and jovial glee ;
 And makes us readier to impart
 The gift to misery.

In older times, thy glad approach
 Both rich, and poor, did hail ;
 No worldly cares did then encroach ;
 The gift did never fail.

We too, old Father Christmas ! we,
 When cheered by thy glow ;
 Will not forget their misery,
 But pay the debt we owe.

This day the Angels sang, " Goodwill,
And Peace, to Earth be given ;"
And by our mirth, and alms, we will
" Give praise to God in Heaven !"

ANTHEM III.

RECITATIVE.

" THOU shalt shew me the path of life ;
In thy presence is fulness of joy :
At thy right hand there is pleasure for evermore ¹ !"
" Thy ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all thy paths are peace ² !"

AIR.

Unfold to us the gates of light,
Where holy Angels dwell ;
Whose glories, ever fresh, and bright,
All mortal thought excel.

¹ Psalm xvi. 12.

² Proverbs iii. 17.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Lead all our steps to that blest place,
Whose raptures never cease :
In pleasantness we run our race ;
Thy ways are paths of peace !

DUET.

Oh ! cleanse us, Lord ! from guilt, and sin ;
For gracious is thy name :
Excite contrition each within ;
Oh ! free us, Lord ! from shame :

AIR.

That in thy holy presence all
May in thy joys rejoice ;
Before thy throne may prostrate fall,
And lift each heart, and voice !

CHORUS.

Let glad hosannahs joyful sound,
And aid our feeble song ;
To praise the Saviour's name abound :
And Time our notes prolong !

SEMI-CHORUS.

Hallelujah !

CHORUS.

Hallelujah !

ON FAMILY UNION.

Addressed to all mankind.

THE fable of the sticks and sage old man
 Full often doth my memory recal ;
 And often too as it, alas ! well can,
 Lament dissensions foul among us all.

What boots it thus, that pleasure never smiles,
 But frowns eternal cloud our joyless hours ;
 With us the Sun may rise, but cruel wiles
 O'erspread with darkness, and with hasty showers.

Do you, or I, gain in this foolish strife,
 Are your enjoyments, or your fortune raised ;
 I feel no pleasure in th' unsocial life ;
 We are condemn'd by all, but never praised.

Dissension of a family's the bane,
 Sure presage of the ruin of them all ;
 But unanimity's the glorious Fane,
 On which unceasing lustres ever fall.

Discord in families will aye expose
Infirmity, or passion, in each one ;
Union would keep it all beneath the rose ;
One never gains, the other still has shone.

Let us at once, on every story mute,
No longer each to other cry out, " Shame!"
Believing this, for all the cap does suit ;
When we blame others, *we* are most to blame.

PRIDE.

THE *pride* of virtue Pagan ages knew,
Their very laws encouraged its flame ;
But really virtuous men are very few ;
Is a man proud of virtue, cry out, " shame !"

In Christian times Humility's our theme :
How humble, truly, he who ever tries
On others downfall to effect his scheme ;
His never praise, although perhaps surprise.

Then let us, Friends, while anxious hours we pass ;
While seeking praises ; all of us endeavour
In love, in charity, each to surpass :
So shall we prosper now, so prosper ever.

No pride be ours, but virtuous joy to see
Our weak endeavours crowned with success ;
To Him the praise, the endless glory be,
Who gave us first the happy power to bless.

TO MY INFANT NEPHEW.

Written on his birth.

SWEET stranger to this world, all hail ! May Peace
Her ev'ry blessing on thy cradle show'r ;
Thy infantile expressions never cease
On thy dear mother's heart fresh joy to pour :

That heart most gentle, which for thee has beat,
So anxious, often in the midnight gloom ;
That heart of innocence the conscious seat,
In virtue firm ; and excellence's bloom.

May for thy life, thy welfare, every prayer
Which kind relations offer in thy cause,
Succeed ; may happiness, and pleasure fair,
Court thy acceptance, and Religion's laws.

Still, as thy sire, to noble deeds be prone,
Like him to excellence, and worth, aspire ;
Then will I boast of thee, as of my son ;
Proud of my nephew, feel a father's fire.

SONNET XXIX.

To my Niece, Elizabeth Annette, on giving her a Bible.

SWEET Love ! of mildest mien, and pretty face,
Whose infant form presents each infant grace ;
Still may thy form be far excelled by mind,
That we in thee may modest merit find.

This Book, attention to its words will prove,
An earnest picture of our kindest love ;
It will thy heart to every good incline,
With virtue's precepts ever make thee shine :

'Twill teach to bend beneath affliction's rod,
Confirm'd that happiness, upon the whole,
Is still our lot ; *we are beloved* by God ;
His be thy gratitude, and his thy soul.

He is thy Father, He thy truest Friend ;
Confide in him who ne'er will thee forsake :
His love thy ways shall prosper, and thy end ;
In Heaven thy blessed portion will he make.

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1806.

How welcome, once again, thy glad return,
How many pleasures ardent hope does form ;
The dreary winter makes not me to mourn,
Cheer'd by thy presence I heed not the storm.
Ah ! far from me, be still the vain desire
Of seeking future evil ; hapless doom !
Thy wish'd event does happier thoughts inspire ;
Hope flatters yet ; I think not on the tomb.

For me the flowery wreath has pleasures still ;
The verdant myrtle shall my brows adorn ;
Full to the brim the cheerful cup I'll fill,
And pledge to friendship the o'erflowing horn :
My grateful thanks to Providence are due
For years gone by :—I gladly hail the new !

EPITHALAMIUM.

SOLO.

THEE, worthy youth ! our measures greet ;
In whom is honour, wisdom found :
To hail this day we gladly meet,
And mirth and lasting joys abound.

DUET.

Blest pair ! whom Heaven's all-wise decrees
In lasting bonds of love have join'd !
His manly worth :—she's made to please :
Each finds, admires, a kindred mind.

CHORUS.

For you we make the bridal bed ;
And may our wish auspicious prove :
Eternal pleasures overspread
The canopy of virtuous love !

DUET.

May olive branches ever spring
Around your happy, happy gate ;
Increasing years fresh pleasures bring,
And peace and honour crown your fate.

CHORUS.

For you we make the bridal bed ;
And may our wish auspicious prove :
Eternal pleasures overspread
The canopy of virtuous love ¹ !

¹ The above written for Dec. 20, 1798.

THE ABSENT WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

From Southend, Essex, 1806.

YE waves, which soft responsive, beat
 Against this verdant hillock's feet ;
 Which, o'er the wide extended sea,
 Divide my faithful love from me :
 Oh ! ever if your footsteps roam
 To Hindoostanee's shore, my home ;
 And if my Francis you should see,
 Bear him these tender words from me :
 Tell him, till waves shall cease to beat
 Against this verdant hillock's feet ;
 Till skies no more are deck'd with blue,
 To him I ever will be true :
 Tell him—but I will tell him more,
 When next we meet on India's shore !

THE
DRUID'S SONG:
A
CHRISTMAS APPEAL TO MY COUNTRY
AGAINST
INFIDEL WRITERS.



THE DRUID'S SONG.

O THOU! whom Nature owns, with one accord,
Her great Creator, Saviour, and her Lord :
Blest Lamb of God! who, once, upon the Cross,
One sacrifice didst offer for our loss;
Accomplishing the Almighty's gracious scheme, 5
His fallen creatures, mankind, to redeem :
While in thy glorious cause I wake the Lyre,
O aid that cause, and every thought inspire!
So, when aloud on erring men I call,
To meet me in the field where one must fall ; 10
To prove their strength, whose weakness I defy,
Because on God alone I will rely :
No angry word, no passions dire, may flow
Forth from my heart, which in thy cause doth glow.
So may I wield on high the powerful sword 15
Of thy unerring Truth, thy sacred Word ;
That even those who rise against thy Throne,
A Christian Preacher's well-meant strains may own.
Wake then, my Lyre! again, thy tuneful notes ;
And, as upon the breeze their music floats, 10

Let soft persuasion hang upon thy strains,
And Christian love be heard on Christian plains.
So may thy sacred numbers England wake,
Her bounden duty in my cause to take.
Wake, England ! wake ; for God thy Lord arise, 25
'Gainst him who all thy blessed Faith defies ;
Who ridicules thy laws, for safety, made
'Gainst those who still pursue that wicked trade
Of feeding Infidelity with means
To fill our streets with sad, and mournful, scenes ; 30
With violence, and murder, and with wrong :
While Millions, in the cause of Virtue strong,
Look to their Country, famous in the cause
Of injured Nations, and Religion's Laws.
They see these daily insults with a sigh, 35
And while they suffer from them wonder why.
Awaken, O my Country ! to thy wrongs ;
Awakening, listen to thy Druid's songs :
A sacred Druid, not like those of old,
In woods, and mountains, wont their rites to hold ; 40
But one ordained in the Christian cause ;
Commission'd to administer thy Laws :
A humble advocate of Church, and State,
Whose duties urge him, at the dawn, or late,
To watch the signs portentous of the Times ; 45
And, where grave prose prove wanting, speak in rhymes.

Before thy just Tribunal I appear
The sacred cause of injured Truth to clear ;
To vindicate her fame, thy own from shame ;
Heap'd up on both, and heap'd in Byron's name. 50
Come forward, Byron ! for on thee I call ;
Thy powerful numbers bring : if here I fall,
No sad dishonour can my fall pursue ;
Few Poets can compete with thee, 'tis true :
Yet Name, nor Title, Fame, nor Courage, me 55
At all confound ; now firm opposed to thee.
Herein I trust the goodness of my cause ;
Bold for Religious Truth, for Virtue's Laws :
Bold in my Country's service, and her Fame
Willing to rescue from Unchristian shame. 60
O Byron ! highly gifted with the art
Which wakens every feeling in the heart ;
Wakes every passion, rouses up in arms
Whatever joy imparts, or fear alarms :
Alas ! my Brother Man ! what tempted thee 65
From sacred Truth, and Righteousness, to flee ?
Vain are thy Triumphs ; fading laurels, now,
Blasted with fire infernal, crown thy brow !
The loud lament is raised upon thy fall,
By those who honour talent, one, and all : 70
While Christians sigh alone ; in secret shed
A tear of pity ; full of solemn dread

Lest He, whose mighty word the storm commands,
Should lay on thee his greatly wrathful hands ;
Consign thy glory to an early grave, 75
And thee condemn, whom Mercy hoped to save.
Ah! when in Granta's scenes, thy youthful hours
Were idly past in pleasing Fancy's bowers ;
Culling from every flower a circling crown,
Which on thy youthful brow an honour shone ; 80
Had but those scenes awakened a desire
In thee, to touch alone the sacred Lyre ;
A second Milton were in Byron seen,
And laurels on thy head for ever green.
Down to the grave, as Time thy footsteps led ; 85
No fear, no doubt, no horror, and no dread,
Had ever clouded over thy bright Soul ;
But purity, and faith, had made thee whole.
Admiring Senates would have given applause
To thee, upholding Truth, and England's Laws. 90
To thee in vain the choicest gifts of Heaven,
Wisdom, and understanding, both were given ;
Since pride hath led thy footsteps far away
From Reason's light, and blest Religion's Day.
In all thy writings gloomy thoughts appear ; 95
No Christian hopes thy darken'd prospect clear ;
But wit licentious draws the veil from shame,
And paints those scenes which Virtue dares not name.

Thy mirth betrays too much ; that boisterous mirth
Suits only with the grovelling thoughts of Earth ; 100
Like all things human tending to decay :
And leading sinners on the downward way,
Where Hell, alas ! her open gates doth show ;
Scenes of eternal torment, endless woe.
While pure Religion, free from every guile, 105
Points to the skies ; and with her holy smile,
Patient, and meek, submissive to her God,
Loves Him, and kisses still his chast'ning rod :
In Jesus trusting, she on Him relies,
Who offered up for men one sacrifice. 110
Her chasten'd joy proclaims a mind at peace
Past understanding ; then all sorrows cease,
And, in her joyful sight, the opening grave
Leads but to Him, who died mankind to save.
In Him confiding, certain thence to rise 115
To peace, and rest eternal, in the skies.
O sacred Lyre ! pour forth a thankful strain
To Him, who victory did, greatly, gain
O'er Death and Hell, in captive fetters led ;
Religion's banners waving o'er His head : 120
While Archangelic Hosts, with glad acclaim,
Sang grateful praises to Jehovah's Name.
Then did the Sun of Righteousness arise,
And darkness faded from all Nations eyes ;

A light began, a light which doth increase ; 125
A noble Christian light, which ne'er shall cease :
But when all Nations wait before His Throne,
God will be all in all ; from thence it shone.
O Byron ! happiest of the happy he,
Who could thy soul from fatal darkness free ; 130
Call forth thy noble talents in a cause
Which God upholds, which gilds our Country's Laws.
No code so pure, so free, so just, is found
In every clime, in every nation round.
Long celebrated is our England's name, 135
For freedom known, for every honest fame ;
Her patriot sons her sacred rights maintain,
Her glorious Laws her Christian Faith sustain :
And Christian fruits, by acts of Virtue shown,
Proclaim her soul a Christian Land alone. 140
England ! my much-loved Country ! shall a foe,
Bred in thy bosom, lay those glories low ?
Shall he, to false Philosophy a slave,
Lay all thy honours in a bloody grave ;
Excite the ignorant, to folly prone, 145
Against thy Constitution still to groan ?
With bitter threats, and muttered curses loud,
This noble Writer leads the madden'd crowd.
England ! awake ! thy sacred rights maintain ;
Or sink inglorious, sink beneath their chain ! 150

In this glad season, when to bless the Earth,
In Bethlehem our Saviour had his Birth ;
Behold thy youthful progeny return
From Learning's schools ; each parent's heart doth burn
With warm affection ; and delight sincere 155
Beams in each face to that affection dear.
Behold thy children, England ! they to thee
Look for protection, look for Liberty :
True Liberty of action, and of thought,
By blood of Englishmen once dearly bought : 160
Now justice holds with equal hand the scales,
One Christian Faith, one common Law prevails.
Behold their innocence, from whence to thee,
O my loved Country ! blessings sure shall be ;
If by thy power great, thy counsels mild, 165
Thou spread'st thy Ægis o'er each Infant Child.
Why should the Infidel, devoid of grace,
The shops of England hasten to deface
With strains of Vice, and harlotry, and shame :
With pictured scenes, which, ah ! I dare not name ?
The manly cheek with indignation glows, 171
In passing streets where Vice such pictures shows ;
While modest females hurry past in dread,
Nor dare to speak, or lift each lovely head.
Warm with affection for the gentle race, 175
How would I all things harmful from them chase !

In them are centered Love, domestic Peace,
And Joys which from our Union never cease !
From Woman all the joys of Life arise ;
E'en Vice will crouch, and shrink, before her eyes ;
Those radiant orbs, to Truth, and Virtue, dear ; 181
Mild unto worth ; to Vice, and Guilt, severe.
Her gentle spirit wrestles not with ours ;
But soft submission, to man's stronger powers,
Gives to her blessed influence such a claim, 185
As Manhood proudly owns, and tells to Fame.
From such blest Union, O my Country ! rise
Thy social scenes, thy noble Charities :
From such blest Union o'er thy Land is spread
One thankful prayer to God for daily bread ; 190
As round each happy parent thanks arise
To Heaven above, a grateful sacrifice.
Where'er the British Standard proudly rears
The Sacred Cross, domestic peace appears :
And England's daughters, in each Foreign scene, 195
Are known by beauty's charms, and look serene ;
Look, such as Angels have, when Heaven above
Beams forth approving smiles, approving Love.
O England ! men of England ! shall not we
Defend such excellence ; our Country free 200
From all that might such excellence impair,
Injure our children, or disgrace the Fair ?

Where are our Christian feelings, whither flown,
That such we suffer, when alas! well known?
Let each our Country's wholesome Laws enforce, 205
Let injured Justice run her mighty course!
Forsake those vendors who, for gain so vile,
Bring shame, and sad dishonour, on our Isle!
To punish avarice no course remains
So just, complete, as to restrict its gains; 210
Believe me, much-loved Countrymen! and try
Who will dare publish when we do not buy.
Let every Father watch, with eager care,
What books, what pictures, with his Children are;
Preserve the fountain pure, from whence arise 215
Domestic peace, and social charities.
So shall that gentle smile his care repay,
By night his comfort, and his pride by day;
Those radiant eyes, to Vice, and Guilt, severe,
At his approach with lustre mild appear. 220
So shall his children honour, love, obey
Their happy Parents; as they lead the way,
Through Life's vicissitudes, to that blest place
Where God, our Father, shows unveil'd His face:
There, without change, Eternity will prove 225
One glorious scene of never-ending Love!
Byron! farewell!—if ever Christian fame
Repentance give unto thy honour'd name;

Write for Religion : oh ! believe in me
No hostile foe, but one who wishes thee, 230
O noble Poet ! for such talents famed ;
That honour of which none can be ashamed !
O Byron ! may I live to see thee rise,
In thy own place, among the good, and wise ;
A happy Father, happy Husband : few 235
Had such great blessings—while, alas ! 'tis true
Those blessings strangers envy you despise,
And on such treasures never cast your eyes.
But Youth will err, and Manhood go astray ;
Turn, e'er too late ; oh ! turn, and bend thy way 240
Where Virtue waits with open arms for thee ;
And Peace, and Honour, shall thy portion be !
'Tis no disgrace to own our errors, when,
With deep repentance, we become new men ;
'Tis no dishonour to a Christian's name 245
Before his Maker to confess his shame :
To call on Jesus Christ, in holy fear ;
Who thee, alone in secret, thee will hear,
And send His Holy Spirit, Byron ! down,
Thy blest repentant heart with Peace to crown. 250
While I, who never saw thy face, or know
Her, of whose excellence such praises flow ;
Shall then rejoice in secret while I hear
Of Byron, friend to Truth, to Virtue dear.

Thy talents, Byron ! all are proud to name, 255
England will triumph in her Byron's fame ;
While youthful errors will be told no more,
And welcome wilt thou be to England's shore.
O lead not others, ignorant and vain,
Our Country's Laws to injure, and disdain ; 260
Lead not the steps of Innocence astray,
Nor like a meteor blaze with harmful ray.
Believe me, or believe me not ; the hour
When mortal strength no longer has the power
To cheer the fainting spirit, is at hand ; 265
For all things earthly yield to God's command.
O Byron ! then what anguish, what disgrace,
When brought before thy Mighty Maker's face :
Compell'd to hear the Judge pronounce thy doom
For endless ages in the world to come : 270
With Satan, and his godless race, to reign
In realms of fire, and everlasting pain :
Wherein the worm of conscience never dies,
While Memory the goading sting supplies :
And recollection of the blessings lost 275
Will rack the wicked, on those billows tost.
But, if repentant, while in prime of Life ;
If ceasing, Byron ! from unchristian strife :
Thou turn'st again to lessons of thy Youth,
Maintaining Christian Faith, and Christian Truth : 280

When Time and Age confine thee to thy bed,
And Death for thee his toils, at last, has spread ;
Our Saviour Christ will send his Angel down,
To whisper peace, and claim thee as his own.
Thus have I tried, with anxious hope and fear, 285
To meet in verse thy eye, to catch thy ear ;
To rouse the lordly lion, in his rage,
To see who dares with Byron to engage.
Pleased, well pleased, happy would I be,
The humble instrument of peace to thee ; 290
But if, alas ! my well-meant efforts fail,
Thou shalt not Christian Youth, unharm'd, assail ;
Just indignation, in a Father strong,
Again shall wake, shall nerve the Druid's song.
Thine be the eagle eye, the lightning's blaze : 295
Be mine the cottage window's humble rays,
Which feebly glimmer o'er the lonely waste ;
While to its light the weary Travellers haste.
Glad to repose beneath its lowly shed,
And join in thanking God for daily bread ; 300
The humble peasant's simple meal to share,
Pleased with his welcome, and his wholesome fare ;
Which well digested, causes healthful rest,
With holy dreams of future pleasures blest !

VOYAGE IN THE ROYALIST,

*August, 1827 : from Portsmouth to Devonport ; to recover strength
after a severe Typhus fever.*

INVOCATION BY THE PILOT.

TURNOUR on Neptune calls :

Rise ! Amphitrite ! from thy pearly cave ;

And as thou ridest on the wave,

Mild, and serene,

Appear, O Queen !

5

Amid its risings, and its falls !

Come to Fragaria's cabin, wherein dwells

She who all land bound dames excels :

Who rides undaunted o'er the foaming sea,

Nor fears where her commander is to be.

10

CHORUS OF TRITONS.

We hear, we hear, in caverns of the sea,

Where Amphitrite's court is wont to be :

Now in Freshwater cave,

Her beauteous form to lave,

With Nymphs attendant does she stay ;

15

All sporting in the new born spray :

Where sea-weed wreaths conceal from view

The lovely Goddess ; lest a new

Actæon in your lordly Yachts be seen ;
 With antlers branching from his head 20
 With awful, sad, memorial spread :
 Like Dian's vengeance, vengeance of our Queen !
 Hail, hail, Freshwater Poet ¹ ! welcome be
 From Thames' banks, to Tritons of the sea !

CHORUS OF NYMPHS IN TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION, WITH
 AMPHITRITE IN HER CAR.

Roar Ocean ! welcome roar, 25
 The Poet's voyage hail,
 He comes from Thames' shore,
 And wakes his lively tale.

RECITATIVE BY A NEREID.

Fair Amphitrite, Galatea too,
 In beauty sisters, as in love : 30
 See in their silver shell in view ;
 How graceful o'er the wave they move !

CHORUS OF NYMPHS.

Sound, Tritons ! sound your shells
 In concert with his lyre ;
 Long on its strings he dwells. 35

¹ The Author, who is merely a water drinker, sang of Neptune's visit to Father Thames, in search of his favourite commander.

FIRST SEMI-CHORUS OF NEREIDS.

Sound, sound your conchs on high :
 The Poet's notes aspire
 In joyful, cheerful strains
 O'er Vecta's hills, and plains :
 And charm with oft repeated harmony.

(Tritons sporting round Neptune's car, sounding their conchs ; then intermixing with Amphitrite's procession.)

NEPTUNE.

From shore to shore,
 From Hurst to Needle's rocks ;
 Let Ocean roar
 With voice that thunder mocks :
 Hear, hear my sons ! 45
 The Russian's ¹ guns
 Salute fair Clarence, England's future Queen !

¹ The Russian fleet came to anchor at St. Helen's that morning, and saluted the Royal Standard in the Lord High Admiral's Yacht ; which, afterwards, sailed through both fleets with H. R. H. the Duchess of Clarence on board. The Royal George made two courses through the fleets ; and was saluted by guns the first time, and by cheers from the well manned yards the second. There had been a Review by the Duke in the morning, on South Sea Common : and altogether, it was an exhilarating scene ; although I left three children at the King's Stairs, one of them a Midshipman ; whom, in my feeble condition, subdued by many weeks severe fever, I never hoped to see again in this world.

Hark ! hark ! *our* ships reply—
The Royalist is nigh !
Again her British thunders tell, 50
In every rocky cave and dell,
That near her gallant pendant now is seen !
Let wind, and tide,
Detain off Ryde
The Rover, and his lovely Mate ; 55
In valour, and in beauty, great !
Fragaria's gentle smile again
Enlightens all the Main :
To see her milder sun
In shoals the dolphins run ; 60
In glad surprise
To see those eyes
With love connubial beam ;
Their happiness no dream :
Their yoke a wreath of flowers 65
From Twickenham's fragrant bowers !
Eternal amaranth shall shine
In freshness, ever new, and fine ;
And pearls, and corals, deck each brow :
Crown, crown them now ! 70

NEPTUNE AND AMPHITRITE.

We love the youthful pair ;
He brave, she fair :
True as the needle to the pole
His gallant, kindly, soul ;
Her gentle smile repays his love, 75
Her brightening eyes his deeds approve :
In love confiding, by his skill sustain'd,
Till Devon's lovely coast be gain'd !

SECOND SEMI-CHORUS OF NEREIDS.

And home, sweet home, where sister graces dwell,
A wife's, a sister's, husband's, love does tell 80
To their glad mother's heart a tale so dear ;
Full of bright hope, and free from anxious fear.

GRAND CHORUS OF NYMPHS AND TRITONS.

Hail Rover ! gallant Rover, hail !
We welcome thy bold sail ;
As through our straits, 85
Old Ocean's gates
To where Britannia's fleet so frequent rides ;
Triumphant over winds, and tides :
Where her proud flag appears,
And o'er our waves uprears 90

Its floating honours in the sky ;
 Bold pledge of Victory
 When foes approach her happy shore :
 Again their guns shall loudly roar,
 Again shall echo o'er the waves 95
 That Britons never can be slaves !

NEPTUNE.

Behold my Rover's skill ;
 His ship he guides at will !
 I try his powers, to prove
 The force of woman's love, 100
 Which every peril can subdue.

GALATEA.

Where Nature wildly mocks
 Our Vecta's shore with rocks ;
 Where shingly shoals abound,
 And sandy banks are found :
 In naval skill confiding,
 His lovely Queen is riding,
 Triumphant over woman's tender fears :
 I see all smiles ; no briny tears
 Deface that look serene, to Nature true !

CHORUS OF TRITONS.

Down Channel safely roam,
Though winds and tides detain
Fragaria from her home,
The Rover on the main !

CHORUS OF NEREIDS.

A forfeit must our Poet pay,
Ere leaving our Freshwater Bay ;
Freshwater Poets no salt water like :
We see him almost strike
In sad despair his trembling lyre !
No more he firmly stands,
He staggers, reels, and falls—
For help he faintly calls :
His trembling, trembling, hands
No sounds of cheerful mirth inspire !

CHORUS OF NYMPHS.

But Woman's care is near,
To man so kind, so dear !
Above his feeble head
The British flag is spread ;
His couch on deck the Rover brings,
And as it comes our Poet sings :

Old Ocean rage ! I thee defy 130
 To stop *my heart's own* harmony ;
 Though now my feeble limbs refuse
 My power to move them where I choose :
 My cheerful song shall show
 What gratitude I owe 135
 To Rover's kindness, and *Fragaria's* care :
 He brave, and tender ; tender she, and fair !

PILOT AND CREW.

Again we hear the Son of Earth
 In laughing, mirthful, strains proclaim 139
 Our brave Commander's well-earned Fame :
 Again in songs of mirth
 He jokes on Seamens words, and ways ;
 Or wandering o'er each subject, strays :
 Till Gravity his beard does wag,
 To hear the laughing Landsman brag 145
 How little sickness, and its pangs, he heeds :
 While every moment help he needs,
 As crawling on the deck,
 He needs must beck
 Another loitering listener near ; 150
 His merry, cheering, tales to hear !

GALATEA, LOOKING DOWN THE HATCHWAY, AT NOON.

See, Amphitrite ! come, and see
 The Poet's raptured extacy ;
 His eye in mirth yet rolling,
 As words, and verse, controlling ; 155
 He tries a sleepless, painful, couch to cheer
 With strains intended for *Fragaria's* ear !

AMPHITRITE.

Ah ! Chaplain of the Soldier ¹ men ashore !
 I hear the swelling Ocean roar ;
 Behold his verses fly, 160
 As they would reach the sky :
 Alas ! he strikes his aching head,
 And falls recumbent on his bed :
 While Morshead's ² whiten'd shirts, I think,
 Will be discolour'd by his ink ! 165

¹ I had been acting Chaplain for a friend gone to be married, at Chichester.

² Grandson of the Baronet. He kindly gave up his cabin, at the foot of the hatchway, and adjoining my dear friend's cabin, for my accommodation, and comfort.

GALATEA.

The Poet's head, with laurels crown'd,
Return'd, indeed, no *empty* sound ;
Against the beam his skull was sent,
With sudden heave, and violent :
Yet see he tottering stands, 170
With inky, blacken'd, hands :
His hands he gladly dirts,
To save kind Morshead's shirts :
And sick, and faint, and sorry, too,
His wonted spirits rise anew. 175

AMPHITRITE.

On deck he crawls ;
He reels, he falls—
Till fairly in a chair he's bound,
With ropes, and waving colours, round ;
And laughing with hysteric sigh, 180
Around he rolls his feeble eye ;
How glad to catch
Young Wills on watch ;
And o'er him cast a Poet's spell :
On one long, endless, tale to dwell ! 185

THE POET'S FAREWELL.

Adieu ! adieu ! thou gallant, kindly, Crew ;
 Whom Rover's, and Fragaria's, bright example move
 To shew to me a friendly Brother's love :
 My heart will *ever* kindly turn to you !
 Doctor¹, farewell ! our pleasant cruize ashore 190
 Shall be repeated by me o'er, and o'er ;
 Where Landsmen roam to hear old Ocean roar :
 When Morshead's youthful mirth, and Turnour's glee,
 Inspired by noble grog, and fragrant tea ;
 O'ercame thy grave Profession with their wiles, 195
 And deck'd thy pleasant countenance with smiles.
 Where'er I roam, wherever I may dwell,
 Behold a home ! Beware the Poet's spell,
 When my Rebecca's charms, and virtues, aid
 The welcome by Freshwater Poet made. 200
 Rover, farewell ! thou Brother of my soul ;
 Fragaria ! whom its Sister I do love :
 May He whose mercy saved me, made me whole ;
 Your every action, every thought, approve !
 These feeble hands in holy marriage bound 205
 His gallant soul, thy sweet confiding love ;
 May blessings over your bright couch abound,
 And Heaven itself still smile, and still approve !

² Mr. Nutt, a very amiable and deserving young man, Surgeon of the Royalist in 1827.

This feeble voice its humble prayer shall raise 209

To Him who reigns o'er Earth, and Sea, and Skies ;
One thankful strain of never ending praise :

My trembling lyre resound its extacies !

Great God of Truth Eternal ! us inspire

To trust in Thee who mighty art to save ;
To raise to Thee our songs of sacred fire 215

On Earth, or sailing o'er the extended wave !

THE OLD ENGLISH BARON,
A TRAGEDY,

FOUNDED UPON

THE GOTHIC STORY OF MRS. REEVE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

EDMUND, *supposed son of Andrew and Margery Twyford.*

SIR PHILIP HARCLAY, *friend of the late Lord Lovel.*

LORD LOVEL, . . . *brother of the late Lord.*

BARON FITZOWEN, . *possessor of Lovel Castle.*

SIR ROBERT FITZOWEN, *eldest son of the Baron.*

WILLIAM FITZOWEN, *second son of the Baron, and friend of Edmund.*

FATHER OSWALD, . *confessor to the Baron.*

JOSEPH, *an old servant of the late Lord Lovel.*

GHOSTS of the late LORD and LADY LOVEL.

MARKHAM, } . . *kinsmen of the Baron.*

WENLOCK, }

LORD GRAHAM, . . *warden of the Scotch Marches.*

LORD CLIFFORD, . . *warden of the English Marches.*

HIS SON,

HIS CONFESSOR.

EMMA FITZOWEN, . *daughter of the Baron.*

HER ATTENDANT.

MARGERY TWYFORD, *a peasant, supposed mother to Edmund.*

ATTENDANTS, HERALDS, CHORISTERS, &c.

SCENE—*Various parts of Great Britain.*

PROLOGUE.

To-NIGHT the subject offer'd to your view,
Presents itself as boasting nothing new;
Nor for the Public was this Trifle meant;
To please a few kind Friends its sole intent.
If kinder fortune now should on it smile,
And pleasure some few moments you beguile;
The Author then would fear no Critic's frown,
For your applause his every hope would crown.
He owns the story borrow'd of his Play,
Yet alter'd from the Prose! and if, to-day,
His labours meet your Plaudits, be it known,
He claims no other's merit; but his own.
Be her's, whose well-drawn Tale in earlier days
He often ponder'd o'er, be her's the praise:
Her thoughts in Poetry to deck he tried,
And by your kindness be his wants supplied!

THE OLD ENGLISH BARON.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A view of Lovel Castle on one side, woods and a scattered Village on the other. The Baron in state, with proper Attendants. Father Oswald stands by him, and Villagers with wreaths of flowers.

The BARON and OSWALD advance.

BARON.

Once more my Sons return, with laurels crown'd ;
Fitzowen's Name gains lustre from their deeds :
Say, reverend Father, how can I repay
The blessings Heaven heaps upon my House.

OSWALD.

God's favour ever waits upon the just,
And virtuous men obtain a sure reward ;
Your charity, my Son, has thus obtain'd
Such constant pleasure. Happy in yourself,
By all esteem'd and honour'd ; and your Children
All that the fondest father's heart could wish.

BARON.

'Tis true, my friend ; and I for all am grateful :
But yet I have one wish, a wish for Edmund.
Vain his attempts are still to reconcile
By every noble deed, by grateful Love,
My eldest Son ; who, whence the cause arises,
Though much I've sought, I never could discover ;
Treats him with cold neglect, approaching hatred.

OSWALD.

Though for a time, my Lord, he may neglect,
Yet never can he hate him. I am sure
He must admire, although he does not love him.
Alas ! poor youth ! but for your bounteous care,
How hard had been his lot : but God in you
Has raised to Edmund not a friend, but Father.

BARON.

His noble deeds, his gratitude, and love
Deserve it all. Oft have I thought that he
Was born to greater things than yet appear.

Enter JOSEPH.

JOSEPH.

From yonder tower, my Lord, I have beheld

Fitzowen's banners waving on the wind ;
 And hark ! the trumpet sounds ; again, again :
 Your Sons return from France in triumph home.

Grand March.

Enter the Procession.

Trumpets.

Family Banners of Fitzowen.

Sir Robert Fitzowen, armed.

Soldiers commanded by Wenlock.

William Fitzowen, armed.

Edmund, armed.

Soldiers commanded by Markham.

They form opposite the BARON, and salute him.

BARON.

Welcome, my boys, once more to England home ;
 Your deeds have shed a lustre on my Age :
 Son Robert, welcome ; well have you deserved,
 My thanks : and you, my gallant William,
 Bravely have fought beneath your Brother's standards.
 I thank *you*, Edmund ; you have well repaid
 My care : and your deserts are here recorded.

(Putting his hand to his heart.)

SIR ROBERT.

My Father's thanks more honour me, indeed,

Than I deserve : if I have done my Duty ;
His honour'd Name alone has led to victory.

BARON.

My brave, my much-loved Son ; your noble deeds
Have crown'd my Age with honour, and with joy.
Your Parents, Edmund, anxiously await
Your wish'd return ; nor will I now delay it.
Go then, my boy ; but first accept this ring,
A pledge of future favour, and promotion.

EDMUND.

Your generous care, my Lord, has well repaid
My every effort : you to me have been
A kind, indulgent Patron. Honour'd Lord,
Accept my thanks, and let me serve you still :
Proud shall I ever be, and ever grateful.

[*Exit* EDMUND.]

WENLOCK.

Aside to SIR ROBERT.

Mark his hypocrisy : he knows too well
Your Father's heart.

SIR ROBERT.

[*Aside.*

Whatever may have been

His conduct heretofore ; yet now he merits
Greater rewards than what my Father gave him.

BARON.

His grateful heart, my Oswald, me repays
Tenfold for all my care. God prosper him !

OSWALD.

A kindred soul will ever please, my Lord ;
He feels your goodness truly, and he loves you.

[*March.—Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE II.

The Castle Gardens. MARKHAM and WENLOCK.

WENLOCK.

Say, Markham ; did you overhear the words,
Which pass'd between Sir Robert and myself ?
Too much I fear, in spite of all our efforts,
That Edmund's fortune still will triumph o'er us.

MARKHAM.

I did ; and I condemn you, Wenlock :
You know Sir Robert's noble disposition ;

Though prejudiced, he will not injure Edmund.
We must be cautious; or your violence
Will soon discover all. Ah! would I never,
Never had engaged to injure Edmund.
His generous conduct, when he saved our lives;
His pardon of our treacherous ambuscade;
Have touch'd my heart.

WENLOCK

Caution's for cowards, Markham!

MARKHAM.

Stir me not up; or else, by all that's good,
I'll to the Baron and proclaim your deeds.

WENLOCK.

[*Drawing.*

That I'll prevent: come on, thou villain!

MARKHAM.

Wenlock, forbear; you know I do not fear you.
We have embark'd together in the cause;
Let not our rashness lead us to detection.

Enter OSWALD.

OSWALD.

What means the voice of discord ? this drawn sword :
Young men ! I tell you, I suspect you both
Of foul dishonour : instant quit this place,
Or I'll inform the Baron of your conduct.

WENLOCK.

By Heaven ! you canting Friar ; I will not :
Shall you command Fitzowen's kinsmen ?

MARKHAM.

Be quiet, Wenlock ! Father, we obey you.

[Exeunt MARKHAM and WENLOCK.]

OSWALD.

From what I overheard, I'm now convinced
There's treachery within : but I'll be guarded ;
And perhaps time will lead to truth.
O Heavenly Father ! prosper Edmund's life ;
Guard him from all his enemies ; and grant
His patron's heart may ne'er incline against him !

Enter EDMUND.

Welcome, my Son ; your truly noble deeds
Have pleased me more than I can e'er express :

Full sure some great event will come to pass ;
I never see you, Edmund ; but I think
One day you'll rise to fortune and to honour.

EDMUND.

Your kindness, Father, thinks too much for me.
My Lord has made me happy ; in his service
To pass my life, is all that I can wish.

OSWALD.

Still I admire you, Edmund ; and yet more
I am convinced you're born for some great purpose.

EDMUND.

Whatever fate attends me, Father ; whether,
Turn'd from my Patron's house ; compell'd
To labour for my food : or, should it happen
That by some strange event, to fame and fortune
The peasant Edmund may ascend : be confident
His heart can ne'er forget your lasting kindness.

OSWALD.

See, yonder comes fair Emma : let us walk
Around these woods, for I have much to say.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter EMMA and her Attendant.

EMMA.

Who parted hence ; was it not Edmund went ?
He much avoids me, sure ; since his return
We never yet have met.

ATTENDANT.

Yes, it was he.
I thought with Edmund Father Oswald went :
See, yonder in the woods they pass ; they seem
Intent in conversation. Has my Lord
Told him to make his wishes known to Edmund ?

EMMA.

He might find time for me. Alas ! that Fate
Has placed a distance so immense between us !

ATTENDANT.

Lady, he cannot see, and not admire you ;
Yet his humility can ne'er presume
To speak what I am sure that Edmund feels.

EMMA.

You flatter ; yet I'm pleased. Who can see him,
Be daily witness of his worth and honour,
And yet not love him.

ATTENDANT.

That does every one.

Kind, gentle, generous to all ; he ne'er
Forgets his humble birth : he knows no pride,
But doing good to all. Let us walk on.

EMMA.

Yes, we will take this way ; perhaps may meet him :
Then shall I see if Edmund tries to shun me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Wood. Timber felled, and building materials.

OSWALD and EDMUND.

OSWALD.

With pain I still observe the discontent
Which reigns, alas ! in this once happy family.
How often, Edmund ; do I wish the Baron
Would send this Wenlock home ; 'tis he alone
The cause of all disquiets. Uncontroll'd

And envious : never emulous of those,
Who, proud in virtue, and in well-earn'd fame,
Support the noble house of good Fitzowen.

EDMUND.

I fear alas ! my Father, *I* alone
Unhappily give cause of grief to all.
Much better would it be that I return
Again to humbler fate, in Andrew's cot.

OSWALD.

I could have wish'd, my son, his Grace of York
Had not been told you were a peasant's son ;
Then had you risen by desert alone,
And might have gain'd a fortune to your worth.
But since your Knighthood was refused ; I hope,
And think the Baron now intends to make
Some other efforts, to promote your welfare.
Meantime, be still as ever, meek and kind :
Despise, and not resent your foes' attempts.

EDMUND.

I thank you kindly, Father ; your advice
Shall ever be my guide.—What means
This preparation ; timber fell'd ; and all
Around are heaps for building ?

OSWALD.

I have heard,
That now Sir Robert is of age to marry,
Some new apartments will be made
For his establishment. The good Fitzowen
Is anxious for his settling, that he may,
Before his sun is set, behold a race
Of future heroes to support his name.

EDMUND.

Why surely, Father, those are good apartments
Where lived the late Lord Lovel ; he whom Fate
Ordain'd, alas ! to fill the early tomb.

OSWALD.

I could declare a reason why, my son,
Those rooms are never open'd. You have heard,
That when his kinsman died, the present Lord,
Then but Sir Walter Lovel, had come here,
To bring his lady tidings of his death.
What happen'd after is but known to few :
She died most suddenly.—Lord Lovel then,
Unable, as they say, to bear the scene
Of such misfortune ; quitted this estate:
Married ; and sold it to its present owner,

Fitzowen, brother of his wife. Since when,
Lord Lovel never saw this house again.

EDMUND.

I oft indeed remark'd, with some surprise,
That the east wing was uninhabited ;
But never asked the reason.

[Here Wenlock enters unseen, and listens.]

OSWALD.

Then, my son,
You were less curious far, and more discreet,
Than common at your age. And as we now
Are quite alone, to you I will repeat
What I have heard. When good Lord Lovel died,
His lady was far gone with child ;
She fainted at the news, and in her grief
At first wish'd only for her death,
That she might follow her loved Lord :
But when she recollected that her child
So soon must see the light, for its dear sake
She tried to live. Religion brought her aid ;
And for a time she patiently endured
The woes of widowhood.

EDMUND.

Did Sir Walter then
Reside at Castle Lovel, or assume
His Kinsman's title ?

OSWALD.

Here, indeed, he dwelt
In anxious expectation, lest a child
Should blast his hopes of grandeur. But, alas !
Before her time approach'd, ah ! woe the day !
She suddenly did rave, and cry aloud ;
Her Lord was foully murdered, and his ghost
Appear'd unto her, to declare Sir Walter
His base assassin. He, enraged at this,
Swore she was mad ; and in the eastern wing
Confined her : but from thence, I heard,
She ne'er return'd alive. Soon afterwards,
A sumptuous funeral left Lovel Castle ;
And in St. Austin's Church she now reposes.

EDMUND.

Was there a child ?

OSWALD.

Ah ! no, alas ! my son ;
The infant perish'd with its hapless mother.

Sir Walter, now Lord Lovel, here remain'd ;
But staid not long. Noises were heard, 225
And groans in those apartments.
'Twas said, the ghosts of Lord and Lady Lovel
There made appearance ; and that none could ever
Find rest, or sleep in peace, within that wing.

WENLOCK.

[*Aside.*

I'll to the Baron, and disclose it all :
Now, Edmund, I shall triumph.

[*Exit* WENLOCK.

EDMUND.

Alas ! my heart aches at the sad recital.
But let us now return. Believe me, Father,
I ne'er will wrong your confidence.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

The BARON and WENLOCK in the Castle.

BARON.

There may be truth in what you now allege ;
 Yet, when I recollect your daily quarrels
 With my son William, in his Edmund's cause,
 You'll grant I've reason still to disbelieve
 The voice of faction. Nothing can excuse
 Impertinent enquiries.

WENLOCK.

Sir, I have no cause,
 Except my near connection, to relate
 What I did overhear : our other quarrels
 I fear not to maintain, and like a man.

BARON.

No honour, Wenlock, comes from empty strife :
 But let me counsel ye ; remember France ;
 Where Edmund pardon'd enmity and hate :
 Who rescued thee when midst an host of foes ;
 Who risk'd his life, O Wenlock ! to save thine ?

[*Exit* BARON.]

WENLOCK.

Must I then hear for ever such harsh taunts ;
This Edmund must be ousted, and he shall.
Perchance e'en his great courage still may fear
Th' apartment haunted : matters I'll contrive ;
And if no ghost appears, his fears perhaps
May make him think one, and abscond from Lovel.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

EMMA and EDMUND *meeting.*

EDMUND.

Hail ! fairest lady ! blessed is the chance
Which gives me once again to view your charms :
The peasant Edmund feels a new-born joy,
To pay his love, and his respectful duty.

EMMA.

Believe me, Edmund, much have I rejoiced
To hear of your prosperity, and honour.

EDMUND.

Most gentle lady, in your father's cause
Whocan know fear : nay, pardon me, fair maid ;
If yours I dare to call *my* father too ;
My Patron, friend, most honoured protector.

EMMA.

May he be ever so ;—he ever will :
Fitzowen knows, admires, and favours virtue.
William hath oft related your adventures ;
I thank you for your faithful love to him.

EDMUND.

My memory must decay, or honour have
No more its influence upon this heart ;
E'er I forget his earnest, constant love.
The many benefits I have received
From him, fair Emma, and your peerless self,
Live in my heart, in constant recollection.

EMMA.

Our early friendship with our ages grew,
And still may flourish, Edmund ; for my father
In me approves it, and confirms our love ;
In sisterly affection me to you.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE III.

The BARON in his chamber with OSWALD.

BARON.

How came you, Father, to relate those stories,
Which you had heard about the east apartments,
You must remember, for you were a novice,
How many tales distress'd the family,
Till I had purchased Lovel house for mine.

OSWALD.

Nothing but self-conviction, my dear Lord ;
An inward presage, sense of Edmund's greatness,
Could e'er have moved me. Have you not observed
His manners are not peasants, or his mind ?

BARON.

God only knows my kinsman's deeds :
Yet I of him bought this estate ; and now
Fresh rumours will disturb my peace.

OSWALD.

Though *I* believe in Providential Power,
I know the vain, the unbelieving coward

Will never dare to face uncertain horrors.
Yet, if I pledge my word, young Edmund dares
To face *all* horrors ; his is true devotion,
A Christian soldier, brave in virtue's cause.
My Lord, a serious and true enquiry
Whether those rooms are haunted, or are not,
Would chase the rumours, or the idea confirm
Which says that Lovel yet its owner claims.

BARON.

'Tis true ; his valour I confide upon,
And certainly will use it : fare ye well !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter WILLIAM and EDMUND.

WILLIAM

To Lovel once more welcome, Edmund !
How oft resounding with our childish sports ;
How oft remember'd midst the war's alarms !

EDMUND.

The seat of innocence and peace, dear William,
How joyful! Here reigns calm content.
Though brilliant scenes at court the heart may move;
Here quiet reigns, and joys beyond control.

WILLIAM.

My heart rejoices in my Father's health ;
Fitzowen feels again his youth, and knows
No joy but in his Children, and his Friends ;
Foremost of whom, thank God ! he ranks my Edmund.

EDMUND.

Thanks, honour'd Lord, the peasant Edmund owes
To all your Family, but chief to you,
Whose kind protection ever led him on.

WILLIAM.

Dear Edmund, faithful partner of my heart,
To you I vow for ever to maintain ;
While honour still illuminates our souls,
A constant, just affection.

EDMUND.

Hear it, Heaven !

Confirm our vows, good resolutions firm ;
And with a constant guard our wishes frame :
May we be yours ; oh ! never may we cease
To live in love Fraternal !

SCENE V.

The Gardens.

MARKHAM *and* WENLOCK.

MARKHAM.

I tell you, Wenlock, never will you cease
From injuring our cause ; how oft the Baron
Reproves your rashness, and condemns your faults.
E'en now your foolish haste hath us involved :
Suppose he chooses us to make th' attempt
On those Apartments.

WENLOCK.

Nay, he never will ;
He knows too well our prowess when in France.

MARKHAM.

Ne'er speak of me, to whom your constant arts
Were full employment. Would to God that now
They only might recoil upon your head !

WENLOCK.

Why now my cool, my fine pacific Cousin ;
Where is revenge, where hatred unto Edmund :
Are you, too, willing to bow down before him,
And like his William, make a Hero of him ?
Who dares what no man dares ? For who can e'er
In those curst rooms inhabit : whether Ghosts,
Or ought more foul can mortal power daunt ?
Nor Edmund dares, nor William to explore ;
Not e'en Sir Robert's courage dares to enter.

Enter SIR ROBERT.

SIR ROBERT.

What of me, Wenlock, what have you discover'd ;
What which your consort and your valiant self
Dare to propose I cannot undertake ?

WENLOCK.

Forgive us, Sir : but Father Oswald's mention
Of stories long forgot, had led us on,
Disputing still on apparitions' power.

SIR ROBERT.

Believe me, Kinsmen, nothing can recommend
Either unto Fitzowen's notice ; if
This absurd story still must be debated.
But to suffice ; I'll to my Father now
Request your valour may be put upon
The first endeavour of the vast discovery.
I know that Wenlock's courage will avail,
And Markham's caution note the wondrous Tale.

WENLOCK.

Though I, Sir Robert, might in such a cause,
To prove my courage, venture ; yet I think
You, as the Heir of Lovel, first should try.

MARKHAM.

Th' Estate's not mine, I therefore will not try.

SIR ROBERT.

Dare not again to mention such a thing,
Or, trust me, youths, I'll make ye :
My Family are not to be disturb'd by you.
Hence with your Goblins.

[*Exeunt* MARKHAM and WENLOCK.]

If this Tale goes on,
No peace we know : O Father Oswald ! why
Did you first tell it ! Edmund's brave I know ;
If they seek him, I'm sure he'll work their woe :
If either unto him as Ghost appears,
I pity them ; for I am sure my Father
Will choose him, first, to watch in those Apartments.
[Exit.

SCENE VI.

The BARON, OSWALD, and EDMUND, in the Haunted Apartments.

OSWALD.

To your commands obedient, Sir, we come ;
We know your justice, charity ; and ne'er
Can fear to execute what you desire.

BARON.

Edmund, you know how often cruel broils,
My Kinsmen's hatred, and your own deserts,
Have caused at Lovel ;—not that I condemn
Your firm, your just adherence to the truth :
No, my dear Son ; for you my Son I call,

Whose duteous attention to my words,
Whose virtue every praise from me demands :
'Tis now I try your courage, prove your Love.
Yet hear me, Edmund ; much though I require,
I ask no more than Piety can do.
Still, if you fear your foes ; your mortal foes,
For ghosts will ne'er hurt *you* ; you have my leave
This instant to depart. The Regent knows,
And will reward your loyalty. Myself,
To whom for services he owes much thanks,
Will specially promote you in his favour.

EDMUND.

Most honour'd Lord ! no fortune on me smiles
From you far absent : I the house of Lovel
Ne'er injured by a thought ; no dead I fear,
Whom living I ne'er hurt. Trust me, kind Lord :
In th' East apartments whether living man,
Or ghost unblest inhabits ; all my powers
Shall certify if ought can give him rest.

OSWALD.

On Piety like yours, my Son, no doubt
But Providence will smile. I, for myself,
Most anxious wish that *you* may watch.

BARON.

Father, your words have a strange emphasis :
I trust in your discretion. Edmund, you
Shall have what you require ; although I fear
Rooms uninhabited, so long, afford
But little comfort. Fare ye well, my Son ;
I trust you'll prosper : God will bless you still.

[*Exeunt.*

Manet EDMUND, who prays.

Thou power Supreme, to whom all good I owe,
From whose unceasing store fresh blessings flow ;
Who still from earliest youth mad'st strong my mind :
Oh ! may I now thy blest protection find !
From evil thoughts, oh ! fortify ; and still,
As ever, make me bend before thy will :
May now my state forlorn thy Pity move ;
Oh ! bless me with thine own Celestial Love :
So shall no Spectres, ere my eyes I close,
In horror interrupt my still repose :
No dread I feel ; my trust is ever, still
In thee ; thy promises thou dost fulfil.

[*Scene closes.*

SCENE VII.

A forlorn apartment : Edmund asleep on a bed. Solemn music.

Enter the Ghost of LORD LOVEL in complete armour leading his LADY.

LORD LOVEL.

Is this our Son, sweet Love! our only hope ;
Of Lovel house the succour, and the prop :
Is this my Edmund, in his manners mild ;
My well-beloved, and courageous child ?

LADY.

He is, my Lovel ; and he now survives
Our short, unhappy, and ah ! luckless lives ;
Yet such rewards to Virtue Heaven gives,
Adorn'd with every grace still Lovel lives.

BOTH.

Good Providence upon thee ever shine,
Our house shall flourish, and it shall be thine :
True Owner of these rooms, in sleep be blest ;
Thy Father, Mother, Edmund ! bid thee rest.

[They fold their arms over him, and vanish.]

EDMUND.

Merciful Father ! can I, peasant born,
Be Heir of Lovel ?—Sure, fantastic dreams
Have plagued my pride ; and teach me how to know
My low descent ! Thank Heaven for my rest ;
I'll to the Baron ; but I fear he'll chide :
Therefore my dream I'll mention not, until
Either my vain conceits are empty proved,
Or more is made apparent to my view !

[Exit.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

EDMUND *and the BARON in his Chamber.*

BARON.

How fared you, Edmund, in your lone apartments ;
Did ought disturb you, either mortal foe,
Or spirit restless coming from the grave ?

EDMUND.

Thanks, my kind Lord, for your inquiries :
I slept as sound as ever ; neither heard
I any groans, or other sign of haunt
Of man, or Spirit, in the Eastern chambers.

BARON.

Your courage being tried, it is enough :
Nor shall you watch again, to gratify
Wenlock and Markham's folly.

EDMUND.

Pardon me,
If I request, my Lord, you will allow
A strict fulfilment of my undertaking :

My friends may doubt my courage, and my foes
Invent fresh stories to supply their malice.

BARON.

Then be it so, my Son, and afterwards
I will consult your welfare, and your peace.
You shall have better fare to-night, to cheer
The loneliness, and melancholy scenes :
Scenes which your vile accusers dare not visit,
Though much they scoff at you.

EDMUND.

I hope, my Lord ;
My constant watching will disprove the Tales
Lately revived about the dead Lord Lovel.
The rooms would suit Sir Robert, which might save
To you a great expense.

BARON.

Your just suggestion
I much approve, and sure will practise it,
When you again twice more have slept there.

[*Exit* BARON.]

EDMUND.

Surely my dream some great Event portends :

I never thought myself of greater birth
Than what appears ; nor ever did indulge
In visionary views of future grandeur :
I think that Father Oswald will resolve,
Whether I ought to disbelieve my dream ;
Which rather seem'd a waking Vision to me.

Enter OSWALD.

Welcome, good Father ; I have much to say,
But first consult your prudence ; ere I tell
To others what I saw in those Apartments.

OSWALD.

Too sure, as oft I've heard, there is much truth
In what I spoke of !

EDMUND.

That I fear there is.

Having by Prayer composed myself to rest,
Some hours I slept ; until a trampling noise
Upon the stairs, from where Lord Lovel lived,
Awoke, or seem'd to wake me : when the door
Sudden flew open. Entering appear'd
An armed Knight, who led a Lady fair
I strove to rise, but felt myself withheld.

They came before me, one each side the bed ;
They called me Son, and blessed me ;
Bade me sleep on, as true Possessor there.
Then sudden vanish'd through the Portal,
Which slowly back upon its hinges swung.
I slept till morning, when I tried the Door ;
But found it fasten'd still as when you saw it.

OSWALD.

I'll watch with you to-night ; if they appear,
With holy conjuration I'll address them.
Some great Event's at hand, in which you are
Design'd by Providence a witness.

EDMUND.

What if your coming's known ; my Enemies
Will hasten to the Baron, and accuse us ;
You of presumption, and myself of fear.

OSWALD.

I'll come with caution ; if we are discover'd,
Your Vision to the Baron must be told.
Old Joseph knows the history of all
The Lovel family, and him I'll bring
To be a farther Witness in the Cause.
I often catch him watching you, and sighing,

“ Just such a youth was Arthur late Lord Lovel ;
His Son had been of Master Edmund’s age !”

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Hall.

The BARON and his Family ; OSWALD, EDMUND, &c.

BARON.

Son Robert; once has Edmund pass’d a night,
Without disturbance, in the Eastern Chambers.
Two more will come; when unless Wenlock wishes,
Or Markham, for a visit from the Ghost ;
I mean to open them, and give them you.

SIR ROBERT.

I thank you, Sir ; not doubting Edmund’s courage,
But wish, like you, we may be satisfied
On these reports. My Kinsmen here, I think,
May be indulged, as they so constantly
Turn all they hear to ridicule.
Meanwhile, your justice too I must demand,
For quarrels harm our quiet. Thus, if Edmund

Be really the aggressor, send him hence :
If others, punish them : and I submit
Myself with reverence, to your commands.

WILLIAM.

Bring forth your proofs ; who dares accuse my Friend
I claim a right to combat ; if my Lord
Will grant me leave to prove myself his Son.

SIR ROBERT.

'Twere better, Sir, your valour did appear
To fight your Father's cause ; your great affection
For one so lowly born may be your bane.

WILLIAM.

Why taunt him with reproach for what
He cannot answer : nay, his learning,
His modest diffidence, proclaim a Soul
Far beyond Peasant thoughts, and vulgar deeds.

BARON.

Cease, Children ! Robert, let not any
Cause you to hate one who deserves it not ;
Unless you prove him guilty. William's love
I deem praiseworthy ; but the punishment
I shall deal out, myself ; and that with justice.

OSWALD.

No other accusation does appear,
Save that for which he watches all the night
In those Apartments. If he guilty is
Of folly, and impertinent remarks,
Well is he punish'd for them ; but, if not ;
Let those appear who dare to do the same.

WENLOCK.

Why, Father Oswald, do you interfere
In quarrels ; Peace is your profession !

OSWALD.

Young man ; *you* know that Edmund is alone,
Contending 'gainst a host of enemies.

BARON.

Look to it, Wenlock ; prove your words, or else
My punishment will be severe. Depart
Each to his occupation. Once more, Edmund,
You try the Eastern Chambers. Fare ye well ;
And may you prosper all !

(Scene closes.)

SCENE III.

*The Haunted Room.*EDMUND *alone.*

EDMUND.

What mean these anxious hopes, this solemn dread
O'erpowering my Soul. I trust in Heav'n,
If ought appears, I shall have power to speak ;
And learn the reason why the silent Tomb
Gives up its Inmates. No one have I hurt
In thought or deed ; I fear not then the dead.
Hark ! what is that !

*(Knocking.)**Enter OSWALD and JOSEPH.*

Welcome, my friends ; in anxious expectation
I waited your arrival : dreadful thoughts
Of what may be reveal'd had near o'ercome me.

OSWALD.

Fear not, my Son ; if Heav'n require exertion,
Your powers will increase.

JOSEPH.

My dearest Master,
I long'd to see you during the last night
But dared not approach. How sad a scene
These rooms now shew, to what they were before !
Lord Lovel had this Wing ; and here he always
With his dear Lady did reside :—below,
Resembles these ; in one is hung his armour.
You know the story of his Death ; but whether
By fair means much is doubted.

(A loud groan.)

OSWALD.

Kneel down, my friends, and join with me in prayer :
Preserve us, Providence ! and, if thy will it is,
Discover now the cause of this sad moaning.

[A louder groan, and clash of Armour.]

EDMUND.

Hark ! I am call'd ; I come !

JOSEPH.

Follow him, Father ; Heaven will bless the just :
He *is* my Master, and I'll ne'er forsake him.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

A large old Hall.

EDMUND, OSWALD, and JOSEPH descend the stairs, and come forward into a large Hall adorned with portraits and statues : some Armour in a heap near a small Table.

EDMUND.

This armour is the cause of our alarm ;
Whose is it, Joseph ?

JOSEPH.

'Tis your Father's, Sir ;
The late Lord Lovel ; here too his ring :
Keep it, for I am certain it is yours.

EDMUND.

Your friendship only thinks so.
Look at this Table ; wherefore is it placed
So strangely : surely something foul
Hath here been done. These marks of violence
Are not by accident.

(A groan from under the table.)

OSWALD.

Forbear, my Son, at present, farther search :
We'll see your Mother Twyford ; and if she
Can give us light into your Birth, you then
Must seek Sir Philip Harclay ; him, who was
Lord Lovel's bosom friend : for he alone
Can fight for you against Sir Walter Lovel.
Meantime, say nothing : let us now retire.
Keep you this Key ; no other person shall
Here enter in, until a time approach
For public scrutiny, and public justice.
Rest, Spirit of the Dead ! we pledge to thee
Revenge, and satisfaction for thy harm.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.MARGERY's *Cottage.**Enter MARGERY, EDMUND, and OSWALD.*

MARGERY.

You're welcome home, my Child, again ;
You, holy Father, honour my poor cot.
How much my Edmund's grown ;
Ah ! well a day ! he was a feeble Child,
And therefore Andrew beat him.

OSWALD.

When

Was Edmund born ?

MARGERY.

'Tis one and twenty years
The day but one ago. Ah! had he been
A richer person's Child, what gallant things
Had then been done!

OSWALD.

Perhaps he really is :
For many people think so, and I come
On purpose to examine you : start not ;
But tell me truly, did you bring him forth ?
Why wrong him, if he really is not yours ?
His fortune may make yours for ever.

MARGERY.

See Edmund, if your Father's coming ;
Andrew I mean, for he's so cruel,
I tremble lest he hear me speak to you.

OSWALD.

Fear not ! he shall not hurt you. Now, indeed,

You've said he is not Edmund's Father ;
Are you his Mother ? Swear upon this Cross !

MARGERY.

'Tis not my happy lot : He, luckless Child,
His Mother lost before he well was born ;
Who was, that I am certain, Lady Lovel.

OSWALD.

Hear it, just Providence ! my Son, my Edmund,
Hail Heir of Lovel !—joy overpowers me.

EDMUND.

I wait in wonder ; wishing to know how
I was preserved : oh ! quickly tell me
How fared my Mother, who my Father was !

MARGERY.

One gloomy Winter's night, the beating rain
Against my casement rattled : here, alone,
I sat most comfortless, my baby dead ;
And Andrew strangely absent. Late at night,
He came ; one Robin with him.
They ask'd for drink : when, drawing forth a bundle ;
“ Here, Margery's another Child ;” says he :
'Twas you, my Edmund, in a mantle wrapt.

Said Robin, "as we both returned Home,
And pass'd the rustic bridge in yonder wood ;
A floating corpse we spied, which, soon alas !
We knew was Lady Lovel ; on the bank
This child lay wrapt up in her mantle.
Fearing to mention ought ; as we had seen
Her Funeral, and fear'd Sir Walter's power :
We buried her beneath two spreading trees ;
And here have brought her jewels, and the babe."
About your tender neck a Cross was hung,
And this pearl necklace. They too had a watch,
And all this rich apparel.

OSWALD.

Mercy, Heaven !

Here are the Lovel arms and Cipher.
O ill used pair, ill-fated Lovel !
I vow to never leave your Edmund's cause !
Approach me, Lovel, and receive my blessing.

EDMUND.

O first Great Cause! may still my heart incline
To know humility ! My Father ; Oswald :—
My Mother ; for you are my Mother still :
Receive my thanks. And you, unhappy pair !

Hear, while I supplicate worse fate on me,
Unless I totally revenge your wrongs.

MARGERY.

I now am happy, that my Edmund knows
His Birth ;—how I rejoice to think
I first besought Fitzowen to protect him.

OSWALD.

These proofs I take ; farewell, and fear not :
Your Edmund shall regain his own ;
And when you in his Castle see him,
Then tell him that he owes his Life to you.

MARGERY.

God grant it ! Meantime, I will bless my Child,
Whose virtue calls for, and obtaineth honour.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

*The Castle Gardens.**EMMA and EDMUND meeting.*

EMMA.

Why folded thus your arms, your brow so bent ;
Do still your Enemies prevail against ye ?
Speak to my Father, Edmund ; he's your friend,
And will not suffer any to ill-use you.

EDMUND.

Fair Emma ; thank ye, for your kind concern :
To-night, again I watch ; to-morrow's Sun
Sees my departure hence. Ye scenes of love,
Of happiness, of friendship, fare ye well ;
No more to bless unhappy Edmund's eyes :
While you, fair Emma, woo'd by many a Lord,
Forget the Peasant Edmund.

EMMA.

Cruel youth ;
Why thus accuse your friend ? And yet, perhaps,
You would rejoice to hear that I were married.

EDMUND.

Lady; I would request, a friend of mine,
Equal to you in honour, and in birth,
Might first have leave to plead.

EMMA.

What; mean you Wenlock, him whom I detest ?
A monster, villain, base low-minded carle !
I thank ye, Edmund, for your prudent choice.
You always plead for friends, and not yourself.

EDMUND.

'Tis not for him I plead, but for another :—
Sweet Lady ; but that his uncertain fortune
Prevents him now, ere this Fitzowen would
Have been solicited for his consent.
Adieu, fair Emma ! Angels ever guard ye !
When far away, my memory shall supply
Each grace, each kind expression, to my heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

*Night.**OSWALD and JOSEPH at the Park-gate.*

OSWALD.

Ere long, I hope to see these gates unclose,
Admitting a new Master in our Edmund.
May prosp'rous Fate be his; he well deserves it.

JOSEPH.

Yonder he comes : I shall enough have lived,
When he is once acknowledged Heir of Lovel.

OSWALD.

Sir Philip Hareclay, in his earliest youth
Admired and loved him ! often he exprest
A recollection of his very image.

JOSEPH.

It was my Lord he meant ; too sure Sir Philip
Saw the resemblance ; which I always knew,
But feared to acknowledge, lest his Kinsman
Should him destroy, as sure he did his Father !

Enter EDMUND.

OSWALD.

Farewell, my Son ; your faithful friends will wait
In anxious hopes of your success, and honour.
May you succeed in this your just endeavour
To render vengeance to the murder'd pair.
We'll hail the day with rapture, when you come
By all acknowledged as brave Lovel's Heir,
And bless again our eyes.

JOSEPH.

Farewell, my Master :
Let me embrace ye, let me bless ye, Lovel!

EDMUND.

Adieu, my friends ; in happier hours again
I trust we'll meet :—whether my Fate is such,
I must remain a Peasant ; or, as Lovel,
Possess these rich domains ; my grateful memory
Shall bind each of ye to my constant Love !

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

The BARON'S bed-room. BARON alone.

BARON.

This third night quiet still has reign'd,
And thanks to Edmund's courage, once again
The eastern rooms shall shew forth all their splendour.
How gentle, noble, virtuous a youth !
That he's a Peasant, to myself I scarce
Can ever reconcile. Yet wherefore thus
Shall Custom only cause the observation :
'Tis Education, Virtue, make the difference,
Which elevates a Peasant far above
The indolent, in wealth and title vain.
What's this? To me a letter ; whence ?—

(Reading.)

“ To thee, Fitzowen ; I the guardian send,
Who haunt the eastern Towers, virtue's friend ;
To thee the key : which for the owner keep ;
For guilty persons never there shall sleep.
My wrongs shall be avenged ; but those shall rue,
Except the lawful master, who pursue

Enquiry farther : he shall soon appear,
And unto Lovel make his title clear."

What's this ?—'Tis sure no person here can come
Unknown to me : how then this letter ?
What, ho ! send Father Oswald to me.
Thou Power Supreme ! whatever fate awaits ;
Protect me, guiltless of so foul a crime :
And let dishonour fall upon the guilty !

OSWALD.

(Entering.)

Your summons, good my Lord ; your servant heard :
And straightway comes obedient. Is there ought
This night hath happen'd ? Where is Edmund gone ?
For all declare that no one yet has seen him.
O good my Lord ! protect, and save the youth ;
Search all the rooms, and bring my Edmund forth :
My youthful friend, my ever-virtuous pupil.

BARON.

I go immediate ;—read but this, my friend :
If fraud or force have spirited away
The noble youth ; Fitzowen's wealth and power
Shall search for ever until Edmund's found.

WILLIAM.

(Entering.)

Justice, my father ; justice do I claim :
Behold this letter ; which, awaking, I
Upon my pillow found : nought else I think,
But treachery hath overpower'd valour.

(Reading.)

“ Whatever, William, thou may'st see or hear :
If Edmund, Peasant Edmund, e'er was dear ;
Let friendship's seal be of thy lips the door ;
The peasant Edmund *was*, but is no more :
Yet still on equal terms a man there lives,
Who for affection love unchanged gives ;
Who hopes to pay Fitzowen's lasting care,
And William's griefs, and William's pleasures, share.”

BARON.

Lead on, my friends ; let all the household quick
Attend us to the towers, where Edmund went :
If force or treachery have caused his death,
I will avenge him to my utmost power.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

EDMUND *and* SIR PHILIP HARCLAY, *in* SIR PHILIP'S *Hall*.

SIR PHILIP.

Welcome to Harclay, Edmund ; many years
Fair Fame to me has ever told your name :
And often I rejoiced in my foresight.
How is Fitzowen ; have the jealous feuds
Of Wenlock, Markham, or Sir Robert's anger
Compell'd your absence ? Is it so ;
This is your home for ever, I your friend.

EDMUND.

Thanks, noble Sir ! to me my chief reward
Fitzowen's kindness, and Sir Philip's praise.
But not for either cause which you have named,
Has Edmund left the Baron :—it is true,
Unknown to him I left fair Lovel's towers.
Yet, though a fugitive, I have to tell
A tale so sad about your friend deceased ;
Who from his grave cries out “ Revenge me, Harclay !
Protect my child ; revenge thy much loved Lovel ! ”

SIR PHILIP.

'Tis as I thought !—Within, we'll dedicate
Our time to counsel. Hear me, Lovel ! if
The blest inhabitants of yonder Heav'n can hear ;
Where, sure, thy virtuous soul inherits joy :
I, Harclay, swear revenge ; thy child I claim :
And whether prosp'rous fortune on him shines,
Or fate adverse pursues him ; he's my son !

[Scene closes.]

SCENE III.

The Haunted Room : MARKHAM and WENLOCK on a bench, disconsolate.

MARKHAM.

'Tis just we suffer, Wenlock, in our turn :
We who provoked poor Edmund's trials here ;
His death, perhaps, or else captivity.
How melancholy all around, how desolate !

WENLOCK.

Peace, croaker, cease your comments : Is it here
We can lament him rather let us try

By play or cheerful converse to endure
This sad confinement : not Fitzowen's wealth
Another night could hire me to support it.

MARKHAM.

Then why, by silly jests bring down his wrath,
Which sentenced you to try if this were jesting.
And I, though innocent, must suffer too ;
Because I ever hearken'd to your voice.
But no more, Wenlock, will I be abused ;
To-morrow morn Fitzowen all shall know,
And punish guilty actions : for *my* folly,
I will endure his just, deserved blame.

WENLOCK.

(*Rising.*)

You seek chastisement, blockhead ;—take it now :
This gloomy room may suit you for repentance.

MARKHAM.

Now, try me, Wenlock ; for I dare your rage ;
And will compel your cowardice to fight,
Or pay your insults home.

Door flies open—Ghost of LORD LOVEL enters, and exclaims—

“ Forbear :—

Fly instant hence, nor dare again presume
With villainy to taint fair honour’s room !”

[They sneak off, and scene changes to SIR P. HARCLAY’S House.

SCENE IV.

SIR P. HARCLAY’S *Hall.* SIR PHILIP, EDMUND, *and* LORD CLIFFORD.

SIR PHILIP.

Just Heaven ! how wonderful thy works and ways !
You are my son, O Edmund ; you my Lovel.
Unhappy friend ! too well my heart again
Your manly form remembered !—You, my Lord,
Have heard our story ; and to you, if I
Fall in his cause, I recommend my son ;
To whom my all I give.

LORD CLIFFORD.

And I accept
With pleasure, for I fear not the event ;
The friendship of your gallant son and friend.

Trumpet sounds. Enter Herald.

HERALD.

To thee, Sir Philip Harclay ; from Lord Lovel
I come to meet thy challenge : tho' I know not
Why you demand me to acknowledge guilt
Which honour spurns at ; yet it never was
For me to suffer question of my worth :
And here my gage I throw, for thus I dare
In mortal fight whoever takes it up.

EDMUND.

I do, and dare to meet him.

SIR PHILIP.

No, my son ;
I'll fight for thee ; for Lovel, or Sir Walter,
For that's his only name ; will never meet
A claimant to his title, unacknowledged.

EDMUND.

Then be it so ; but if you fall, I swear
Never to cease, until in combat I
Revenge my father, and chastise his guilt.

SIR PHILIP.

I, Philip Harclay, here do take the gage,
And on my life will prove its Lord a traitor.

Trumpet. Enter Scotch Herald.

SCOTCH HERALD.

To thee, Lord Clifford, gallant Graham sends
And in our Scottish marches grants the ground :
Where, may God favour justice ! He will there
With equal numbers meet the English party.

LORD CLIFFORD.

Forward, my friends ; I knew Lord Graham would
Accede to our request. He is a Noble,
Few Courts can boast his equal.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

A wide Heath.

Trumpets :—Preparations for a Tournament. On one side LORD LOVEL's banner ; on the other, SIR PHILIP HARCLAY's ; and near it the LOVEL banner craped, under which stands EDMUND in complete armour, with his vizor down. In the centre, a stand, with LORDS GRAHAM, CLIFFORD, a FRIAR, and ATTENDANTS.

A grand March is played ; after which the Judges' Trumpets sound.

Trumpet answers :—Enter SIR PHILIP HARCLAY's HERALD, and his SQUIRE bearing his spear and shield : then SIR PHILIP, who advancing says ;

I, Philip Harclay, challenge Walter Lovel,
Who murder'd Arthur, Baron Lovel, and
Usurps his title. On my life I now
Will prove my words are true, and him a traitor.

SIR PHILIP's Trumpet sounds, and is answered by LORD LOVEL's, whose HERALD and SQUIRE precede him.

LORD LOVEL.

I, Walter Lovel, meet thee, Philip Harclay ;
And will to death engage thee in the cause :
I claim the title by inheritance, and thus
Defy thy scrutiny ; chastise presumption.

Trumpets sound a charge : they engage on horseback ; LOVEL is thrown.

SIR PHILIP.

Rise up, again, and fight me now on foot ;
Or own thyself a traitor, and submit.

LORD LOVEL draws his sword, and they engage on foot ; he is wounded.

SIR PHILIP.

Yield thee, Walter ; yield thee : I am loath
To punish thee severely, for the sake
Of him your injured kinsman.

LORD LOVEL.

Rather I

Than yield, or e'er acknowledge to thee, Harclay,
A crime so heinous, here by thee will die.

SIR PHILIP.

Then suffer as your crime deserves.

(Runs him through, and he falls.)

LORD LOVEL.

O Heaven !

Thou'rt just ! O Lovel ! injured brother ;
Plead for me lest I suffer now for ever
The torment of my crimes.

SIR PHILIP.

Hear him, my Lords !

Approach me, Edmund ; take your helmet off :
Look here, Sir Walter, this is Lovel's son.

LORD LOVEL.

It is himself ! oh ! smile not on me, Lovel ;
I can bear all but that : it was not I
Who foully slew thee.

SIR PHILIP.

We have proofs enough :
Yet here you die, unless confession's made
Of all your guilt, and restitution promised.

LORD LOVEL.

I promise all. Oh ! let yon holy Friar
Note every word : but first grant aid, or else
I die before repentance can avail.
I hired ruffians, who waylaid my brother ;
His wife I would have married, who escaped,
And as I see her child, I hope she lives.

SIR PHILIP.

Alas ! she soon rejoin'd her much loved Lord ;
Yet left her Edmund to avenge them both :
Whom Providence hath favour'd by my hand.

LORD LOVEL.

Ah ! woe is me ; *my* children are no more ;
For whom in guilt I plunged ; and now the son
Of him I murder'd, will inherit all.

[*Scene closes.*]

SCENE VI.LORD GRAHAM'S *Castle in Scotland.*

LORDS GRAHAM, CLIFFORD, and FRIAR.

FRIAR.

To you, my noble Lords, I now have told
The whole confession of this sinful man :
His wounds are not severe ; but let him think
Himself in danger for a time, that I
May teach him true repentance. Much he feels,
On hearing of Fitzowen's near approach.

LORD GRAHAM.

Fitzowen is so brave, so good a man,
I wonder that he thought so well of Walter.

LORD CLIFFORD.

He married the fair sister of Fitzowen ;
Then sold him Lovel Castle : never since,
Have they in friendship met. For, in the North
Sir Walter still has dwelt, as if he fear'd
Investigation might be made at Lovel.
For he had heard a rumour, years ago,
That Lady Lovel lived, and had a child.

Trumpets. Enter FITZOWEN, SIR ROBERT, and OSWALD.

LORD GRAHAM.

Welcome, my Lord ; Sir Robert ; and good Friar.
Lord Clifford's letters have express'd the cause
Why you are summon'd here.

BARON.

Alas ! too well

He has explain'd the cause ; but still we know not
Who claims the title.

Enter SIR PHILIP, and EDMUND.

SIR PHILIP.

Here he is, my Lord !

Nay, draw not back my son, for *you* are Lovel.

SIR ROBERT.

My Lords, is this the claimant ? Mighty well !
Edmund has found some papers I suppose,
And thus trumps up his story. You, Sir Philip,
I wonder that a peasant boy misleads.

SIR PHILIP.

Young Sir ! your anger is too great :—these Lords
Have seen the proofs, which, as you say, he found ;
Take care, lest I produce them to the shame
Of those related to Sir Walter Lovel.

EDMUND.

Nay, good Sir Philip, rather let my claims
Die unacknowledged ; if my honour'd parents
Receive just burial. Let Fitzowen's house
Flourish at Lovel, while I live unknown :
Than e'er dishonour shall attaint their name,
Produced thro' Edmund's means. O dear my Lord ;

Turn not thus from me. Had not Heaven itself
Led me to this discovery ; never I
Had left your service, or forsook my home.

SIR PHILIP.

Fitzowen's noble heart must, sure, relent :
Edmund has not offended, but obey'd
The call of Heaven, and th' ill-fated pair.

SIR ROBERT.

To you, Sir, we are mightily indebted
Already for your zeal ; but if my father
Shall think with me, this peasant never shall
Inhabit Lovel more. No ! let his friends
Provide his castle, equipage.

LORD CLIFFORD.

They have, Sir !
For his are Lovel, and its rich domains.

SIR ROBERT.

My father bought them ; who shall him repay ?

SIR PHILIP.

The heir of Lovel, with his savings.

SIR ROBERT.

Then

Who pays his education ; you, Sir Philip ?

SIR PHILIP.

Yes, Sir ; when first you prove *his* right to sell
From whom you purchased Lovel ;—yours to cut
The timber, and appropriate its rents.
These Lords will settle with your noble father ;
To whom I have but one request to make :
Whence Lovel shall again become your family's.
Unite Lord Lovel's son to *his* fair Emma.

BARON.

This wants mature consideration :—Edmund,
Receive my blessing : you are Lovel's heir.
Full often have I thought so, and to you
Will every thing restore.

EDMUND.

My more than father ;
Retain it all ; I still will be your servant ;
Your blessing satisfies your happy Edmund.

SIR PHILIP.

Thanks, noble Lord ; I told you Harclay never
Could to Fitzowen be but a firm friend.
Sir Robert too will one day feel his worth,
And gladly own young Lovel for his Brother.

LORD CLIFFORD.

Or else no Son-in-Law is he of mine.
Who shuts his eyes to Truth, and fair conviction,
Will ever err : My Daughter's fate to him,
Her life, her happiness, I ne'er will trust.

OSWALD.

Enough for present argument ! For Fate
Turns more on sadness, than on festive scenes.
We go Commissioners, and to enquire
Where lay the bones of Lord and Lady Lovel :
To have them fairly tombed in the grave.
Will't please your Lordships others to appoint,
Than the Lord Clifford's Son ; Lord Graham's Ne-
phew ;
Sir William of Fitzowen ; my Brother here :—
Or shall we straight proceed, and you expect,
Our orders to confirm. The Heir of Lovel

Can point out where his Father lies interr'd,
Within the haunted rooms.

BARON.

How's this; for I
Have search'd all over, and ne'er found the Place!

OSWALD.

'Tis secret, Sir; for Edmund has the key,
The which I gave him: for I wrote to you
Letters of mystery, to save the bones
From tumult, and from wrong, amidst the search.

BARON.

You have done well; and may you prosper, all!
We'll follow shortly. Bear my Love to William,
And bid him entertain our friends. Awhile,
Lord Lovel, will we trespass on your favour;
And then restore to you your wealth, and honours.

ACT V.—SCENE I.

*Lovel Castle.**The Servants waiting in the great Hall. WILLIAM ready to receive the Commissioners, and Joseph near him.*

WILLIAM.

I wonder much they are not yet arrived ;
Look out, that we may open all our gates,
And give them friendly entrance.

JOSEPH.

Hark ! their horn !

[As he speaks, the great gates and all the doors fly open : the Attendants are dismayed.]

O happy Omen ! when their Master comes,
His gates are open'd of their own accord.
Enough I now have lived, to see this Day,
Which proves my Edmund the true Heir of Lovel.

Enter EDMUND and Commissioners.

ALL.

Hail ! Heir of Lovel ! happy may you live !

EDMUND.

Thanks, my kind friends : my William, once again
We meet in friendship, and fraternal Love.
To you I leave the welcome of our friends,
Who here must be your Guests.

WILLIAM.

You're welcome, all ;
Most heartily unto Fitzowen's Hall.
I pray you, Gentlemen, accept our offers
Of courtesy, and kind reception.

LORD CLIFFORD'S SON.

Sir ; we thank you.
Sir Philip Harclay did commend his Love,
With many thanks. Your courtesy has proved
That I could not mistake his much-loved friend.

OSWALD.

When you are all refresh'd, my Lords, and friends ;
We will proceed on our enquiries. Joseph,
Bring hither Margery and Andrew Twyford ;
Let them be ready, if we call upon them.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*The haunted room.**Enter EDMUND, leading the Commissioners, and others.*

EDMUND.

Open the shutters; hence the light no more
Shall be excluded. Deeds of darkness now
Shall see the light. Whose armour's this,
Which overhangs this Table; which removed,
I will point out the coffin underneath.

JOSEPH.

It is Lord Lovel's, Sir; your noble Father,
Here are his arms; the breast-plate stain'd with blood.

(The armour and table are removed.)

EDMUND.

(Lifting up the floor.)

Behold where lay the sad remains of him
To whom my birth I owe!

FRIAR.

It is Lord Lovel :
For unto me his Kinsman has confess'd

The place, and manner of his burial. Ye
Who here attend, remember this, and let
This awful spectacle a lesson prove ;
Though guilt may flourish, retribution's sure !

OSWALD.

Behold the retribution ! This the Day
To innocence of triumph, shame to guilt.

LORD CLIFFORD'S SON.

These proofs are evident :—the Lady Lovel
Is also found interred in the wood.
We now must question Edmund's nurse, to give
Entire satisfaction to our friends.

EDMUND.

Unhappy Parents ! Ye, at length, shall rest ;
In consecrated ground together laid :
Your Son shall pay his Duty at your grave.
To you, most reverend Oswald, we commit
The care of Funeral ; to which I here
Invite ye, Gentlemen. That Duty paid ;
We will await Fitzowen's wish'd approach,
And welcome him to Lovel as his own.

[Exeunt, bearing the Coffin and Armour.]

SCENE III.

*The Chapel. Bell tolling, and Monks, and others in attendance.
Enter the Procession. Heralds with the Lovel banners trailed, and
hung with crape. Trumpeters playing a Dead March.*

OSWALD and CHORISTERS, *chanting.*

Here Filial Love his last sad Duty pays,
Commits his Parents to the Hallowed Earth ;
To them a sacred Monument he'll raise,
Of lasting Love for those who gave him birth.
Ill-fated Lovel, with his virtuous Wife,
No more shall range th' unconsecrated room ;
Their days were short in this most transient Life,
Yet, rest at last they find beneath the Tomb.
In brighter realms, of bliss Eternal now,
We trust, their Souls, their happy Souls partake :
Let us to well-tried honour ever bow ;
And follow Virtue for Religion's sake !

*After the Choristers are borne Two Coffins in State. Edmund, as
Chief Mourner. The other Commissioners and Attendants follow.*

[Scene closes.]

SCENE IV.

The Great Hall.

EDMUND, WILLIAM, and OSWALD.

WILLIAM.

These wondrous proofs, my Edmund, of your Birth,
I much rejoice at. No one better, here,
Can ever bear the dignity of Birth,
And grandeur, fortune, than my earliest friend.
I trust my Father will requite your Love,
And give my Emma to my Edmund's arms.
Sir Robert's generous ; and now those wretches,
Markham and Wenlock, are removed ; I doubt not,
Will see your worth, and join his approbation.

EDMUND.

Else every happiness were incomplete. For Emma ;
For her alone I wish these fair domains.
My pride, to lay them at her feet, and tell,
With anxious hope, the story of my Love.

OSWALD.

Fear not, my Children ; Providence so far

Has guided Edmund, and will sure reward
Your mutual Love, by this long wish'd for Union.

Trumpets. Enter the BARON, and SIR PHILIP HARCLAY.

WILLIAM.

You're welcome home, my Lord ; again to Lovel.

BARON.

I fear not, Son ; for I'm not Master here :
Nor does he welcome me.

EDMUND.

My honour'd Lord ;
This Castle still is yours. I never will
Deprive my Patron of his Home. Sir Philip,
With you I will reside ; unless my Suit,
My ardent suit, is granted. Good my Lord ;
You have acknowledged me as Lovel's Heir :
Take back it all, I never sought its wealth ;
Or grant me happiness, and hear my Suit :
Let Edmund try to gain fair Emma's Love.

WILLIAM.

Hear him, my Father ; still the meek, the humble ;
Still the admirer of Fitzowen's worth.

SIR PHILIP.

Come, my kind Lord ; for him, my Son, I plead :
Think that in me you see Lord Lovel here ;
The noble, brave, and virtuous :—think that he
First thanks you for your Love unto his Child ;
Then says, “ Oh ! make him happy in the Union.
And let me bless your Children, who are guiltless.
In their descendants still shall Lovel live,
And no more sigh about his early doom !”

BARON.

Nature prevails o’er all ; I ever loved him :
Blest may you be, my Edmund ; blest, my *Son* :—
Your virtue merits the reward, and I
Most fully grant to you my approbation.
William shall lead you ; for I see his triumph,
I see his joy Fraternal in his eyes ;
To meet my Emma : let her but agree,
Fitzowen still shall flourish join’d to Lovel.

[*Scene changes.*]

SCENE V.

The Garden.

WILLIAM and EMMA.

WILLIAM.

My Emma! all is finish'd. Lovel's Heir
Is coming to his home; but, first, Fitzowen
Has certain things to settle, and which you
Are much concern'd in. In the stead of money,
And long accounts; they say my Father offers
The hand of Emma to Lord Lovel's Son.

EMMA.

My hand, O holy Mary! to a stranger!
But, sure, you jest, my Brother: for his Love
Will never force me to a hated Union.

WILLIAM.

I think it will not; yet I fear your heart
Will favour Lovel, when you see the Youth;
And hear his virtue, know his noble deeds.
But hither he is coming. That is he,
In earnest converse yonder with good Oswald;

Whom I suppose he is engaging, soon
To celebrate his nuptials with my Emma.

EMMA.

I like his vanity ! and yet, methinks,
This eager Suitor slow in his approach.
I long to hear him, and dismiss his suit.
O William ! only one had power to move
My heart ; but he can never, sure, be mine.

WILLIAM.

Dismiss this tassel-gentle ; I engage
To bring that one unto my Emma's arms.

EMMA.

Nay, William, this is cruel ; thus to jest me.
But bring this Lordling, that he may be gone.

Enter EDMUND.

WILLIAM.

Behold the Heir of Lovel ! good my Lord ;
My sister Emma ; prithee her salute.
I go to meet my Father.

EMMA.

Edmund ! you !

Are you the Heir of Lovel ?

EDMUND.

Lady, I

Have been acknowledged such by all but you ;
If you refuse it, and deny my suit,
I care not who has Lovel. For your favour
I come a Suitor. William undertook
To plead my Cause, approved by good Fitzowen.

EMMA.

For whom then did you plead, when last we met ?

EDMUND.

Myself, fair Emma ! Father Oswald knew
I really was the only hapless Child
Of Arthur, late Lord Lovel. Margery
Had nursed me as her own, by Andrew's orders ;
Lest he should be obliged to restore
The jewels, which my Mother, dying, bound
Around me, as a proof I was her Son.

EMMA.

Are you their Son ? O holy Mary ! just
Were my conjectures ! Had I known, good Sir ;
You for yourself were pleading, my rebukes
Had been, perhaps, much sharper :—as it is ;—
My Father orders, and I will obey him.

EDMUND.

My Emma ! may I call you mine ?
O blessed moment ! happiness is mine,
And joy ineffable !

EMMA.

Think not, my Edmund,
Because I early yield me to your suit :
Oh ! think not lightly of me.

EDMUND.

Never, Love !
Sweet Maid, the many anxious years I've sigh'd,
And never told my Love, are well rewarded !

Enter WILLIAM.

WILLIAM.

Well, Emma ; have you now refused the suit

Of Lovel's Heir : Nay, chide not ; but accept,
As you, dear Lovel ; every earnest wish,
And glad congratulations on th' event.
My Father waits us ; lead your Lady to him.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The inside of the Chapel, adorned with Banners, &c.

OSWALD and Monks waiting.

*Trumpets and Kettle Drums without. The Organ plays while the
Procession enters.*

Family banners of FITZOWEN.

The BARON leading EMMA.

HARCLAY banners.

SIR PHILIP.

*EDMUND and WILLIAM together, under the united banners of LOVEL
and FITZOWEN.*

JOSEPH.

MARGERY and ANDREW TWYFORD, and Attendants.

OSWALD.

Hail, happy Day ! on which Fitzowen sees
His Children re-united ; and to honour
Consigns his Daughter. Welcome to the Fane ;
My Children welcome to the holy Altar.

Accept an old man's Love, whose fondest hopes
Your marriage realizes. You, my Lovel ;
Have found that your reward is in your virtue.

BARON.

Good Father ; here behold your own good works ;
These are your Pupils, and they here will now
Renew their vows of Love invariable.
My Robert would attend ; but he remains,
To see Sir Walter from this Land depart :
When in the Holy Land a Pilgrim, he
May hope repentance will atone for guilt.

SIR PHILIP.

Blest be this Union !—hence may fairest flowers
Spread o'er Fitzowen's head a smiling bloom ;
While in our Children blest, our days renew,
Like eagles we again shall feel our youth.
From hence shall Lovel ever pleasure find,
And teach his Children by his own example :
That when the virtuous man is most opprest,
When clouds and storms encrease around him : then,
Just Providence will interfere, and make
His days with pleasure pass for evermore.

EDMUND.

Here then, fair Emma ; Lovel to you vows
Invariable Love ; from earliest youth
Increasing. Here he pledges to you, Emma ;
Before the holy Altar his firm faith.

EMMA.

And I my pledge to you do give, my Lovel.

[The Baron joins their hands.]

BARON.

May blessings on my Children still remain ;
And when their own increase their rapture,
May they in Filial Love meet like reward !

SIR PHILIP.

Accept my blessing, Lady ; may I see
Your blooming offspring flourish round you :
Then shall I to my grave depart in peace !

WILLIAM.

My Emma ; blessed is the hour which gives
My sister to my Friend, my dearest Edmund :
I now have seen my hopes succeed. My Father ;
Accept my thanks, and ever duteous Love.

EDMUND.

William ; my heart was ever yours : I hope
We ne'er shall separate. As my Lord Fitzowen
Retires again to Wales ; we, here at Lovel,
Blest by Sir Philip's presence and advice,
Will form a Family of Love and Friendship.

SIR PHILIP.

Look down from Heaven, Lovel, on the Pair ;
How brave the Youth, how beautiful the Fair :
In virtue's paths their feet have firmly trod ;
Kind unto men, and reverencing God.
Behold how Providence, for wisest ends,
To virtue raised up so many friends ;
Now see your Son enjoy this great reward,
Nor think your early Fate, and Sentence hard !

[Curtain drops.]

EPILOGUE.

OUR youthful Couple, as the Story says,
Enjoy'd from well-spent lives all-happy days ;
And Edmund, unlike Lords of modern Fame,
Whose hospitality is oft but name ;
Among his Tenants pass'd his honour'd Life,
Blest in his Children, and his lovely Wife.
In these enlighten'd days, our Heroes roam
From Wife and Children far enough, and home :
No one is so absurd as on a Wife,
Once married, e'er to doat ; much less for Life.
The gay Lothario, blest with beauty's charms ;
When one week wedded, quits his Laura's arms :
And say, on whom his light affections fix ?
On some fair damsel—aged fifty-six !
To honour Age was in our Edmund's days
No subject much of wonder, but of praise ;
To love old Women now is all the Ton,
From whom with youthful charms is beauty flown.
Unlike fair Rosamond in Woodstock's bower,
Where amorous Harry hid his beauteous flower :

Had she been living, with a husband cursed,
Her fate and jealousy had been reversed ;
Fair Rosamond would then have jealous sigh'd,
And antiquated Eleanor have died.
Those happy Youths, who honour Nature's voice,
Have now the only reason to rejoice :
Let *others* woo the old ; for each fair Dame
Will crown with lasting Love an honest flame.
And Britain thus, perhaps, may hope to see
From youth, and not from age a Progeny ;
May see another race of Heroes born,
To help her Cause, and prove to France her scorn.

THE NEGRO OF SAINT DOMINGO,

OR

THE TRIUMPH OF HUMANITY.

WRITTEN AS AN AFTERPIECE, IN TWO ACTS.

Though poor and weak may this Performance be,
Yet of my Tale I glory in the choice ;
The pride of Britons is *humanity* :
Ye kindred Souls, oh ! aid me with your Voice !

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The NEGRO, Lieutenant-General of the Blacks.

TOUSSAINT, *The Black Chief.*

MIRAVEL, *French Commander of an Army.*

BLUNT, . *Captain of an English Frigate.*

French Officers and Soldiers.

English Officers and Crew.

Blacks of all descriptions.

Scene—A Fort, and adjacent parts of Saint Domingo.

THE NEGRO OF SAINT DOMINGO.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

Time, Midnight.—A bay, with a Frigate standing in.—On one side Mountains covered with Wood: on the other the French General's Tent open, in front of an Encampment; behind which appears a distant Fort. Thunder and lightning. Bugle horns and guns incessantly.

MIRAVEL.

(Starts from his Couch.)

MERCY, oh! mercy! surely Heav'n and Earth
Combine to punish me! Had *I* known mercy,
Nought could have thus disturb'd me!
This war of elements is nought—my *dreams*,
My passions, guilty conscience, overpower me!
And am *I* terrified?—*I*, who have braved
All horrors?—Fool am I to tremble!
Why listen to these fears?—I have plunged deep;
I'll *sink*, but never fear!

(Increased firing.)

Distraction! can I stand against the Cause

Of Liberty and Justice?—Hell itself
Knows not my terrors!—If I yield,
My life is gone; and if I fight,
Justice and Liberty will still prevail!

[*Alarms increase.—Scene changes.*

SCENE II.

*A dark Wood—on one side a distant view of a French Fort; the Sea
on the other; a Frigate at anchor.*

The NEGRO and a party of armed Blacks.

NEGRO.

This night revenge is ours, unhappy countrymen!
Well have we fought, our cause is just;
We fight for freedom: let us not, my friends,
Forget *humanity*; although too much
We all have suffer'd! On that Fort still flies
Our proud oppressor's flag—were that once ours,
Success must follow! Perhaps that ship contains
Fresh numbers of our countrymen;
Yet do not ye despond; our cause once known,
They too will rise, and fight for liberty!
These deep retreats, my friends, are ours;

While you repose, I will watch here ;
A party of our friends will guard around.

[*Exeunt Blacks.*]

Hark ! sure some one approaches ; I'll retire
Behind this tree, and watch his motions.

Enter MIRAVEL unarmed.

NEGRO.

(*Aside.*)

He here ! now, now awake revenge !

MIRAVEL.

The picquets drove the rebels o'er these hills,
And all is safe ; I'll wander through these woods,
And seek a refuge from myself, my conscience !
Till I forgot humanity, my soul
Felt some composure ! War I fear not ;
Bred up to arms, my earlier years were oft
With laurels crown'd ; by cruelty, alas !
How tarnish'd ! Ye unhappy race of slaves,
Ah ! little do you know how many pangs
I feel ; but now, plunged as I am in guilt,
I cannot make amends !

NEGRO.

(Coming forward.)

Turn, tyrant, now's the time !
Shades of my ancestors and slaughter'd friends,
Look down and smile, for *I* am your avenger !

[Draws, and is going to attack MIRAVEL.]

MIRAVEL.

Death ! Are *you* here, you whom I thought were dead !
Is this deception ? Shield me, Heaven.

NEGRO.

From *me*,
From justice ; never !

MIRAVEL.

You are brave, and know
I am no coward ; were I arm'd, e'en then
I could not fight you !

NEGRO.

Tyrant, did you e'er
Remember you had arms, and they had not,
Whom you have murder'd !—Take that sword,
[Takes a sword from a tree.]

I have another here ; for know that liberty
Has always arms to fight with ! Do you fear
To follow your own customs ? You have duels ;
Kill your own friends ; why fear to kill your enemy !

MIRAVEL.

I cannot, will not fight you ! Blood like yours,
Alas ! I've shed too much ; you cannot pardon me,
Nor would I ask it of you. Call your friends,
And lead me quick to death !

NEGRO.

Will death give rest ?

No !—Souls of my countrymen, behold
A nobler triumph ! Had not I been taught
By him, the best of men, my friend, and master,
That evil should not be return'd again, but good ;
How dreadful were your fate ! Concealed here
Are hundreds of your foes, and all revengeful.
I will conduct you towards yon fort ; I spare you ;
Do you spare us ! Remember this, and thus
You may repent, and make us some amends !
You white men *talk*, but do you *act* humanely ?
Know this great truth ; the mighty Lord of all
Favours the just ; He grants me power to shew
Blacks may have souls, and that they know humanity !

[*Exit, guarding MIRAVEL to the Fort.*]

SCENE III.

Morning—The midst of the Wood ; the Blacks sitting around—some sleeping, others cooking ; some up the trees, watching—One in a tree sounds a bugle horn ; they all start up, and form in order of battle. A gun fired in the Wood—bugle horn sounds, and the Black in the tree answers it. Another gun fired—Martial music.

Enter TOUSSAINT and his Army.

TOUSSAINT.

Hail, my brave followers, success is ours !
Well did you fight last night for liberty ;
Oh ! ne'er forget your slaughter'd friends !
Your cause and mine is just, and it will prosper.
Remember you have sworn to extirpate
This cursed race. Because our nobler colour
Resembles not their paleness ; they have dared
For many, many years, to trample on us.
Ye sons of freedom rise ; to arms, to arms ;
And crush your foe ! Ye fight for all that's dear ;
Fight for your wives, your children, and your rights !
Behold yon sun ; he shines on all alike.
Nurtured by him, sufficient means are found
To satisfy our wants ; we ask no more.
These curst oppressors have enough at home ;
Why then are we annoy'd ! How many years

We all have toil'd for them, in shameful bondage ;
Now, now our toils are noble ; my brave friends,
Revenge, revenge your injured, harass'd countrymen.

Bugle horn. Enter BLACK OFFICER.

BLACK OFFICER.

General ! health, success, and victory !
Your orders were obey'd ; we fled awhile,
Till we enticed the piquets o'er the hill ;
Then, turn'd again, and fought like lions !
Harass'd on all sides, still the Frenchmen fought ;
Despair lent strength : half have escaped,
And up the hills retired.

TOUSSAINT.

There let them stay :
Keep strictest watch around—their Chief will come
With all his army to their succour ; then,
Like a fierce hurricane, we'll rush upon them,
And we'll revenge our murder'd friends.

BLACK OFFICER.

Scarce could I on my men prevail to cease :
Sad thoughts of sufferings so harsh,
Of heap'd up misery when slaves to whites,

Had so inflamed their minds :—the general cry
Was, “ Mercy shew to none, they know it not !”

TOUSSAINT.

That is my watchword when we next engage.
But be ye cautious ; your brigade will watch
Their motions : mine shall here lie hid ;
These shall advance, and sack yon fort.
This is my signal :—hark ! the enemy
Are marching onward !—Scouts, look out !

[Bugle horn in tree sounds twice.]

TOUSSAINT.

I understand ye ; four brigades alone
Are marching to the aid of those ye fought ;
The piquets.—This my signal is ;
Soon as the sun goes down, three cannon shots,
Follow'd by martial sounds, and three shots more :
Then bugle horns all sound. Rush on the foe ;
And fight, my friends, for liberty or death !
I will send spies around, and give you notice
Of their pursuits : for liberty has friends
In every country, and in every place !

[Grand March.—Scene closes.]

SCENE IV.

The Bay, &c. as in first Scene, except the Encampment—instead of which appears the French Fort. A Boat is coming off from the Frigate, which fires a Salute, hoisting British Colours. Salute returned from the Fort. Boat's crew land.

BLUNT, a LIEUTENANT, MIDSHIPMAN, BOATSWAIN, and several of the crew.

BLUNT.

Faith, lads ! 'tis pleasant here ; our tiresome voyage
Requires some rest : but last night's work I fear
Has caused much trouble. Last time we were here
We came to fight ; but now, remember, boys !
Peace is the word ; you need not fear the French.

BOATSWAIN.

Our Captain jokes as usual. When with you
We never knew the meaning of a fear.
How often have you led us on to victory !
But faith the French fought well ; we had some work,
And now 'tis time to rest.

LIEUTENANT.

Well said, my lad !
The Captain found us work enough, indeed ;

But British tars should ever ready be
To fight their king and country's battles.

BLUNT.

From what we saw last night, I think, my lads,
We must not separate ; though we have never
Acted with cruelty to blacks or whites :
Urged as they are by galling slavery,
They may revenge their cause on all the whites.
I gave my orders, ere I left the ship,
If they heard cannon all the boats should come,
Well arm'd, to our support : not that I mean
To injure the opprest ; but merely this,
In case of danger to support my crew.
On to yon Fort ; be guarded, do not separate :
This letter will procure you kind reception.

(Giving a letter to a MIDSHIPMAN.)

[Exeunt all but BLUNT and LIEUTENANT.]

LIEUTENANT.

I hope we shall not want the ship's assistance,
But yet your caution's right. You know me, Captain ;
How many years we've lived, and fought together :
I can't account for it ; but anxious thoughts
Will still arise. Unhappily our country,
The land of liberty, of health, and pleasure,
Still traffics in these slaves.

BLUNT.

I would she did not ;
Then would Britannia lift her head, and smile,
Free in herself, and giving others freedom.
You well remember once I had a Negro,
A faithful servant ; slave he never was
Since first th' estate was mine. My heart beats high,
As every honest British heart does beat, for freedom.
I gave them all their liberty, and as a proof
God thought it right, my property's increased
Ten-fold by their exertions. If they work,
They merit a reward. We fight, we conquer ;
Our grateful country never yet forgot us !

LIEUTENANT.

I am aware of all your noble deeds ;
Flattery I scorn, for so would you scorn me
If I could condescend to use it. I have heard
Your servant is exalted ; now Lieutenant-General
To the Black Chief, Toussaint : but p'rhaps 'tis false.

BLUNT.

I heard the same, but cannot credit it.
Where'er he is, he has an honest heart ;
And God will prosper him.

[*Exeunt towards the Fort.*]

ACT II.—SCENE I.

*A large Chamber in the French Fort. A Council of War sitting ;
MIRAVEL among them.*

MIRAVEL.

Ere this, I trust our troops have won the day,
And that our piquets will return ; tho' some have fallen,
Such is the fate of war ! speak on your thoughts,
For danger hovers round, but courage fails not.

FIRST OFFICER.

I cannot think, my General, of the sad
And hapless fate of those who went last night ;
Fierce in pursuit, but now in turn pursued,
Without regret : nay more ; for much I fear
We never shall succeed ; our only care
Must be to guard ourselves.

SECOND OFFICER.

That seems indeed
The general opinion : but we still must shew
A bold and firm appearance to Toussaint.
Meantime supplies may come, and all end well.

MIRAVEL.

Our country will expect our utmost efforts.

You, my brave comrades, oft have conquer'd,
And I have shared your glory. I commend
Your prudence ; for, indeed, unless
Speedy supplies arrive, the Isle is lost.
If none arrive, we must fight desperate.
Already has Toussaint by cruel deeds
Prepared us for the worst. No quarter's given ;
Therefore we fight for victory, or death !

Enter an OFFICER in haste.

THIRD OFFICER.

A British Frigate anchors in the bay ; they send
A boat ashore :—lo, where the crew approach !

[Exit.]

Enter MIDSHIPMAN, BOATSWAIN, and CREW.

MIDSHIPMAN.

Our Captain sends this letter to the General :
As peace is now restored, we come as friends.

MIRAVEL.

Welcome to Saint Domingo, gallant Britons !
Whate'er the Isle affords is at your service ;
But much we fear no quiet will be found.
The Negroes have rebell'd, and constant scenes
Of havoc and destruction hover round.

Enter BLUNT and LIEUTENANT.

BLUNT.

Once more we visit you, but now on terms
Of peace and friendship. I am sorry
To hear these sad accounts of cruelty.
O General ! reflect upon the lot
Of these poor Negroes. You have power
To quell, by kindness, all these tumults.

MIRAVEL.

Indeed, my friend, I wish I had the power ;
It might have *once* been done : but now, I fear,
Successive years will still produce revolts,
Till liberty is theirs. Your noble ancestors
Fought for their rights ; obtain'd them : ever since
The blessings of your laws, your glorious laws,
Have saved your people, and secured your throne !

Enter FRENCH OFFICER in haste.

THIRD OFFICER.

My General ! our troops are in disorder ;
Surrounded by the foe, they want your aid ;
Or all is lost !

MIRAVEL.

Lead on, my friends, to death
Or victory ; and crush rebellious slaves !
Will you partake our glory ?

BLUNT.

Never !

Whate'er my thoughts, I here am as a friend ;
Here will remain ; or, if you doubt our words,
We will return aboard.

MIRAVEL.

You're welcome here
To stay. We march to victory ! When we return,
The flowing bowl shall welcome gallant Britons.

[Scene changes.]

SCENE II.

The Bay, &c. as in first Scene. Sun-set. In the Wood three cannon are fired. Boats put off from the ship. Loud martial music in the Wood. Three more cannon. Bugle horns sound on all sides. A party of Blacks storming the distant Fort. Scene changes to Scene III., which is the same as the third of Act I.—The middle of the Wood.—Skirmishing parties enter at times: in ALL the Blacks prevail. Guns and martial sounds incessantly.

Enter MIRAVEL and a party.

MIRAVEL.

Fight on, my friends! A glorious death in battle
Is better than their tortures to their prisoners.
We'll breathe awhile, and then engage afresh!

FIRST OFFICER.

The piquets and brigades are cut to pieces.
The Negroes fight like Devils, crying out,
“Quarter to none, they never shew'd us mercy!”

MIRAVEL.

This is our last attempt; and if we fall,
We but obey our country's last commands.
A soldier never thinks, but he *obeys*!

Enter the NEGRO and a party.

NEGRO.

See there your proud oppressors ; fight, my men,
For liberty, for justice, and revenge.

French Party are beat, and taken prisoners, while the NEGRO cries out,

Spare them awhile ; Toussaint commands it :
Lead on to him. Ponder, ye white men, now,
Think of your cruelties. Toussaint is fierce,
Implacable. I will exert my power
To save you ; for a White, an Englishman,
Your friend, protected me, and blessed me.

[They all march off to a quick march. Negroes huzzaing

SCENE IV.

Inside of the Fort in ruins. BLUNT and boat's crew taken prisoners by the Black party.

BLACK OFFICER.

You say you're English, therefore are you spared :
We fight for freedom, and we love her sons !

But yet Toussaint commands that every White
That can be spared, shall be his prisoner ;
And we must on to him.

BLUNT.

We'll go, contented.
Think this, my boys, if we should die,
We never injured these poor Negroes.

BOATSWAIN.

With you, our noble Captain, we have dared
Oft to face death. Your gallant, honest crew
Ne'er fear'd Old Davy, Sir, when you were near.

BLUNT.

Justice succeeds ! We need not fear to die.
For something tells me we are safe. If not,
God grant our comrades may escape from harm :
I saw the boats put off. We all have been
One crew, one gallant crew, and Englishmen !
We're ready to appear before the General.

BLACK OFFICER.

Though he is fierce, for he has cause enough
To rouse his vengeance ; yet I know he loves

The name of England, land of liberty ;
For which we fight, we conquer, or we die !

[*March. Guns firing.*

*After they are gone, enter the other boats' crews, search all round,
and run off in pursuit of a few Blacks left to guard the Fort.
Scene changes to the Bay.*

SCENE V.

The Bay. Blacks' Flag over the French Colours on the Fort. Frigate firing signal guns. Firing in the Woods, at intervals. Dead March. Enter TOUSSAINT and Black Army ; except the NEGRO and his party. MIRAVEL and French Army, prisoners. The Officers in chains.

TOUSSAINT.

Now for revenge, revenge, my countrymen !
Justice prevails, and liberty is ours.
You Whites, you cruel race, shall expiate
Your crimes in torments ; such as hatred, rage,
And sad remembrance of our galling chains
Can e'er invent.

[*Bugle horns sound. Toussaint's Army answer. Quick March.*

Enter Black troops, with BLUNT, &c. prisoners.

BLACK OFFICER.

These have we taken, General, in the Fort.

They fought not, but surrender'd to your arms.
Not having injured you, or our poor countrymen.
They say they're English ; let their Captain speak.

BLUNT.

Though well I know, Toussaint, your great revenge
Against the Whites ; and though I know your soul
Still meditates destruction on them all :
Yet do I fear you nought. We came as friends
To the French officers. We long have fought
As enemies ; but now that peace once more
Blesses both nations, all revenge is gone !
We are your captives, but can truly say,
We never injured, or oppress a Black.

TOUSSAINT.

You perhaps have not ; but yet your countrymen
Have slaves, and use the Blacks like dogs.
Produce *one* Negro, who can testify
You ever blest him with a single word
Of kindness ; you are safe, and shall return
Back to your Country, happy Land of Freedom.
Meanwhile you rest our Captives : if you fail,
The same sad fate awaits you, as does these.

LIEUTENANT.

That would be easy were your Paulo here,
 And all the Slaves you freed, my Captain.
 Let Myrtle Vale be named : if any here
 Know it, and hear your name, we're safe.
 My best, my generous friend, to me you are
 A Father, Comrade, and my brave Commander.
 By me your Crew express their thanks
 For all your noble deeds : and you, Toussaint,
 If you knew all, would bless the very Man,
 Who's now your Captive. Let a Negro say
 That Blunt of Myrtle Vale was his oppressor !

TOUSSAINT.

Sound, sound alarms ! recall our Paulo.
 You, gallant Soul, if you are Blunt indeed ;
 His grateful heart will bless you, and you're free !

[While he speaks, bugle horn sounds three times ; is answered twice.

Martial music. Enter the NEGRO and his Party. TOUSSAINT points to the English. NEGRO starts, falls at BLUNT's feet, and bursts into tears. BLUNT and party are freed by TOUSSAINT from chains. The Blacks, at their Chief's command, present arms, and lower their Colours.

BLUNT.

Almighty Power ! whose never-failing arm
 Protects the Innocent ; accept my thanks

For this our blest deliverance : O ! prosper
The cause of Virtue, Justice, and Humanity !
And you, my Paulo, ever grateful friend ;
Let this event be ever in your mind.
To you, Toussaint, though I am in your power,
I still will speak. I thank you for our freedom ;
Your race have been opprest too much.
My Country will ere long, I trust, give o'er
Such cruel traffic. Meantime, Chief, to you,
If you would wish to prosper ; I point out,
Mercy with Justice must go hand in hand !

TOUSSAINT.

And do not all the Souls of my poor Countrymen
Cry for revenge upon their vile oppressors ?
You, Englishmen, are free ; you never hurt,
And therefore shall not harm receive from us.
If you would rather go, than see the torments
These wretches must endure ; be quick : Revenge
Stalks in his bloody robes, and howls around.

BLUNT.

Listen to reason, General !—one word more :
Are not your Countrymen by thousands now
In power of the French ; and will not they
Your massacres retaliate ?

TOUSSAINT.

I revenge

Past deeds : on, Englishmen, or see
These wretches suffer.

NEGRO.

No, my General !

This best of Men may claim their pardon.
Start not, but hear me out ; if then your heart
Can feel revenge, let all your rage fall here :
And sacrifice your friend, your faithful Paulo.
You may remember, General, that when
Torn from my native Land, it was my lot
To toil in Myrtle Vale ;—not many years
Had past, ere that Estate of this good Man
Became the property. He instant freed
Each slave ; he gave to those whose choice
Led to employment, every just reward :
Myself he carried home to England,
Because I long'd to see the Land of Freedom.
He gave me learning, taught me to do good
To all by his example : and I now
Claim my reward from you,—a general freedom !

TOUSSAINT.

Well spoken, Paulo ! You, my Countrymen,

Will not object to honour this good Man.
 But one condition must I make ; if you
 Will take these Frenchmen home, they're free ;
 But Saint Domingo must be free from them !

BLUNT.

To you, my Paulo, words can ne'er express
 How much I honour you ! Toussaint, I thank you ;
 I do engage to carry these away.

MIRAVEL.

And I,
 To plead your Cause, Toussaint ; the cause of justice :
 If I succeed, be all past deeds forgot,
 And cruelty forgiven.

*Enter the rest of the English boats' crews—seeing their Captain safe
 they give three cheers, which the Blacks return. English and
 French march off.*

NEGRO.

Let all who see, or hear this wondrous tale,
 Know Liberty and Justice will prevail ;
 Revenge, indeed, will oft seduce the mind ;
 Yet, to succeed, we always must be kind !

*[They watch the boats to the Ship, which fires, and
 weighs anchor. A grand March.—Curtain drops.]*

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE FRENCH.

On Marshal Turenne being buried in the Royal Sepulchre.

TURENNE a son tombeau parmi ceux de nos rois,
 Il obtint cet honneur par ses fameux exploits :
 Louis voulut ainsi couronner sa vaillance,
 Afin d'apprendre aux siecles d'avenir ;
 Qu'il ne met point de difference,
 Entre porter le sceptre, et le bien soutenir.

CHEVREAU.

Among our Kings Turenne's high tomb does stand,
 That honour he obtain'd by glorious actions ; and
Thus Louis wish'd his victories to crown ;
 That he might teach the Age to come,
 He made no difference between the doom
 Of him who *sits on*, or *defends* the throne.

Inscription under a Statue of Love.

Qui que tu sois, voici ton maitre ;
 Il l'est, le fut, ou le doit etre.

VOLTAIRE.

Whoe'er thou art, thy master see ;
 He is, he was, or he will be.

On a fine Statue of Ariadne.

Ce que m'ôta jadis la fortune cruelle
 Ne se peut comparer à ce que m'est rendu ;
 Une sçavante main aujourd'hui me fait telle,
 Que j'acquiens mille amants, pour un que j'ai perdu.

MALLEVILLE.

What cruel fortune from me took away
 Is not to be compared with what's restored ;
 A skilful hand has made me such to-day,
 For *one* lost Lover, thousands have adored.

*On dining at a General's house, and sitting between his Mistress, and
 his Daughter, both very fine women.*

Que notre General est sage,
 Que d'esprit, que de jugement
 Nous admirons également
 Son choix, et son ouvrage !

M. LE VICOMTE DE POUJADE.

How wise our General is, says every voice,
 What taste and judgment he displays ;
 For all must equally admire his choice,
 Or work—so admirable are his ways.

MONODY

On the 23d December, 1801.

A TENDER Parent's love had crown'd
 With pleasure all my early days ;
 Alas ! his loss my heart has found,
 And would, but cannot speak his praise.

Thy death, blest Soul ! thy Children grieved,
 For thee did shed the tear sincere ;
 But though of thee we are bereaved,
 A better Life is thine than here.

If filial Love, if grateful praise
 Can in thy happy seat appear ;
 Accept, blest Soul ! thy Grandson's lays,
 Accept, dear Sire, his tender tear !

Thy quiet Exit made the bed
 Of Death a Christian's joy appear ;
 In peaceful slumbers rests thy head,
 For ever to thy Children dear.

When I am call'd from this low World,
This seat of misery and woe ;
Like thy dear breath may mine depart,
And to such joys may my soul go.

So shall my Children ever pay,
As yours to you, all grateful praise ;
So shall they still, as yours do, say,
Death crown'd a well-spent Life with happier days.

ON THE TRULY CHRISTIAN MOTTO,

(Chosen by a Friend returning from the East)

“ Deo, non Fortunâ.”

SINCE God alone all good supplies,
To Him my grateful thanks arise,
Beneath whose fostering hand
Full twenty years on India's soil,
For honest industry and toil,
I left my native Land !

Far o'er old Ocean's stormy reign,
In India's Clime did He sustain
My happiness and health ;

And now, in prime of Life ¹, once more
Does me to those I love restore
In competence of wealth!

Thou, who hast ev'ry trouble cheer'd,
From early Infancy endear'd,
Elizabeth, my Wife ;
Together we Jehovah praise,
To Him our gratitude we raise
For mercy and for Life !

O Thou, who, from our days of Youth,
Hast led our steps in ways of Truth ;
Still may our Children see
Thy ways, O God ! are ways of peace,
Thy paths the paths of pleasantness :
All good proceeds from Thee !

¹ Aged thirty-eight years.

TO ELIZA,

On her Birth-day.

FOR thee I strung the early Lyre,
 Thy sweetness did the Muse inspire,
 Eliza, maid beloved ;
 Then once again its notes resound,
 Thy Natal Day by Love is crown'd :
 Thy excellence is proved !

Through all the changing scenes of Life,
 As Daughter, Mother, or as Wife,
 In Duty didst thou shine ;
 For in thy arms thy Father died,
 Thy duteous care his wants supplied ;
 That Love and care were thine !

Thy Children God, in recompence,
 Has blest with duteous Love, and sense
 Thy constant care to know ;
 And from the nursling at thy breast,
 To him who now excels the rest,
 To thee how much they owe !

To me thy constancy and truth
Are known and tried from early youth ;
 Whence once the gates of Death
Their yawning jaws insatiate threw
Wide open for me ; near them drew
 Thy Husband's fainting breath :

Thy vows most sacred then were kept ;
Within thy care I peaceful slept,
 My ev'ry want supplied :
Thy care from an untimely grave
A Husband's Life, through God, did save ;
 My faithful, cherish'd Bride !

Full eighteen happy years are gone,
Since holy rites have made us one ;
 I still thy merit prove :
O blessed Lord ! our union bless
In realms of peace and happiness,
 In everlasting love !

TO THE DEAN OF ACHONRY,

Author of several works against Roman Catholic Emancipation.

Written Nov. 5, 1817.

WHILE anxious millions pray that Heaven will bless
 The hoped-for infant of our loved Princess ;
 Support our pious Monarch's lawful throne,
 And still to Protestants secure the Crown :
 Proceed, and prosper in the noble cause
 Of Truth, Religion, and Old Albion's Laws ;
 Make Romish traitors to the word of God,
 Bow down their heads beneath Ithuriel's rod :
 Shine forth yourself, and claim your well-earn'd fame ;
 Our grateful Church will honour Kenney's name !

 EPIGRAMS ON GIVEN SUBJECTS.

“ Omne vetus sanctum.”

“ Every thing old is sacred.”

I.

IF age makes holy, then the Gospel's light,
 Emerging from the shades of Romish night,
 Shall shine more glorious o'er th' extended earth,
 When England's Church proclaims her Saviour's worth !

II.

Let monkish claims to ancient fame no more
Deter researches into sacred lore ;
That Church her blessed Lord as his will own,
Whose ancient faith is by her practice shewn !

III.

Trace to its source each faith, by which inclined,
To Heaven aspiring looks the human mind ;
Our own the best how each enquiry proves,
For the true God was known in Eden's groves !

IV.

This old foundation shall maintain its fame,
While youth respects our honour'd Founder's name ;
If for three years, a length of days to youth,
One shall be first in honour, learning, truth :
Let not his claims through accident be lost,
Nor his just hopes away like *Ball's*¹ be tost !

V.

For ever honoured be the head of age,
To youth expounding learning's sacred page :

¹ In great danger of being superannuated as head boy at Merchant Tailors School, 1818. He is now B. D., and an honour to his School, College, and University.

Youth, which by years to active manhood grown,
Will then rejoice whene'er its fruits are shewn :
And, when aspiring for the wreath of Fame,
With his own honours blend his master's name !

VI.

Proclaim its truth within these ancient walls,
While from his tomb our honoured Founder calls ;
“ Here ¹ happy youths at Learning's fountain drink,
Nor think her ample springs will ever sink ;
For bounteous Heaven in mercy has decreed,
The more you drink, more sources still succeed :
Till o'er the earth, as sacred Prophets show,
Our Saviour's Gospel shall like waters flow !”

“ Nimium ne crede colori.”

“ Trust not too much to beauty.”

I.

BEAUTY of person surely will decay ;
But if desirous to shine forth in day,
Adhere to learning's page, and virtue bright ;
And fear not then the shades of envious night !

¹ Merchant Taylors School.

II.

As all people say that an elegant form
Is a letter of recommendation ;
Let not Vice the fair page of it ever deform,
But be virtue its sole illustration ;
Whom Nature has blest with attraction so fair,
She means as her child to proclaim ;
Let him credit his parent by sedulous care
To maintain for pure honour his fame !

III.

Adorn'd in innocence, and truth,
Man first was made in Godlike youth ;
In Eden's groves his cultured mind
Could holy pleasures ever find :
Though fallen from that happy state,
He still his mind can cultivate ;
Its blessed fruits, in peace and truth,
Will still shew forth man's Godlike youth !

IV.

To accident subject our beauty and make,
Let man then the looking-glass early forsake ;
Nor for beauty a claimant appear :
Though rough be the husk which the kernel contains,
In the nut, as the pate, men will look for the brains ;
Then only good fruit will be clear !

V.

Give me the mind-illuminated face,
Where understanding adds a grace
To other forms unknown ;
No charm for me has beauty's smile,
If dull stupidity, or guile,
Have stamp'd her for their own !

VI.

Many the sage, alas ! we mortals find,
Deform'd in body, beauteous in his mind ;
Beauty, nor sad deformity, can save
Their object from the confines of the grave ;
But this shall perish underneath the sod,
The other's works proclaim the truth of God.

“ Omne vetus sanctum.”

I.

OLD Horace boasting of Falernian wine,
Says that by age its flavour is divine ;
Our modern toppers in the selfsame way,
Praise their Oporto, as reporters say :
Ah ! sure his taste is excellent and sage,
Who gives the preference to ripe old age

II.

There was a Prince of much discerning,¹
Famous for talents, parts, and learning ;
Ambitious once to shew his taste,
Said Age of beauty made no waste :
Nay more, to justify his boast,
“ Fat, fair, and forty !” was his toast.

III.

To wife antique, with miles of land,
The youthful Thomas gave his hand ;
In answer to his comrades' jokes,
He shew'd the mansion, park, and oaks :
Quoth Thomas, “ those in wisdom shine,
Who find in age a charm divine !”

IV.

O Phœbus ! thy votaries nothing bewitches,
Provided they hang but together ;
As a coat, be it threadbare, and good pair of breeches,
To keep out the wind and the weather.
But a son of the Law has a patent from age,
Old Time, too, his clothing reveres ;
For the barristers tell that his Lordship so sage
His breeches had worn forty years.

¹ George IV., of England.

V.

Each scholar when he quits these walls,
Says Fame, that great Relator ;
Admitted to St. John's, strait falls
In love with Alma Mater :
Her hoary head for him has charms,
Her breast with milk o'erflowing ;
Around her neck he throws his arms,
For age affection shewing :
Each morn her very cream he'll take,
But when her streams are short, oh !
At eventide, he, for her sake,
Makes up with good Oporto !

VI.

When great Isaiah in prophetic verse
Messiah's future glories did rehearse ;
He said the Baptist would prepare his way,
His Lord fore-running in his glorious day.
As Age makes sacred, we, St. John, to thee
Look up for health, for peace, true liberty :
And freed, from ignorance, within thy walls
On thy blest name each grateful scholar calls :
Within thy College walls will each revere
Those honour'd masters who have rear'd him here !

VII.

Let no dissensions ever grieve,
No discord brethren sever ;
May Erin never Albion leave,
But be united ever.
Their Sister Isles may Time behold
For true religion known ;
To latest ages be it told
That George adorns their throne !

VIII.

Let Papal Rome in tongue unknown
The sacred records hide ;
But Protestants their truth have shewn
To all the world beside :
Rome's throne on Babel's tower rear'd,
Confusion shall o'erturn ;
But England's faith, by Time revered,
In purest lustre burn !

IX.

Old Time has long seen our two pillars of State
United—ah ! ne'er may they sever :
And among his old friends may he always relate
The Church and Old England for ever !

X.

Now eighty years Old England's King
With silver hairs have crown'd ;
In age, as in life's early spring,
For worth and truth renown'd.
And, in his people's love secured,
Old Time his life reveres ;
Long has his glorious reign endured ;
Full fifty-seven years.
Supported by both Church and State,
May Brunswick's Royal Race
Possess the crown—nor ever Fate
Their ancient name displace !

“ Nimium ne crede colori.”

I.

THOUGH dim are learning's sacred haunts,
O'ercast with dust and age ;
No colouring but truth she wants
To mark her splendid page.

II.

Strephon had long his Chloe's charms,
Her rosy cheeks admired ;

At length his love was up in arms,
With so much beauty fired :
In eager haste he snatched a kiss,
O what a disappointment !
Her rouge his only gather'd bliss,
Her paint, her paste, and ointment !

III.

Electioneering days are come,
When Lords and farmers jostle ;
And honest Dick in gilded room
Will warble like a throstle.
Alas ! poor Richard, t'other year,
Too much to colour trusting ;
Within his jaws without a fear
An icy peach did thrust in :
Forgetting what respect was due,
And pained sore and evil ;
The morsel from his mouth he threw,
And sent it to the Devil !

IV.

Gay's fable I must bring to mind,
Although the rogue did cheat 'em ;
Who said, " If white the beast you find,
I' faith I'll fairly eat him :"

But poor chameleon proving white,
His stomach turned ; he cried, " oh !
Good Sirs ! I bid you each good night !"
And took his leave, as I do.

APOLOGY FOR QUITTING TOWN,

May, 1816, after bringing on a fit of gout by a week's gaiety.

IN rural groves I love to roam,
Nor e'er would leave my tranquil home,
Allured by Fashion's call ;
Around my frugal board I see
My youthful smiling family ;
My life, my joy, my all !

In meditation *hours* are spent ;
With little he can be content
Who loves at home to stay ;
Unmindful he, as years pass on,
Of taste, of fashion, or of ton ;
From cities far away.

Not theirs such pleasures are who court
The crowded park, and then resort
To rooms which Fashion fills.

There heat and cold alternate reign,
And o'er the human frame maintain
A sov'reignty of ills.

Each night retiring sad to rest,
With fever burning, dreams unblest ;
Each morn they sickly rise :
O may I find in rural shades
Sweet, lovely, cheerful, rosy maids,
With sparkling wit, and eyes !

THE WORLD.

O WHAT a world is this we live in,
Too much bragging, little giving ;
All is brazen-face pretension—
Talk of peace, but sad contention :
Offer friendship, yet abuse ye ;
Tender loans—when ask'd,—refuse ye !
If the world you wish to know,
Never by its *speeches* go :
Actions mostly will belie them ;
If you can't believe me, try them !

ON G. R.'s MARRIAGE AND BRIDAL VOYAGE.

In a letter to C. E. A.

WHAT stylish lads these Indian heroes prove,
 When fortune smiles propitious, join'd with love !
 Not Antony more blest, in days of yore,
 Than George on Ganges borne to Golagore ;
 Nor Cleopatra was a happier bride,
 On Cydnus stream, adorn'd in Egypt's pride :
 Than lovely Harriette, blooming in her youth,
 Who dared old Ocean's frowns, confiding in his truth !
 Blest be their hours ; and, each revolving day,
 Thus rising, thus retiring, may they pray ;
 Strengthen our love, kind Heav'n ! unite each heart
 In firm affection, till in death we part !

Faithful to early love, she returned with her brother to marry his friend and fellow collegian at Haylebury. Eleven months made her a mother, and him a widowed father of a son.

Farewell ! we may meet in another, in a better, life hereafter.

WRITTEN DURING THE GOUT.

BUT if in life's declining, feebler years,
 Its power, alas ! our mortal frame subdue ;
 The Christian's hopes will soothe his anxious fears ;
 In practice feeling what he taught was true.

In grief and pain if his last hours be spent ;
 Such were the paths his great Redeemer trod ;
 And on his Saviour's grace, till death, intent ;
 He wings his flight to peace, and rest in God !

TO MY COUSIN, C. E. BACON,

A young Physician.

How blest the kind physician's tender aid,
 When on the bed of sickness we are laid ;
 Well skill'd to raise the spirits, and to save
 His fellow mortals from th' untimely grave !
 Taught to console, by words of Christian love,
 The firm believers in a world above ;

And like his Saviour, by the healing art,
He cures the mortal, and th' immortal part !
He bids despair be silent, soothes their cries :
And in their dying souls, faith, hope, and joy arise !

A CHRISTIAN PARAPHRASE

On Ovid's "Os homini sublime dedit, cœlumque tueri."

To man 'tis given to behold the skies ;
Sublime his hopes in other worlds to rise !

It was written to my eldest son, on attaining his sixteenth year,
May 4, 1818.

ELEGY ON MY HOW DEARLY BELOVED SISTER, LADY E. R.

*Suggested by the memory of our joint hope ; and written the first time
of being alone, after our earthly separation.*

WHEN the Christian meets her fate,
Bends submissive to his rod ;
Angels on her death-bed wait,
Consolation bring from God !

Peaceful visions soothe her woes,
Those she loves she here must leave ;
Her Redeemer's might she knows,
Fears her heart no longer grieve.

Calm, resigned to His will,
Firm the paths of Death she trod ;
Angels His command fulfil,
Angels bear her soul to God !

Mortals weep a sister's fall,
Shuddering her remains survey ;
Sinful, and forgetful all
Murmur at the luckless day !

But the Christian can descry,
Darkly viewing through the glass ;
Realms of joy beyond the sky,
Thither blessed Spirits pass.

There, in regions of the day,
Cease her sorrows, end her sighs ;
There all tears are wiped away,
Till the dead to Judgment rise !

When she hears her Heav'nly King,
 This her happy song shall be ;
 " Death, O Death ! where is thy sting ?"
 " Grave ! where is thy victory ?"

Holy Angels, sing with me,
 Risen from the grave once more ;
 Hosanna to the Trinity,
 The Lord of Hosts, whom we adore !

THE DREAM.

One branch is gone, the other still is left ;
 And for a time, *but for a time*, bereft !

STAY, O gentle Spirit ! stay,
 Ere you seek the realms of day ;
 Ere again ascend those skies,
 Where eternal glories rise !
 Soothe my wounded Soul, again 5
 Whisp'ring peace, oh ! soothe my pain ;
 Once more bless me, once more say,
 " Comfort Francis, Brother ! stay !"
 Where I on your coffin wept,
 There I saw you, as I slept ; 10

Heard you bless your Brother's love ;
Coming from a World above.
Heard you say, " I bless you here ;
Sleep, dear Edward ! without fear :
Comfort Francis, reft of me ; 15
Unto him companion be !"
There my arm your pressure felt,
Where I by your coffin knelt ;
There your cold lips mine did kiss,
Angel from the realms of bliss ! 20
Peaceful, after sorrows past,
Thus sustain'd, I slept at last ;
Tears at first, all rest denied :
Sorrow all repose defied.
One small cradle once was ours ; 25
Infant joys in Life's first hours,
Peace, content, and health we knew ;
Till to Manhood's years I grew.
You my love, in confidence,
Knew for one of worth, and sense ; 30
You her children oft have nurst,
Ere Death our tie Fraternal burst !
Each, confirm'd in Christian love,
Cheer'd each other's hopes above ;
Counsel took, together soar'd 35
To Worlds above, and Christ adored.

Gentle Spirit ! here I feel
Joys my sadden'd heart to steel ;
Here confess my Saviour's might,
Jesus, Lord of Life, and Light ! 40
His glad words I firmly read
As thy coffin'd corpse I led ;
Firm in faith, and hope, I paid
Those sad rites in Wilsdon's shade.
Then return'd to comfort those, 45
Who, like me, opprest with woes,
Sought Jehovah's throne for peace :
By pray'r our *deep* distress did cease.
Gentle Spirit ! ere away
You ascend to realms of day ; 50
Elizabeth ! your Edward bless ;
Omen of our happiness :
When in glorious skies above,
Where God reigns in peace and love ;
Jesus' mercy us may save, 55
Rising from the yawning grave.
Now farewell !—thy joys I see ;
Hope arises strong in me,
As your Spirit gains those skies,
Where eternal glories rise ! 60

INSECTS.

WHEN Earth was made by her Creator's hand,
 Who form'd the mighty seas, the skies, and land ;
 From Chaos dark this glorious World arose,
 Whose smallest Insect its great Maker shows :
 Made by his pow'r, one mighty chain extends ; 5
 In humble mites begins, in reas'ning man it ends.
 The huge Leviathan, the Mammoth vast,
 Who forests large o'erthrew in ages past ;
 The soaring Eagle, and the Insect small,
 Look up to him, and for his bounty call. 10
 His gracious Providence at once surveys
 Where devious planets urge their rapid ways ;
 Conveying, through Creation's boundless space,
 To Suns and Worlds unknown Jehovah's grace.
 Whose smallest, humblest reptile can afford 15
 Sufficient theme to praise th' Almighty Lord.
 But now of Insects, that devouring race,
 In humble verse, a copious theme I trace,
 Nor be my subject vile, or lowly seen ;
 What God has made nor humble is, nor mean ! 20
 Where Eastern rivers mighty lands o'erflow,
 And muddy fields a fertile surface show ;

The Insect tribe are warmed into life,
And humming myriads rise in endless strife :
With buzzing noise upon the Sun-beam play, 25
Rejoice, and sing beneath his strength'ning ray.
The Locust there, a mighty scourge, is born ;
Whole fields devouring of the growing corn :
Nor humble grass escapes, nor lofty trees ;
Each verdant leaf, each waving stalk he'll seize. 30
A fruitless desert marks the Locust's course,
And nature sighs at his resistless force.
To Israel thus the Prophet threaten'd woe,
As Joel's sacred numbers plainly show.
“ God's mighty army, by the sword unharm'd, 35
With lion's teeth, and force resistless, arm'd ;
The Sun was darken'd, “ and the day o'ercast,”
In cloudy myriads as His army past.
Thus when th' Impostor Mahomet began
To Arab tribes to preach his murd'rous plan ; 40
Beneath their hands unnumber'd Christians fell,
Prophetic Locusts rising out of Hell :
By smallest Insects, or by Nations vast,
Thus is Jehovah justified at last !
Thus to the guilty punishment he deals ; 45
In wisdom thus his glorious will reveals.
Yet not alone are Insects to destroy,
Or hapless man in all his works annoy ;

How many useful lessons they convey.
The wisest man delights, in verse, to say. 50
“ Go to the ant, thou sluggard, learn of her ;
And industry to indolence prefer !
Pursue the active Christian’s humble course,
Of peace, and health, and happiness the source ;
Nor be your Talent in a napkin laid, 55
What God has made for use, be useful made.”
So spake the Saviour ; so did Jesus prove
His blest commission from the God of Love !
When Spring her beauteous flow’rets opes to view,
The Insect tribes their labours glad renew ; 60
The hidden bag its countless race has kept ;
While dreary winter raged, they safely slept.
The humble caterpillar, used to range
On verdant leaves, sustains a wondrous change ;
On painted wings a butterfly she soars, 65
And her Creator’s goodness she adores.
Again a change succeeds, but, ere she dies,
Unnumber’d eggs a future race supplies:
Then, having lived her day, thus life she ends ;
And even dying future times befriends. 70
The bee, the wasp, the bookworm, and the mite,
Have each their value in Creation’s light.
The humble flea, a subject for our verse,
To idleness a lesson can rehearse.

The restless gnat, like angry man, in vain 75
 A noisy life he leads, he gives to others pain.
 Devouring Insects were an endless theme,
 Enough is said to shew the curious scheme ;
 What mighty things from little causes rise ;
 Be humble, then, O Man ! and humbly wise : 80
 For every grain of sand its life contains ;
 An Insect Nation, ev'ry leaf sustains !

WORDS FOR THE GERMAN HYMN.

FAR beyond those azure skies,
 Just and happy spirits rise ;
 Free from ev'ry mortal chain :
 There with God they live and reign.

Hymns they sing of grateful praise,
 Choral thanks to God they raise ;
 Mortal darkness no more known,
 They behold Him on his throne.

Ever, from His Providence,
 He to Angels does dispense
 Truth, and knowledge ; peace, and love ;
 Happy then their realms above !

Holy, holy, holy Lord !
Unto me thy grace afford ;
Grateful hymns my soul shall raise :
Hear, oh ! hear thy servant's praise !

And, when Death shall close my eyes,
Through *Thy* merits may I rise
Far above yon azure plain ;
There to join th' immortals strain !

The above was written by the Sea-side, when thinking of a beloved
and truly Christian departed Sister : on December 1, 1818.

HYMN XXI.

Written after reading the 1st chapter of the complete Duty of Man.

MY Saviour calls ! His warning voice
With gladness I obey ;
In all his dictates I rejoice,
To him for aid I pray.

Though Sin has long my steps misled,
From Him my Soul withdrawn ;
His love I feel, his anger dread,
Midst all my mirth forlorn.

And Christ's Religion, borne across the main, 15
Here since has triumph'd o'er their worship vain.
Till his blest dictates bade those horrors cease :
And glory gave to God, to men gave peace !
Here shall His Priests ¹ rejoice, and to Him raise
A grateful song of triumph, and of praise ! 20

WITH A SPARROW-HAWK'S COMPLIMENTS.

To the late J. B. Esq. of Hampstead.

If in your Garden I may walk,
I ne'er will crush one tender stalk ;
With mice and frogs I mean to talk,
All vermin will destroy :
The ripening fruit unmoved I'll see ;
The pendent flow'r unhurt shall be :
The bursting seed, from pecking free,
My talons not annoy.

The idle schoolboy, older grown,
Now seeks the Academic gown ;

¹ The Writer a Priest of the Establishment.

He leaves all childish sports alone,
 And gladly parts with me :
 While I, from noisy mirth, and fun,
 To your protection, happy, run ;
 Your Sparrow-Hawk here fears no gun,
 Securely kept by thee.

Thus, as revolving years arise,
 Still may my service, in thy eyes
 Appear, to kindness, as a prize ;
 A humble labourer where,
 When years decline, the frogs appear,
 And mice, and rats, from brewhouse near ;
 From such vile foes my range I'll clear.
 They shall not fright the Fair !

TO ELIZA.

Written on the twentieth Anniversary of my Wedding-day.

SWEET partner of my life, whose gentle heart
 In early days, yet not unsought, I won ;
 Full twenty years are past, since, part by part,
 Through human life our mutual course has run.

Our Children round about our table throng,
 Those olive-branches sent by Mercy's Lord ;

May He, in peace and truth their days prolong,
While grateful praises crown our daily board !

If in their lives their Mother's virtues shine;
Like her with sense and understanding blest :
Then will I proudly own her Children mine,
And press each treasure to a Father's breast.
Still may our course through Life's great trial run,
Faithful, and true ; till Heaven itself be won !

WRITTEN IN MY SON ARTHUR'S BIBLE,

At parting for India.

Go, sacred Book ! and on my Son attend ;
Through Life's eventful scenes direct his way :
Supply the place of Father, Guardian, Friend ;
By night his safeguard, his defence by day.
From fatal scenes of Vice protect his Youth, 5
And may he bow beneath thy chast'ning rod ;
O may his Soul imbibe thy Heavenly Truth,
And own thy glorious Author as his God ;
So, while around him awful thunders roll ¹,
As o'er th' extended Seas his Vessel glides ; 10

¹ He was wrecked in his Voyage at the Cape of Good Hope ; he, and all the Crew were saved, and proceeded, as they could, to Madras.

Or lurid lightnings flash from Pole to Pole :

On God relying, every fear subsides :

And in the battle's rage his best defence

'Gainst hostile blows be Virtue's glorious shield ;

Teach him that Christian Faith, and Innocence, 15

Are the best honours of the tented field.

To save th' oppressed, spare the suppliant's life,

Be such the brightest trophies of his sword :

The Christian's warfare is a glorious strife ;

And life and joys immortal will afford !

WRITTEN AT LINTON, IN DEVONSHIRE.

WHEN from thy heights, sweet Linton ! I behold

The foaming waves, and hear their sullen beat

Against thy Mountain's base, where, without fold,

The fleecy flocks around their summits bleat :

And where their wooded sides, or naked cliff, 5

Projecting far into the Sea I view ;

Or on its waves admire the fisher's skiff,

Her bleached sails, her sides so stout, and new :

Or see thy little river's falling course,

From rock to rock adown the narrow dell ; 10

'Tis then I feel within soft Nature's force,
 And if my wishes I to thee may tell :
 Thus, not unnoticed, men my course should view ;
 Useful to them, to God and Nature true !

Nusquam est—'Tis nowhere.

THE Gas-lights once at Liverpool,
 By some neglect extinguish'd quite ;
 Made every one feel like a fool,
 In sudden darkness without light.

A man half-shaved so disappear'd
 The Barber saw him not—'tis true :
 But sudden cried, as I have heard,
 " Why, Clodpole ! where the deuce are you ?"

Quid multa ?—Why want more ?

AVARO lay dying, his bags full around ;
 While his money he counted, he still loved the sound :
 He'll contract for his coffin—'tis brought to the door,
 And while striving to cheapen it he is no more !

SIR George had Mansion, Park, Estate ;
 But on the Turf for more he sought :
 Alas ! Sir George's wretched fate ;
 To the King's Bench a captive brought !

GREAT Alexander conquer'd Earth ;
 He gain'd old Ocean's shore :
 There cursed the moment of his birth,
 And wept for Kingdoms more !

ODE ON LITTLE STRAWBERRY HILL.

AWAKE, my slumb'ring Lyre ! awake ;
 Resume thy wonted strains :
 The praise of Youth and Beauty take ;
 Resound it o'er the plains !
 And, as among thy sounding strings 5
 My rapid fingers move ;
 Hark ! how around each Echo flings
 Her notes of Peace and Love !
 Near Richmond's Hill, in Twickenham's meads,
 The smiling Villa stands ; 10

Where Friendship's gentle band succeeds
The man of deadly hands¹.

Let War its bloody honours claim,
And cannons loudly roar ;
Its blazing honours lose their fame, 15
And here are heard no more !

To Little Strawberry's pleasing bowers
The wood-nymphs now repair ;
And twining wreaths of scented flowers
Perfume the ambient air. 20

Oft does from Thames's stream arise
A glad harmonic swell ;
Or Instrumental Music dies
In tremulous farewell :

When sober Evening, deck'd in grey, 25
To silver Luna smiles ;
And Mirth and Frolic haste away,
With youthful glee, and wiles.

But hush thy strains ! a gentle throat
Awakens in the grove ; 30
Pour'd from the Nightingale's sweet note,
And echoed by the Dove.

¹ Mr. Pigou, maker of the Dartford gunpowder.

Gentle Rebecca joins the Choir ;
Like one her sweet notes pours ;
And, like the Ring-dove, with love's fire, 35
Mourns him her heart adores !
I see his gallant Vessel sail,
Her Admiral's pendant fly ;
I hear Hibernia's gladsome hail,
" The Royalist draws nigh !" 40
" Welcome," she cries, " thou gallant Tar,
With youthful laurels crown'd ;
By love, and honour, near and far,
In peace, in war, renown'd !
Hibernia's daughters love the brave, 45
Her sons his worth approve ;
And many a gentle breast will crave
His sympathetic love :
Yet, when his Nuptial ties are known,
That Youth and Beauty mourn 50
The absence of that heart ; their own
Will wish a safe return !
Come then to Little Strawberry Hill,
Again, thou " rover !" turn ;
Where love shall every moment fill : 55
Rebecca cease to mourn.
Vice-Regal Courts will lose their charms,
And Naval honours fade :

When Married Love with open arms
Enfolds his much-loved Maid ! 60

Here may your healthy offspring court
Among the glades each breeze ;
And many a darling play, and sport,
Upon her Mother's knees !

To Friendship wake a louder strain, 65
And tell its long-tried Truth ;

Awake, my well-strung Lyre ! again
The echoes of thy youth :

While, bending o'er thy vocal shell,
I gratefully declare 70

How with delight my heart does swell,
To praise her good as fair !

Flow, gentle Thames ! and richly pour
Thy freshness all around ;

Approach with reverence this shore, 75
For all is hallow'd ground !

Here Charity, like thee, her course
By day, by night, pursues ;

And others wants now lose their force
In her refreshing dews. 80

One gentle, pure, and silent, flow
From hence dispenses wide

Like her, for whom undying Love 105

Awoke my youthful Lyre ;

Like my Eliza may'st thou prove,

And endless Love inspire !

But who is this, with face serene,

And eyes with Genius bright ? 110

She moves, and looks, the Sylvan Queen,

In Luna's gentle light !

'Tis Emma, Painting's darling Child,

Her living forms are here :

He upon whom the Virgin smiled, 115

Whom men and saints revere.

Blest Lamb of God ! whom Angels high,

With holy songs adore :

We here thy Infant form espy,

Friend of the sick, and poor ! 120

The Father of the Faithful here

Her golden pencil shows ;

His face of virtue we revere,

His beard of Wintry snows.

And many more are there to show 125

The Maiden's skilful art ;

Beware ye Youths, who thither go ;

Or Love ensnares each heart !

Two younger Graces now draw near,
Within the length'ning glade ; 130

I see the one more grave appear,
The one a laughing Maid.

With sense, and worth, Susanna ! crown'd,
Like her of old be blest ;

No suitor Elders here abound, 135
Let Peace still fill thy breast !

How beautiful is youthful sense,
By meekness still restrain'd ;
How sweet is Youthful Innocence !

A rich reward is gain'd. 140

These all the good, and wise, admire ;
And Parents glad approve :
For them old Baldheads wake the Lyre,
And Youngsters sigh with love.

Helen ! adorn'd with Helen's charms, 145
Her grace, and mirthful eye ;

O never set the world in arms,
Nor make a lover die !

Be all, thou much-loved Girl ! be all
Thy faithful friends desire ; 150

So may no ills thy life befall,
Thy worth their praise inspire !

Think not, sweet Maids ! the Poet's song
 In fiction solely wrought ;
 For I possess, my wealth among, 155
 One whom your Mother taught :
 One who that Mother's worth reveres,
 That Mother's virtues tells,
 As, with a face of smiles, and tears,
 Rebecca's bosom swells. 160

Long may on Earth our Union last ;
 Maria's ¹ dying praise
 Her Father's grateful strains surpast ;
 And brightens all his days !
 And when, like her, to brighter scenes 165
 Our ransom'd spirits fly :
 There, where no sorrow intervenes ;
 There, where all is as it all means,
 Free from hypocrisy :
 May we awake our golden Lyres 170
 Where God's eternal Throne inspires
 Eternal harmony !

¹ My second Daughter, a lovely Girl, a victim to rapid Decline in her seventeenth year : meek, tender, lively, and a firm believer in her great Redeemer ; she died full of hope, and humble resignation to the Will of God. When I asked, *in her last moments*, "have you *any doubts* which I can explain," she replied : "*I believe all you taught me*, for you would not have told me so, if it were not *true* !" Praise God, O my Soul ! and forget not all his benefits !—E. J. T.

ON THE LADY

*To whom the preceding Ode was sent, saying I had once declared that,
like all Poets, I wrote best on fiction.*

IF Poets write on fictitious subjects best,

The head alone concern'd, and not the heart ;
If idle nonsense, and a playful jest,

Could their real sentiments impart ?

Oh ! say how holy truth did first inspire 5

The warbling echoes of my tuneful lyre ;

When my Eliza's lovely form, and face,

With virtue, sense, and every grace,

That every word, and motion, proved :

First made me feel that God's created, man, 10

Endowed with sense his glorious works to scan,

Had yet a heart by female beauty moved :

Taught me how much his gracious mercy shone,

When man was taught he could not live alone ;

But, as his last, best gift, into his arms 15

He led her full of virtue, full of charms :

And said, " Increase, and multiply !" then blest

Their marriage couch with peace, and holy rest :

'Twas holy truth, which once the prophet's lyre

Awoke, and pour'd among its trembling strings

God's inspiration, and that Heavenly fire 21

With which Isaiah his Messiah sings :

'Twas holy truth, which framed my early hymns,
 Fill'd with my great Creator's holy praise :
 'Tis truth alone, and not poetic whims, 25
 Which made, and makes, me female honour raise
 Far above rubies, countless as their wealth ;
 To man a source of peace, joy, happiness, and health!
 Conviction pour'd upon my humble lyre 29
 Those notes on which my memory loves to dwell :
 And holy truth aroused that lambent fire
 Which plays, and flickering, lights my warbling shell!

Set a Beggar on horseback, he'll ride to the Devil.

YOUNG Rapid quickly coursed through Law,
 The Army, Navy, Physic :
 Was up to every thing he saw—
 At last of all he is sick.

Vain, cries he, are all man's pursuits ;
 I've been a Jack-a-lantern :
 And empty pockets are the fruits
 Of him whose brains thus can turn !

WRITTEN AT LINMOUTH, DEVON.

WHERE Devon's lofty northern shore,
 Opposing, meets the Ocean's roar ;
 Her view his waves extended o'er ;
 There peaceful Linmouth stands : 5
 Where rocky cliffs do almost meet,
 Save for the rivers at their feet,
 In mountain torrents loud, and fleet,
 Which waste upon her sands.
 Yet few the sands her shore can shew,
 Where waves o'er rocks and stones do flow ; 10
 The bottom, like the mountain's brow,
 A rugged, stony, plain :
 Yet here the fisher mends his nets,
 His traps to catch the fish he sets ;
 Or with his comrade, playful, bets 15
 The chance of loss, or gain.
 Within the far receding dell,
 Where mountains, lofty rising, swell :
 Each river, as its murmurs tell,
 From rock to rock resounds : 20
 Amid these Alpine scenes I see
 The cottage rise, of low degree ;
 Or trellis cot of vanity :
 Each in its narrow bounds.

The humble oyster-dredger here, 25
 Sends forth his earnings, far, and near ;
 The festive board to aid with cheer
 At Bristol's distant town ;
 When, as the Vessels home return,
 Each runs to see how much they earn ; 30
 What new supplies they bring to learn,
 And what to make their own.
 As on her rural bridge I stand,
 And look upon the busy strand ;
 O then I bless that gracious hand 35
 Which made the scenes around ;
 While here, in this sequester'd dell,
 His praise the joyful Sabbath bell
 From yonder whiten'd Tower shall tell
 Far as its echoes sound. 40
 And while adown the Vale of rocks,
 Where man all-wanton Nature mocks ;
 His Towers o'ertops, his feelings shocks
 In her terrific play :
 Yes ! where, on Linton's sister height, 45
 With Alpine Cliffs I charm my sight ;
 My Soul aspires to regions bright
 Of everlasting Day !

MY WIVES EQUAL.

SAINTED Eliza ! happy was my Youth,
 Blest with thy Innocence, and Truth :
 While, the blest gift of Heaven's High Lord,
 His Olive branches flourish'd round our board !

Rebecca's Innocence and Truth my Age
 In constant harmony engage ;
 In her thy virtues, holy virtues, shine :
 Thy Children hers, and all our Children mine !

ON THE CAVERN AT WOOKEY, NEAR
WELLS.

BRIGHT was the day ; the Sun, in glorious might,
 Fresh as a bridegroom, ran his daily course ;
 When into murky Caverns of the Night
 My anxious way, I, deeply musing, force.
 The glimmering candles feeble beams, alone, 5
 Could scarcely light me on the gloomy way ;
 While, cold-distilling from the blacken'd stone
 I feel the Cavern's chilling damp, and spray.

Then down Hell ladder, name too well bestow'd
On steps like these, my dreary way I trace ; 10
Till, in the fabled Witches dark abode,
My Guide explains the wonders of the place.
The lofty roof, from which the waters fall,
Extending far above our heads does rise ;
The Witches cauldron, and their spacious hall, 15
Attract our sight, our wonder, and surprize.
A silent river, on the side, does creep
From darkening arches in the rocky way ;
Then bursts impetuous down the Alpine steep,
And, leaving Night, comes gladly forth to day. 20
So we retrace our steps with anxious care,
And in these murky shades made no delay ;
Content to leave the Witch in Caverns there,
And, glad, return to light, and cheerful day.

Nusquam est.

I WENT to see Mathews, but still saw him not ;
So brisk are his changes, so curious his plot :
As a Frenchman, a Scotchwoman, queerer, and queerer,
In finding him out I was never the nearer !

HYMN XXII.

Written at the request of a Lady, for Music ; to be sang for a General Charity.

FROM realms of bliss the Saviour came
 To blessed Mercy's aid ;
 He lighted Charity's bright flame,
 And Christian Love display'd.
 To soothe th' afflicted Mourner's cries,
 And silence every grief ;
 He bids our social Love arise,
 And grant her cares relief.

He wipes away the Mother's tears,
 He bids her Son arise ;
 Forth from his bier his frame he rears,
 To bless the Widow's eyes.
 O'er lost Jerusalem he wept ;
 And when her downfal came,
 To those who had His statutes kept
 He gave their Saviour's name.

Christians ! rejoice ! your course pursue ;
 In goodness still excel :

The Saviour watches over you,
With you he deigns to dwell.
Him shall the new-born Infant praise,
The joyful Mother bless ;
The poor, relieved, his voice shall raise,
And ever thanks express !
Hallelujah ! Amen !

FOLLOW GOOD EXAMPLE.

ISAAC, for worth, Rebecca chose
To be his much-lov'd Bride :
So I Rebecca took from those
Whose virtues Truth had tried !

ON CUTTING MY OAKS

For Little Hampton New Church.

AWFUL the storm, which hurl'd me to the ground,
And my whole Soul in awful terrors bound ;
When my Eliza, rich in Christian charms,
Resign'd her Life within my widow'd arms :

Died as a Christian ought, and, free from guile, 5
On me she fix'd her last, sad, placid, smile,
As if to say, " But for a time farewell ;
Fear not the terrors dread of Death, and Hell :
But ever trust in our Redeemer ; He
Has captive led their great captivity ! 10
Be firm, and faithful, in your sacred cause ;
Proclaim His Truth, proclaim His glorious Laws ;
Protect our Children, lead their steps aright,
And we shall meet in everlasting light :
When happy Myriads rising from the Grave 15
Proclaim that Jesus lives, and lives to save !"
Then on my faithful breast reclin'd her head ;
And, as to Heaven her ransom'd spirit fled,
She died, resign'd, within those circling arms,
Which Marriage blest with all her Youthful charms.
Farewell, my Soul's beloved ! till the day
When I, like thee, God's summons must obey :
O may I then my Soul in peace resign,
And tranquil be my bed of Death, as thine :
One mutual Faith, and Hope, and Charity, 25
My Soul united, blessed Saint ! to thee !
And as thy parting Soul, receding fast,
On me those looks of love, and pity, cast ;
Thy frame, supported, on my heaving breast,
Fell in my arms, alas ! its last sad rest. 30

My trembling prayer for thy Salvation rose,
While thy dead body there had found repose ;
I call'd upon our God, with holy tears
Of more than mortal love, of more than mortal fears !
Prostrate on Earth the Widow'd Father wept, 35
While she, as in a gentle slumber, slept :
Cold, and inanimate, her senseless clay,
Her Spirit fled to realms of endless day !
Daily, and nightly, rose my mournful prayer ;
Her lov'd remains my own, my constant, care : 40
Till laid within the Tomb, all honours shown,
Which Christian Faith in Christian rites made known.
“ My house is desolate ; its charms are lost : ”
I cried, as on my sleepless couch I tost :
“ O where for consolation shall I fly, 45
But to my God, and to His Sanctuary ?
There, in my Duties, will I seek for Peace ;
His promis'd consolations never cease ! ”
At Little Hampton near my native Lands,
A pleasing Village on the Sea coast stands ; 50
Her Church was ancient, damp, and, damply warm,
Her Congregation's health it oft did harm ;
Small, and confin'd ; on every Sabbath-day
Too many came ; and many turn'd away
With sighs, and grief : who came in vain to hear 55
Those words and promises to Christians dear.

It pleased God my grateful heart to try,
Zealous to serve Him, in His Ministry :
He gave the Inclination, and the power,
Which cheer'd my drooping Soul in that sad hour. 60
His fostering rains my native Oaks drew forth,
His Suns did nourish them, and made them worth
To me, and mine, a sustenance ; and aid
In times of Education ; well repaid.
Then to my Woods my willing steps I bend, 65
The smiling woodmen on my steps attend ;
And for the sacred offering we fell
Our oaks in every hedge, and every dell.
From them the Altar, Pulpit, Desks, are given,
And sacred Font, an offering to Heaven : 70
From Heaven alone my wealth, and honours, came,
To Heaven I them devote, and to God's Holy Name !
A Romish Peer his noble offering gave ;
Norfolk's great Duke : for Jesus *all* will save
Who Him confess before the sons of men : 75
So spake Himself, so wrote th' Apostle's pen.
And other generous Neighbours gave their aid,
Till a new House for Prayer and Praise was made !

ON MARRIAGE.

WITH sacred harps th' Angelic host
 God's blest creation cheer'd ;
 And of His praises made their boast,
 As Heaven and Earth appear'd.

One beauteous Order reigns throughout
 In all His glorious scheme ;
 No living soul His Truth can doubt,
 In might and pow'r supreme.

So Angels stood, at Cana's feast,
 Unseen, around their Lord ;
 Beheld with joy his kind behest,
 Which cheer'd the Marriage board.

“ O Holy Love ! O sacred Rite
 To man from Heaven given ! ”
 Thus sang the Angels with delight
 As they rejoice in Heaven :

“ From thee does beauteous order rise,
 By thee is silenc'd strife ;
 And all the social Charities
 Are in the name of Wife.

Endearing tie to human kind,
 As worth and honour prove ;
 Their souls in blessed Union join'd,
 For God himself is Love !"

THE INSCRIPTION ON MY ELIZA'S TOMB,

Was put there by myself, and thus have I here versified the quotation from Proverbs xxxi. 28.

ELIZA to a better Life
 Was call'd—" her Children rise,
 And call her blessed : " He, whose Wife
 She was, to them replies ;
 And his opinion does aver :
 " Her Husband also praiseth her !"

ON MY BELOVED WIFE

Being struck with Death, while our Daughter sang, (from the sacred Air, " What though I trace," in the Oratorio of Solomon) these words : " Did I not own Jehovah's power !"

SHE faints, she falls ; my beauteous flower !"
 Earth claims its native dust ;
 Behold, at last, her mortal hour ;
 She yields, as mortals must !

Eliza seeks her kindred skies,
Where holy Angels roam ;
I see, through Faith, her Spirit rise,
And find her glorious home !

Those who believe, in that sad hour,
Their fate shall never rue ;
That heart, which “ own’d Jehovah’s power,”
To God and man was true !

TO MY REBECCA,

*Whom I married in that month*¹.

SWEET Maid ! on whom my fondest wishes turn ;
Whose Christian excellence my heart has won :
O may our Souls with one pure ardour burn,
And ever say to Heaven, “ Thy Will be done !”

“ Pure as the gold from the refiner’s fire ;”
Tried by Adversity, by Faith sustain’d :
Such is that worth whose goodness I admire,
Those gentle virtues which my Love have gain’d.

¹ May 21, 1826.

In one calm current, as the River stream
By Twickenham's Meadows gently passes on ;
Hope our support, and Charity our theme,
Till our last sand of mortal Life be gone :
Still may advancing years our Union prove,
Till Heaven itself be gain'd, and endless Love !

TO LITTLE HAMPTON CHURCH, 1826.

RISE, lovely Temple of my God ! arise !
Thy tasteful Gothic Pinnacles erect,
In Christian Triumph, to thy native skies :
Thy opening gates thy People glad expect.
Lift up your heads, ye gates : ye opening doors ;
I hear them entering on your sacred floors !

Their songs of Praise, and grateful Hymns, I hear ;
Their looks of pride, and chasten'd joy, I see :
Again their loud Hosannas strike my ear ;
My thankful spirit joins in ecstasy !
Lift up your heads, ye gates ; fly wide ye doors ;
The Christian triumphs, and his God adores !

Behold your Bishop, generous, and just ;
His kind example gave your Organ breath :
Its glorious strains proclaim our Hope, and Trust ;
“ Awake a soul within the ribs of Death.”
Lift up your heads, ye gates ; ye doors expand :
Admit to Prayer and Praise the Christian Band !

One Christian offering many pious men,
Uniting in thy cause, to God do raise ;
O for the Prophet's fire, and holy pen,
To speak His bounty, and our grateful praise !
Lift up your heads, ye gates ; to all who come
To pay Thanksgiving in this sacred Dome !

Rise, lovely Temple of my God, arise !
Thy tasteful Pinnacles with pride erect :
Thy blessed Altar greets my longing eyes :
My prayer to God I made, and did expect
To live to see thy gates expanded wide ;
To see thy People flowing like thy Tide !

DIRGE

On the Death of Sir Ralph Abercrombie.

No more the trumpet's clangour shall awake,
No more to battle rouse the arm of war ;
Fall'n is the mighty—Dread no more shall shake
The coward soul, when he appears afar.

In gloomy death *He* sleeps, whose noble deeds
Shall oft be sung by Britons yet unborn ;
No more by him the vaunting Frenchman bleeds,
Of gallant Britons not the dread, but scorn.

In vain the hostile crowds of French appear,
In vain his landing to prevent they try ;
Soon as the veteran warrior's name they hear,
Despairing thousands fight, despairing die.

Serene he smiles amidst the pangs of death,
Eager with victory the day to crown ;
Born for his Country's honour, his last breath
Is spent for her, her safety, and renown.

And do the Frenchmen loudly dare to boast
 Their arms *invincible* against their foes ;
 Them gallant Scotsmen, on th' Egyptian coast,
 In deeds of war courageously oppose.

See Victory th' expiring Hero crown,
 Hear the glad shouts of triumph rend the skies ;
 Before him see their standard humbled down,
 And then to Heav'n the gallant spirit flies !

ECONOMY,

A New Song upon an old Subject.

For economy's sake, whose rules I'll not break,
 I'll lay down a maxim most strange ;
 That wherever you go, or whatever ye do,
 You ne'er on variety range.

When in milliners shops, among curlypate fops,
 In Bond Street, or elsewhere you go ;
 Let no artifice tempt you your purses to empt
 Upon frippery, nonsense, and show :

But be true to the rules of these musty old fools,
Who of prudence and management prate ;
So you never shall find dull cares on your mind,
Or a rude noisy dun at your gate.

Thus you'll taste sweet content, when your money's
not spent
In idle and useless affairs ;
And wherever you go, smiles of pleasure will shew
Your face and your heart free from cares.

1890.

THE CHICHESTER LASSES PETITION

To His Royal Highness the Duke of York.

THE Soldiers all are marched away,
We mourn, we Sussex Lasses ;
And their Parade so fine and gay,
Is only trod by asses.

Instead of bugles, donkeys bray
In discord sad, and odious ;
And fifes and drums have roll'd away
In harmony melodious.

O cruel York ! to Ladies fair,
Commander ungallant too !
Our Winter Balls you ought to spare,
Where beauty would enchant you.

Command in Chief our gentle hearts,
A Realm 'tis well to reign in ;
And oh ! return our Soldier smarts,
Our gentle sway sustaining.

So help us Love ! for York our prayers
Shall ever rise spontaneous ;
Nor will we ever show our airs
When Soldiers try to gain us !

A CICESTRIAN EPIGRAM.

December, 1826.

To Bognor is the Sub-Dean gone,
His duties are vacated :
O say how shall they now be done,
To take them who is fated ?

Affrighted Rumour, far and near,
 Doth run from house to house ;
 The Mountain is in labour here,
 And see who is the mouse !

Pactolus none, from Lavant, flows
 Between each reverend Brother ;
 The World the mighty secret knows—
 “ One Curate’s like another !”

Then bless old England’s Church, and King !
 And those who would them humble,
 May discords sad their bowels wring
 In inharmonious grumble !

Let Curates, fat, or lean, go pray
 A blessing on their labours :
 And may they cease “ to *sing*, or *say*,”
 One word about their neighbours !

ON GIVING FOUR SEALS,

With suitable Inscriptions, to my Second Wife on our Wedding-day.

LONG may we live in *constancy*,
Peace, union, and fidelity !

RETIREMENT.

(To the Hymn of Eve.)

FAREWELL to Ambition, and Care,
 Which only my heart did oppress :
 Deceitful their promises were,
 And vain were my hopes of success.
 With truth, and with duty, combined,
 Maintaining God's gracious Laws ;
 Health, talents, my purse, and my mind,
 I willingly gave to His cause !

While honours, and riches, the great
 On others may heap, and bestow ;
 Content with a Curate's low state,
 Resign'd, and rejoicing, I go :
 Where the prayers of the Orphans arise,
 And the Widow and Fatherless sue ;
 There Heaven recorded my sighs :
 There God will declare my heart true !

September, 1825.

ECLOGUE.

Scene—The River near Twickenham.

*Persons:—NEPTUNE, THAMES, the ROYAL ROVER¹, ARBUTUS²,
FRAGARIA³—NYMPHS and TRITONS.*

As on the gentle river's stream the Tide
Fragaria bore, fair Twickenham's pride ;
The Royal Rover, smiling, at his ease
Admiring her who pleased was to please.
The Sister Nymphs the wedded pair attend,
And she, Arbutus named, the poor man's friend.
Lo ! as the Eel-pie Island came in sight,
And fragrant steams the longing taste invite :
Forth from the sedges Neptune stern arose,
And to the Rover thus pours forth his woes.

NEPTUNE.

Far from my briny waves why, Truant ! roam ;
Is this fresh water Tide the Seaman's home :
Why hast thou quitted noble Ocean's roar :
Why came, inglorious, to this peaceful shore ?

¹ Captain of the Royalist, R.N.

² Whoever has seen this fine Evergreen, full of delicious flowers and ripe fruit at once ; will confess the name appropriate.

³ The strawberry, grateful to every sense.

Return, and bear thy thunders o'er the Main ;
And quit, oh ! quit these Nymphs in smiling train !

Old Father Thames his awful summons hears,
With bulrush crown'd the River-God appears ;
His smaller Trident in his hand he bore,
And as he rose his waves did lash each shore.
He greets his Sovereign with friendly hail,
And thus replies to Neptune's piteous wail.

THAMES.

Let me, dread Monarch ! for the Rover plead,
Who to my eyes has brought a treat indeed :
Behold how Beauty sits by Valour's side,
A Bridegroom he, and she a happy Bride.
We've seen him fighting for his Country's Laws ;
Love gave him arms, and courage, in her cause :
And for his Voyages, and conflicts hard,
Beauty *herself* has given, his reward.

ARBUTUS.

Old Father Thames must recollect the day
When Twickenham's Church beheld our bright array ;
The bells rang cheerily, the Priest then pray'd
A blessing on the Hero, and the Maid.

Welcome he was, and welcome then he found
From all who knew his worth, from all around :
No Truant Rover has he left the Main,
But soon will visit Britain's shores again.

ROVER.

Behold, dear Neptune ! these enticing charms,
Behold Fragaria in her Husband's arms :
I see a smile your honour'd brows adorn,
I hear you call upon the Triton's horn :
I hear upon the gale the summons given :
“ Approach, and see the last best gift of Heaven :
Here are the Rover, and his lovely Bride ;
Their freight is rich, and crowns the river's tide !”

CHORUS OF NYMPHS AND TRITONS.

From coral beds, and pearly banks,
An offering we gladly bring ;
Join all in homage, all give thanks
To Neptune, Ocean's mighty King.

We have the Rover's vessel seen
So proudly o'er the green waves ride ;
And offer homage to his Queen,
Fragaria ! thee his lovely Bride !

NEPTUNE.

Rover, farewell ; when Honour calls again,
I soon shall see thee float upon the Main :
Again shall hear thy British thunders roll,
And waft her honour'd Flag from Pole to Pole.
O happy Thames ! by Love and Beauty blest,
Well may'st thou here in tranquil pleasure rest ;
Where Nature's charms in all her works appear,
No beauties greater than the Beauties here.

THAMES.

Farewell, brave Neptune ! ever may'st thou boast
Thy gallant Vessels guarding Albion's coast :
While in these peaceful haunts her Daughters dwell,
For love of whom her Heroes fight so well.

FRAGARIA.

Whene'er my Rover is inclined to roam,
O bring him hither, Neptune ! bring him home :
Where Friendship waits him with her open arms,
And Nuptial Love invites with all its charms.

ARBUTUS.

Blest is the Union of each heart, and soul ;
One sacred harmony pervades the whole :

Here may our happy Union last, and long
Its praise recorded in the Poet's song !

CHORUS OF NYMPHS.

Farewell, sweet Maidens, Sister Graces ye ;
From hence abide in sweet tranquillity :
And when again from hence the Rover strays,
His keel proud riding o'er our pathless ways ;
At Midnight shall he hear Fragaria's name
By Nymphs and Tritons sounded forth to Fame.

CHORUS OF TRITONS.

Rover, farewell, till Duty's hail
Again shall spread thy well known sail ;
And we rejoice thy gallant Crew to see :
Here may'st thou rest in happy bowers,
With her the Queen of fruits and flowers ;
A Captive happy in captivity !

And future Rovers we behold
In Time's perspective plainly told ;
Who, in their Country's cause,
Shall, ever faithful to their Trust,
Maintain her quarrels, wise and just ;
And guard her sacred Laws !

ENGLISH WORDS ADAPTED TO MR. W.
KNYVETT'S CANZONET,

"Tu fai."

GREAT God ! by thee created,
I worship thee alone ;
With Christian Faith elated,
I bow before thy Throne !
In troubles me surrounding,
My heart shall strengthen'd be ;
With gratitude abounding
From confidence in thee !

Thy Holy Word I cherish :
My comfort from my Youth :
And never can I perish,
Relying on Thy Truth !
So, till thy Trumpet calls me,
Or quick, or dead, to rise ;
Whatever ill befalls me,
To thee I'll lift my eyes !

TO A SICK FRIEND.

WHEN drooping spirits make the heart
 To sink with woes opprest,
 Then Friendship's balm allays the smart,
 And soothes the mind to rest.

Religion swells each kindly breast,
 From its blest sources draws
 Best comfort to the Soul opprest,
 Submission to God's laws.

Then bless my friend, kind Heaven ! I pray,
 With health, and life, and peace ;
 May sunshine gild her latest day,
 Her happiness ne'er cease !

ON PRESENTING MY BUST TO A LADY.

HOLLOW at heart this bust may be,
 Yet a true likeness still
 It ever will present to thee,
 A friend in heart, and will.

No treach'rous feelings shall disgrace,
No storms of fate destroy
His strong attachment to this place ;
The seat of peace, and joy !

HYMN XXIII.

Written at Little Strawberry Hill.

WHERE shall I worship God, I cried ;
With faith and hope sincere ;
In chambers hung with mortals pride,
Or where His works appear ?

Where Heaven's vast concave stretches round,
And Nature's charms appear ;
There shall my songs of praise resound,
For God himself is here !

HYMN XXIV.

*On the Birth of H. E. T. the second ; and found on the pillow of
his Cradle.*

ANGELS of Peace ! with tender care
This sleeping Infant guard ;

With gentle rest his strength prepare,
His Mother's Love reward !

Angels of Mercy ! bear our praise,
And grateful thanks to God !
To Him our hearts, our souls, we raise ;
We feel His guiding rod :

While through the Vale of years we tread,
As Pilgrims to the grave ;
His Mercy watches o'er each head,
His Power is great to save !

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE,

*On hearing Mr. Henshall, Organist to the R. C. Archbishop of
Dublin, play, and sing, in a party.*

BRIGHT Harmonist ! O ! strike the keys,
And Heavenly thoughts inspire :
Talents like thine are form'd to please ;
Then touch, O touch the Lyre !

And as to Heaven thy notes ascend,
Our hearts shall homage pay
To Him who taught thee to transcend
In Music's tuneful lay !

ON AN ILL AND HASTILY WRITTEN BOOK.

IN vain I try to read this book,
Its whole arrangement droll is ;
Its thoughts lugg'd in by hook, or crook,
Rudis, indigesta moles¹ !

ON THE SAME BOOK.

HIS arguments, truly, I eagerly read,
But as fast as with labour I gain them ;
He's off in a tangent ; too weak is my head,
In spite of my teeth, to retain them !

¹ A rude, unsettled, heap.—*Ovid's Metamorphoses.*

TO THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE
SOCIETY.

ALL hail to the Pastors, in languages able,
Who the World with translations astounded ;
But, like builders of old, at the Tower of Babel,
Confusion have strangely confounded !

Our sheep hear our voice, their Shepherds they know,
Our sound doctrine they follow most gladly ;
Then why for support to the enemy go,
Who tear down our sheep-fold so madly ?

Why join ye with those who the Saviour deny,
Who laugh at our Church, and her teaching ?
For experience has proved, what you cannot deny,
Their support, and their friendship, o'er-reaching.

TO ELIZA.

*Written at Shillinglee, my Father's former Seat, and late my eldest
Brother's Park, in July, 1824.*

HERE, in my native wood-walks wild,
I seek for peace, and rest ;
My heart, which loved thee as a Child,
Still loves thee, Angel blest !

Thy gentle spirit hence is fled,
To seek eternal Life ;
While here the secret tear I shed
For thee, my lovely Wife !

Oft the unbidden tear will start
When memory supplies
Thy virtues to my constant heart,
Thy form before my eyes.

The God of Love our union blest,
Who on thy upright mind
Religion, truth, and sense imprest ;
Most loved of Womankind !

A wanderer from my early home,
Yet thrice within this grove
With my Eliza did I roam,
And here we talk'd of love !

Thou glorious God ! whose holy tie
Two faithful hearts did bind ;
Oh ! let my sorrows purify
My woe-worn heart, and mind.

Direct our Children in thy ways,
And let our misery
Be turn'd to grateful songs of praise,
When trusting, Lord ! in Thee !

That we, when Angel trumpets call
The quick, and dead, to rise ;
Before thy mercy-seat may fall,
And live beyond the skies !

SECOND VERSE, ADAPTED TO THE AIR IN
ARTAXERXES.

“ IN Infancy our hopes, and fears,
Were to each other known ;
And friendship, in our earliest years,
Had twined each heart in one.”

I loved her youthful innocence ;
And, still, when Manhood reign'd,
Her virtues, Woman's best defence,
Her gentle rule sustain'd.

LINES,

Written in the Bathing-room, at the Cascade Spring in Stoke Rochford Park, the seat of Edmund Turnor, Esq. descended from the same Ancestor.

FOR ever may the Turnors flourish here,
 A Name to Law, and to Religion dear :
 Our ancient, noble, House will never fall,
 While we obey true Honour's glorious call.
 God and their Country our Forefathers served,
 Nor from the paths of true Religion swerved.
 Then while we all do run that glorious course,
 No Earthly power to turn us shall have force ;
 But, all our sins through Jesus Christ forgiven,
 Turnor and Turnour meet again in Heaven !

ODE TO MR. CANNING, THE NEW PREMIER.

It appeared in the St. James's Chronicle.

WHEN Britain's Peers, her noble Peers by birth,
 And others noble in intrinsic worth,
 Drew Freedom's sword, and, in their Country's cause,
 Told King and Pope they would maintain her Laws :

Give every man, however poor, his own,
And by the subjects love preserve the Throne :
This to the Tyrant John, and French Ally,
Was their resolve, and universal cry ;
 Whate'er the hope, the artifice, or cause,
 We *will not* change old England's glorious Laws !

Hear, Canning ! hear their warning voice to thee ;
Tempt not thy fate, or dreadful wilt thou fall :
“ The Ides of March are past ! ” but Liberty
Shall rise triumphant over Tyrants all.
The Church, the State, the Law, in Union strong,
Around their much-loved Monarch's Throne repair ;
To thee they lift our brave Forefathers song,
To thee they all this stern resolve declare :
 Whate'er the hope, the artifice, or cause,
 We *will not* change Old England's glorious Laws !

True Patriots ! all forsaking wealth, and power,
When faith to God, and to your King, did claim
Firm resolution, in that trying hour
Which sealed with Immortality your Fame :
While English hearts with English freedom burn,
While faith and virtue honour'd here shall be ;
Eternal laurels shall o'ershade each Urn,
And this be handed to Posterity :

Whate'er the hope, the artifice, or cause,
We *will not* change Old England's glorious Laws!

"Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari."

The Barons to King John.

TO THE SPIRIT OF CANNING.

I WILL not triumph o'er a fallen Foe¹,
Since God, not man, did send the deadly blow :
Poor victim to Ambition's fraudulent wiles,
Her golden diadems, her wanton smiles !
Alas ! for England ! Canning is no more !—
His short, his sudden, hapless, reign is o'er !
The Statesman triumph'd, but the man, in vain,
His friends, his long-tried friends, still hoped to gain ;
Till, in unwonted solitude, he sigh'd
O'er wreck'd Ambition—shed *one* tear ; and died !
May God to thee, O Canning ! mercy give,
And in the realms of Peace, and Love, to live !

¹ The Author is a Member of the Pitt Club, and dined at the London Club when Mr. Canning refused to meet them unless they gave up their fundamental toast, "The Protestant Ascendancy !"

LINES,

*Written at Cotehele Castle, Cornwall; in an Excursion up the Tamar
from Devonport.*

WHILE ancient Trophies gild these walls,
And time-worn arms appear ;
A happier lot our chance befalls,
And brighter charms are here.

When British Beauty calls “ to arms ;”
Our gallant Youths rejoice
In guarding lovely Female charms ;
And arm at Honour’s voice !

Now Peace her Halcyon wings expands ;
The storm of War is o’er :
Each gallant Tar, and Warrior, stands
An honour to our Shore !

ON THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

HAIL ! blessed Church of England ! Truth is thine ;
For in thy precepts Peace and Mercy shine :

Mild to thy Foes, most lenient, and forgiving ;
Thine is the praise, for thine is holy living :
Such as thy blest Redeemer's actions taught,
Whose Mercy shone in every word, and thought :
Such as the lesson shewn to human pride
By Him, who on the Cross for sinners died ;
By Him to heavenly Charity most true :
“ Father ! forgive !—they know not what they do !”
Hail ! blessed Church of England, faithful Bride
Of Him who is thy glory, and thy pride :
Still in thy Vineyard may I toil, each day,
Till my leaves fall, my root, and fruits, decay !

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

HER glorious Faith, and her unchanging Truth,
To Age's honours add the strength of Youth ;
From years her aspect grave is, and serene,
Yet is her vigour strong, and ever green :
Long may she flourish here upon the Earth ;
Then raised to Heaven, from whence she had her birth,
Proclaim to Saints above her Saviour's sway,
And shine with Him in one eternal day.

TO A BROTHER MINISTER.

To-DAY I your duty will take, though I must
 Give "Ashes to ashes, and dust unto dust :"
 "To the kingdom of Heaven such Infants belong,"
 Where their praises give grace to the Cherubims song :
 A grace truly holy, thanksgivings to Heaven,
 From whence their *short-breathing* of life was once
 given ;
 They pour forth their breath in thanksgivings, and
 praise,
 To God our Creator, *the Ancient* of Days !

ON THE FIGURE OF BRITANNIA, ARMED.

SALVATION'S helmet on her head I see ;
 In Christ, her Leader, sure is Victory :
 Ithuriel's spear her trusty arm does wield
 To aid St. George's Cross upon her shield ;
 That shield the safeguard of the Realms opprest,
 The well-known guardian of her kindly breast.
 Bold as her Lion's, mighty as his roar,
 Her awful voice is heard from shore to shore !

THE OIVING, MOVING, ADDRESS.

HARK ! hear ye Shepherds, and ye Swains :
 Ye noisy Carters stop your wains !
 No Music ever was so moving
 As this from Vicarage at Oving :
 Approach, ye Maids ! in gladsome dance,
 And on the well-mown Lawn, oh ! prance !
 Orion in his heavenly track,
 Arion on his Dolphin's back ;
 The greater, and the lesser, Bears
 Ne'er heard such symphonies and airs !
 Proceed, and prosper, much-loved Vicar !
 And as thy fingers rattle quicker,
 So will we lift our well-built legs,
 And dance "as sure as eggs are eggs !"
 So will we midst thy roses trample,
 And give of Oving grace a sample !

RESIGNATION.

God's will be done ! To Him my heart is known ;
 I bow with reverence before His Throne :
 His Truth, His Wisdom, Justice, I allow ;
 His Mercy cheers while to His Will I bow :

Riches and honours deck my name no more ;
A weak, and erring, Steward, I adore
His bounteous goodness still, and will proclaim
To children's children, great Jehovah's Name.
So, when with age and sorrows sore oppress,
On my last pillow, I shall sink to rest ;
Resign'd, and patient, will I meet my doom :
Faith, Hope, and Charity, shall grace my Tomb !

TO MY COUNTRY.

February, 1829.

AWAKE, my Country ! lift thy drooping head,
Nor still, Britannia ! tears in silence shed ;
Awake, and on thy Sons for succour call ;
They hear thy sighs, and they will hear thee all.
Let Oxford, Learning's sacred Seat, begin,
And raise thy Standard : soon will more come in,
To form around thy Throne a gallant Band,
In thy defence prepared to die, or stand.
Long may our Patriot King enjoy his own,
May Peace, and Honour, still support his Throne ;
Nor be his Church, his honour'd Church, laid low ;
Before the Altars of her deadly Foe.

That deadly Foe, who always did combine
With each assailant of the Peace of thine ;
That Foe, whom Truth and Falsehood suit alike ;
Resolved to fawn while yet prepared to strike.
Awake, Britannia ! lift thy laurell'd head ;
Nor Foes, or Foreign, or Domestic, dread :
For Traitors ever did the conflict rue,
When happy England to herself was true.
“ We will not change our Laws,” thy Barons said,
When to the Pope, and France, thou wert betray'd ;
“ We will not change our Laws,” be now our Cry ;
And England's Sons will gain the Victory !

THE CHRISTIAN GRACES,

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

“ Non nobis, Domine ! non nobis ; sed Nomini tuo da gloriam.”

By Faith, from pure Religion having birth,
I see my Saviour still upon the Earth ;
I hear his voice, and in his look benign,
I see, and feel, the Christian graces shine !
In Hope aspiring still, beyond the Grave
I see my blest Redeemer, great to save :

His Cross sustains me on my weary way,
And leads to regions of eternal day !
In Christian Charity I trace his love,
Nor mortal blindness can his face remove :
For Jesus Christ does each believer see
In deeds of Faith, and Hope, and Charity !

TO THE VICAR.

WHILE you, my dear friend, with true Protestant
ardour,
Of Worcester's good College are seeking the Larder ;
And fully resolved, in the cause of the Church,
To leave no good things, or your Chums, in the lurch ;
In Arundel's woods, in her meadows, I roam,
And my heart beats responsive to Home, my sweet
Home.

"Euge bone !" go prosper ; and honour attend
With fame and success, all your footsteps, my friend :
So with bays, and with laurels, and early Spring flowers,
Will we hail your return unto Oving's sweet bowers.
There, upright in your chair, or reclined at your ease,
As the lawn, or the arbour, your taste shall most please ;

While the Zephyrs, soft breathing, do whisper around
May these lines, to amuse you, be readily found !
Alma Mater ! dear Oxford, thou Mother of Arts ;
Whose time-honour'd virtues have won all our hearts ;
May Eternity crown thee with glory, and praise ;
And thy name be preferr'd by the Ancient of Days ;
To Him ever faithful, his cause is thy own ;
His Cross is thy banner, his Bible thy throne ;
His Church on a rock by thy Sons is uprear'd,
His Name *by them all* shall be honour'd and fear'd.
The blood of thy Martyrs, cemented with fire,
Has raised thy foundations still higher, and higher :
Like a Beacon, erected by youths, and by sages,
Shalt thou flourish through Time, and in Ages of Ages ;
And He, both Omega and Alpha, confess
Thy Children His Sons, while His Faith they profess.
Alas ! I lament a sad Illness, and Fever,
Which made me in youth, though in Him a believer,
Although well prepared *to seek Honours* from thee,
Take only an honour, a Noble's Degree :
Or else, at the present a Master of Arts,
Or D.D. would I vote for the Mother of hearts ;
Of true British hearts, firm, and strong, in the cause
Of Religion and Virtue, of Truth and her Laws.
Now, alas ! by the foe of Mounts Sion, and Hermon,
Has Popery cramm'd down my throat a good sermon,

A Protestant sermon ; and gagg'd my strong jaws
With her Saints, and her wafers, her ribbons and gauze;
Till my bowels offended will vomit them forth,
And here spread confusion from South-Sax to North.
But my heart is with thee, Alma Mater ! my soul
To thee ever points, for thou art my North Pole.
And though thou art a load-stone, *a lump* I appear ;
In *my* heart of hearts was *thy cause* ever dear :
To thee I have ever devoted my soul,
As the needle, though varying, points to the Pole :
Though shaken by Illness, and stiffen'd by Age,
Thy truth's in my Sermons, adorning each page.
Nor has all I imbibed in Saint Mary's dear Hall
Been consign'd to the flames, or been lodged on a
stall ;
For Prelates, and Nobles, my Brethren, and others,
Have been to my writings as Fathers, and Brothers ;
Have cherish'd intentions the Truth to maintain,
And to hasten of Heaven the kingdom, and reign ;
That in heart, word, and action, all Christians may be
Soon worthy their Judge, and Redeemer, to see !
In thy Libraries works of my Fathers are found,
They drank of thy milk, and they fought on thy ground :
They died for their King, and they jeopardied all,
When the Church, and the State, before Cromwell
did fall.

And when James, Popish James, in his folly and pride,
 Once more to establish Idolatry tried ;
 To the Tower, and the Judgment, a Turnor did go,
 Our loyalty, honour, attachment, to show.
 Hail Bishop of Ely ; hail Sir Edward *the Speaker*,
 Who raised at the King's Restoration a beaker :
 " May the King reign for ever !" his war cry, and
 toast ;
 " While the Church, ever loyal, of him makes her
 boast !"

Among Anne's faithful servants a Turnor was known,
 As a friend of the people, a friend of the Throne ;
 And the toast of her day, by each clever discernor,
 " Queen Anne," was " the Lord Keeper Wright," too
 and " Turnor ¹."

In thy Libraries, Oxford ! my writings appear ;
 To me thy applause, and protection, are dear :
 When from thee I do turn, and change this resolution,
 Be my works, and myself, then, both, turn'd to con-
 fusion ;

Let my name, and my record of shame, then remain
 Affix'd to some corner of Turn-again-Lane !

¹ " Queen Anne ! the Lord keep her right, and turn her !" — A politico-religious punning Toast.

Ah, no !—as a Turner, a Turnor, Turnour,
Will I work for thee, Oxford ! still hour by hour :
Will I sing at my wheel, will I turn me around
To shield thee from danger where perils abound :
Will I combat with Infidel, Rebel, and Pope,
And thrash them with pen, with my verse, and a rope :
And if straying I catch the Red Witch in thy quarters,
I'll hang Mother Babylon in her own garters !
Let Marcus *his onion and salt* quick prepare,
For his cause will evaporate into the air ;
The Pope, and the Devil, together are sick,
For Pope Leo *has roar'd out his last* to old Nick !
Huzza, Boys of Oxford ! huzza for the Throne ;
Give England's good King, and the Devil, their own :
“ A sociis noscitur,” birds of a feather
Will ever be feeding, and flocking together.
Prepare then a Gala for George our dear King,
And with heart, and with voice, together we'll sing ;
Be eternal thy Throne, and let Valour, and Beauty,
Say “ England expects every man to his Duty ;”
The first man among us is firm in her cause,
Of her Faith the Defender, her Truth, and her Laws :
In his heart kind, and tender, a Scholar profound,
And one more accomplish'd can seldom be found.
Dear Crotch ! let thy Organ pour forth its loud strain,
“ May the King live for ever ;” for ever George reign

In the hearts of his People, the heart of his Church ;
“ And their foes, and opponents, be left in the lurch !”
Adieu ! my dear Vicar ! till, rejoicing, we meet,
With the Pope bound in fetters at Oxford’s dear feet ;
Like Michael, the Dragon in chains may she bind ;
Remembering the adage, “ safe bind, and safe find.”
“ While the Mass shall be sung, and the bells shall be
rung,”
By Rome, that confounder of language, and tongue ;
Let Papists go wander across the wide sea :
And the Protestant Knights have the Victory !

TRUE LOVE.

Hours may pass with rapid wings,
And seasons roll away ;
Love, which all human pleasures brings,
True Love shall ne’er decay.

Implanted in th’ immortal Soul :
It grows, increases, there ;
And while the World away shall roll,
It still will flourish fair.

While Heaven with benignant smile,
The smile of holy Love ;
Receives each heart so free from guile,
And will their Loves improve.

For time may fly with rapid wings,
And varying seasons see ;
True Love, which every rapture brings,
Shall gild eternity !

LETTERS FROM WATERING PLACES, IN
THE SUMMER OF 1808.

To C. E. A. Esq.

DEAR Charles ; I your letter have just got at Hastings ;
Which Worthing, or Brighton, most fairly surpasses :
Where folks are so civil as not to want bastings,
And therefore all blows are bestowed on their asses.

Where our lodgings are just by the Ocean, and pleasant :
The fine open Sea, on which oft one discovers ;

Having pass'd through the woods, the resort of the
pheasant :

Two or three hundred Sail from the *Seat of the
Lovers.*

Where provisions are plentiful, not over dear ;
And each cornfield around waves in beauteous abundance :

And of famine or scarcity there is no fear ;
For fish is brought in on the beach, to redundancy.

But as for famed Worthing ; they say on all hands,
That our bathing or sailing are equally good :
And all it can boast of are beautiful sands ;
But here are good sands, also plenty of wood.

Here also are libraries, concerts, and balls ;
And the bands play, alternate, each night on the
beach :
In the woods are *the Fish-ponds*, th' *old Roar*, and
more falls ;
Which a walk of an hour will easily reach.

Your way is through lanes, which are shady, though
sandy ;
Here and there climb a gate, or perhaps a small stile,

As cutting across through a cornfield is handy,
And the gay waving ears, too, your way will beguile.

We have been near the Ocean at many more places,
At the least, I am certain, to forty or thirty ;
But at all but sweet Hastings we meet with sour faces,
At Sandgate were shingles, Southend was oft dirty.

At Hastings a smile on each visage you meet,
And when on a bargain, have no need of curses ;
For though you suppose that the Chap is a cheat,
He, in spite of your teeth, smiles the cash from your
purses.

We enjoy good health, have good spirits in plenty,
As over the Hills which surround us we roam ;
And I think that these scenes would entirely content
ye,
Not cause you to sigh for your far-distant home.

In all our sets-out we resemble the Gipsy,
Like him have the children up-borne on an ass ;
And we carry our dinners, but never get tipsy,
For each rill does all wine and strong liquors sur-
pass.

Then we ramble through woods where the soft doves
are cooing,

And sympathy lights in my heart the sweet flame ;
Though married eight years and more, I begin wooing ;
Oh ! say, brother Benedict ! am I to blame !

The diversified scenes this gay Cinque-Port surround-
ing ;

Were I of each beauty, each feature to speak,
Where pleasure so rural each Vale does abound in :
My letter to praise them would hold out a week.

And here the mild air has restored Edward's spirits,
His health and his strength to a Parent how dear :
And instead of caresses he often wants whirrets ;
Or in lieu of a kiss, a good box on the ear.

But here, my dear Cousin, I rather am joking ;
Such monkey's allowance we seldom dispense ;
His actions though boisterous are not provoking ;
Once more we rejoice in his proofs of good sense !

For a good understanding, with fair education,
Has more often the wiles of old Satan withstood ;
And will teach the blest youth to adorn any station :
Depending for help on the Author of good.

We have heard that fair Juliet, that singer so charming ;
Enraptured how many have dwelt on her notes,
Finds that jackasses singing is very alarming ;
And leaps from their backs, when they set up their
throats.

George writes too from Worthing, while "Jacky was
braying,
The lass in her hurry so sorely dismay'd,
To all the gay folks made a famous displaying :"
Behold how fair Virtue by Vice is betray'd !

I fancy our Damsel's more ready at sticking
On the back of her poney, a galloway brown ;
For when he rebels, he obtains a good licking :
Tantivy she dashes away o'er the down.

Here are tea-drinking Cottages, where they supply ye
With cream and good butter ;—a kettle of water :
The people are civil, and never will try ye
By asking too much, if you'll cry out for quarter.

And thus, midst a chatter, my verses I proffer ;
With pleasure your letters I get, and I write :
And if you'll write often, I also do offer
The labours of scribbling to often requite.

Give our love to the Family near ye, and round ye,
And may ye enjoy the Summer in ease :
While I, E. J. ———, midst those which surround me,
Abide on the shore of the far-sounding Seas !

TO THE SAME.

DEAR Charles, how your letter has caused us to laugh ;
Its descriptions so just, and so clever :
Of its merit so great, I could ne'er attain half,
Were my powers exerted for ever.

But be rivalry distant, for I can admire
Those beauties, as fast you create 'em,
And those whom to rank with I chiefly aspire,
“ Genus *non-irritabile* vatum !”

Of London, you boast that it Hastings exceeds ;
All its beauties of art the production :
But Nature shows charms in the smallest of weeds,
More than plants which from hotbeds have suction.

I think too a sight of the cows, and the steers,
And all things which the Country relate to ;
Or a fair Harvest Carol ; excel Volunteers,
Or Squallini, th' Italian Castrato.

So much too is Nature preferred to Art,
By us who're at Hastings residing ;
That we find far more charms in the rude fishing cart,
Than barouches which gay folks do ride in.

Then, the dust in your streets, and the heat, and the
stinks ;
For which London in summer is famed ;
To compare with the Country sure nobody thinks :
They're not on the same day to be named.

On the twentieth, for Eastbourne our course do we
bend,
For the fat British Ortolan famous ;
And if to eat Wheatears our jaws should extend,
We hope that your worship won't blame us.

This Wheatear's a lark, which abounds on the hills,
And is nearly as fat as he's long, Sir !
Who full often the dish of the Epicure fills,
More, like him, famed for bulk than for song, Sir !

In our way pass Bexhill, where the soldiers, in huts ;
For Bexhill's for four thousand a station :
Seem to have very little for filling their guts,
And a prey to ennui, and vexation.

In this out of the way place no pleasures abound,
No Dog and Duck places for drinking ;
But a thing in which seldom have Soldiers mirth found,
Here's time in abundance for thinking.

The next place is Pevensey Bay, and well known
For William the Conqueror's Landing ;
Who long'd and who fought for old Albion's throne,
Till he wielded its sceptre his hand in.

And, Charles, were I sceptical, much I should doubt
That the Duke was of Norman extraction ;
To claim an Estate, by the Owner kept out,
Seems more like an Irishman's action.

Brave Harold march'd tow'rds him, they met on the
plain ;
How the arrows and axes did rattle :
And the place where poor Harold was found 'mongst
the slain,
Was adorn'd with the Abbey of Battle.

Much famed for its riches, its power, its lands,
Till the time of our Church Reformation ;
When from Harry it came into more private hands,
And is now for the Websters a station.

Here the Cells are remaining, where oft was the cry
To Heaven, so bounteous, arising ;
Of those who for pleasures forsaken did sigh :
Sweet Natur e! thy best charms despising.

Well man might repine, unless Milton does fib,
A prey both to grief and vexation ;
'Till sweet Woman was form'd from out of his rib,
And shed a new light on Creation.

Ever blest be the day by Religion, and Love,
Which gave rise to the glorious Reform ;
Which the shackles of Priestcraft, and Monks did re-
move,
No more Anglia's face to deform.

Hail wedded Love !" as raptured Milton sings,
" Mysterious Union ; source of rapture, hail !"
When *blest* by thee, no Peasant envies Kings :
'Gainst thee no more the gates of Hell prevail !

Through thee to Man does true Contentment rise ;
His Wife, his Children strew his way with flowers :
His heart they lift with rapture to the skies ;
Thy best of gifts, O God of Love ! are ours !

Battle Abbey is still worth a cursory view,
Its old Hall, and the Gateway are curious ;
And we have beheld it, since most people do ;
For Antiquity all are so furious.

For my part, I find that the Moderns excel
So much in contrivance and comfort ;
That though furniture dips in a purse, like a well,
I gladly give cash to have some for't.

With good wishes to you and to yours, I remain
Still of incense to Muses a burner :
May your next Child excel in its health, strength, and
brain ;
Says, dear Charles, your old Friend, E. J. ——— !

TO THE SAME.

DEAR Charles ; inspired by Kennet Ale,
Nought can exceed thy well-wrote Tale :
I, favour'd by the Water King,
Of his domains, enraptured, sing.

Since we from Hastings bent our way 5
To Eastbourne, full of Soldiers gay ;
Old Time has flown on pinions swift,
Scarce suffer'd us to sleep, or shift.
Here on the Terrace are we fixt,
Cornfields and gardens just betwixt : 10
In front we view the azure main,
Whose waves delight and health contain.
Each morn at six I duly wake,
My way across the corn to take ;
And having reach'd the sands so good, 15
I plunge into the briny flood :
Sometimes, I float as light as cork,
As if I perch'd on Neptune's fork ;
Sometimes I mount the breaker high,
With pleasure sparkling in my eye, 20
Well pleas'd the dashing foam to meet ;
And rushing through, with hands and feet
To spurn the strong advancing Tide,
And on the lofty wave to ride.
I joy to hear the billows roar 25
Upon the far resounding shore ;
And often in the length'ning swell
Methinks I hear the Triton's shell.

The Cliffs, which, towering to the skies,
At Beachy Head in grandeur rise 30
Six hundred feet above the wave,
Which round their base is wont to rave ;
And verdant Downs adorn the scene,
Where Eastbourne lies the fields between.
Here, on the road which from the Town 35
To the Sea-houses doth lead down,
Are we just centrically placed ;
The very spot for men of taste.
Near us the Theatre does rise ;
Where hearty laughs, or tragic sighs 40
Deftly amuse the passing hour,
Assisted by Cremona's power.
Hail thou, O Jubal ! who didst put
On sounding shell the strings of gut ;
And carving wood-work in the middle, 45
Produced the fine melodious fiddle.
Here oft its grunting, groaning, whining
Our Theatre doth sound so fine in ;
That folks do seem its notes to take
As cure for the dry belly-ache ; 50
Just as, of old, th' anointed sword
Would a most noted cure afford,
Wherever was the wounded found ;
Provided only 'bove the ground :—

So here the Swain, " whose twisted tripes 55
The nut or sour crab-apple gripes ;"
Is by the fiddle's groaning freed :
That best of friends, a friend in need.
Here heroes who deserve the stocks,
Assume the truncheon, and the socks : 60
Others the comic buskin put on,
And all their flow of wit unbutton :
Oft have I seen that mirth arose
As much from the ungarter'd hose,
As any wit, or pastime, true, 65
Which he who drew Malvolio knew.
Poor Hodge, whose eyes, the Comic Stage,
From's head protruding will engage ;
Will oft, immersed in gloomy fit,
Let pass the flashes of the wit ; 70
But argumentum baculum,
Will make his hearty laughing join 'em.

Just on the beach, of buildings fair,
A row of Barracks seated are ;
Here Temple's Lord did gaily call 75
The lads and lasses to a Ball.
On the Parade the Mess-room shone
A galaxy of light, alone ;

On t'other side, and just before us
Arose a Military Storehouse : 80
Here had the Adjutant's kind pains,
After well-cudgelling his brains,
An edifice for Dancing raised
By every spectator praised.
And what is more to be admired ; 85
The Captain surely was inspired ;
He its contents did put to use,
And a white wainscot did produce ;
(What can withstand the power of riches !)
Of Soldiers' waistcoating and breeches. 90
Around the walls he drew the cloth ;
To cut to waste he was most loth :
So the Light Company may prance in
The very walls we used for dancing.
If master Buonaparte comes, 95
And this sad cloth adorns their ——
He to their dancing sure must play
“ Over the hills and far away !”
And, Charles, I think, ther'd be some fun in
Seeing them chasing, Bony running. 100
Around the room the Captain weaves
A bordering of verdant leaves,
Which twisted o'er and o'er again
Denote the patriot wreath of Spain.

Two massy beams which run across 105
Had to the beauty been a loss ;
Then what does he, the best of wights,
Adorns each beam with leaves and lights.
And thus they each abundant spread,
Their verdant coping overhead ; 110
While lights, with taste arranged, were seen
The flowers and cluster'd leaves between.
Each Gothic window too was bound
With shining evergreen around ;
And opposite, in grotto green, 115
The Band, in uniform, were seen.
So well perspective had he sought,
That most, upon their entrance, thought
Two arched mirrors did arise,
Before their well deceived eyes ; 120
In which reflected, all the Band
On t'other side had seem'd to stand.
In front a Trophy was array'd,
The Spanish motto and cockade :
And proudly to each British eye 125
Told kindred spirit, " Win, or die !"
Now ev'ry lass her gown up-tucks,
To dance among the Royal Bucks :
Though some as Partner chose, for fun,
A naval Captain, or Great Gun. 130

Other sweet girls their legs did raise,
In concert with our good Queen's Bays ;
And some for envy near had swoons,
To see two handsome Light Dragoons
In spurs bedeck'd and whisker'd pride, 135
Adown the Dance so gaily glide.
Now after each had stirr'd his crupper,
Behold the glad announce of Supper !

Here I invoke that Hero Tabulous,
The gourmand Emp'ror Heliogabulus ; 140
Or Epicurus, fond of eating,
Whose bowels held both rich and sweet in :
Or Quin, whom turbots rare would bribe,
To help me the gay scene describe.

Here every fruit the time produces, 145
Each for its flavour known and juices ;
The noble Temple did afford :
Which actually did *crowd* the board.
Here melons, peaches, nectarines shine
Amidst the fragrant scented pine : 150
Most num'rous did the latter grace,
In yellow pomp, the festive place ;
Where so abundant were the pines,
So good the punch, the negus, wines ;

So rich the wheatears, fat the lamb ; 155
Most exquisitely flavour'd ham :
That had there been old Citizen Guttle,
He ne'er had known wherein to put all.
Rich cakes and pastry too were ranged
Enough all temp'rance t'ave deranged. 160
Meanwhile the Band, with watering mouth,
Eyes right, and facing to the south,
With martial strains the hearts did cheer
Of those who had the heart to hear ;
For most assembled were employ'd, 165
So much the Banquet they enjoy'd :
As if they scorn'd the time to waste
On any other sense than taste.

Then having drank “ Success to Spain,”
And fill’d the glasses o’er again : 170
“ Once more to Dancing pipe all hands ;”
The dancing Hostess gay commands.
On ev’ry side the crowd surrounds,
Kept off a little by the bounds ;
Yet near enough the whole to see, 175
The Dance, the festive jollity.
Besides the mess-room, two rooms more
Afford the hospitable store ;

And every table did afford
Like bounties of the Colonel Lord ¹. 180
Thus, until four the Dance goes on,
The lasses gaily tripping down ;
Then each retires, to dream a-bed
Of Beaux in blue and gold, or red.
Much for the Fete the guests respect ye, 185
And cry, " O Templa ! quam dilecta² !"
Well pleased again to hear the call,
And hasten, Temple ! to your Ball.

One evening, horse and foot turn out
Th' expected enemy to rout ; 190
Around on all sides nought one hears
But of approaching privateers.
They took of trading vessels four,
And drove a timber brig ashore.
One to Martello Tower does run, 195
And boldly fireth off the gun ;
Which once against the foe does roar,
Then stout denies to fire more.
The brig drives on, to 'scape the foe,
And on the sands rebounds below ; 200

¹ The present Duke of Buckingham, then Earl Temple, was the Colonel of the Royal Buckinghamshire Militia.

² His Lordship's family motto : " How beloved are the Temples !"

The crew are saved : all crowd the strand,
Expecting that the foe may land.
Dragoons come scouring down the road :
The French return to their abode.
Now rage inflames each heart in vain, 205
No ships are here to chase amain ;
But, half a mile from Britain's shore,
Her foes in shouts rejoicing roar.
Some say the foe was three hours gone,
Before the martial bands march'd down : 210
But where the blame lies no one knows,
So all is kept beneath the rose.

One day, along the shore we sped,
And walk'd till under Beachy Head :
Whose Alpine heights sublimely rise, 215
And almost seem to reach the skies.
Where, when but just escaped the wave,
The shipwreck'd seaman finds a grave ;
The lofty cliff forbids to climb,
And gives Eternity for Time : 220
While in more calm and peaceful skies,
The shipwreck'd souls to glory rise !
Here graves, in woeful numbers, tell
How many gallant seamen fell ;

And bid the passers by with dread 225

Behold the rocks of Beachy Head.

Here oft the bittern shrieks around,

Or gulls scream o'er the turfey mound :

The dull wave heavy beats the coast ;

A Requiem to the Seaman's Ghost ! 230

Thus having sung of Sea, and Land ;

Of Triton's shell, and Bucks grand Band :

Of dancing, fighting, shipwreck :—'fore ye,

Dear Charles, I lay each wondrous story :

If you don't like my Letter, burn her : 235

But I remain yours, E. J. ———.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL,

Written Christmas Eve, 1808.

Now Christmas fare and cheerfulness around us do
prevail ;

Who cannot carol deftly, should tell a merry Tale :

Now rebuses, charades abound ; and some there are so
cunning,

Who rather than sit silent by will lug a wretched pun in.

“Comparisons are odious!” says the maxim most divine;
A little mirth they oft create :—I’ll hazard some of
mine.

I’ll venture to tell fortunes too, like other clever fellows;
Who first will find our stories out, and them as *news*
will tell us.

Three Saints are famed in History, whose namesakes
here we see;

Saint George, old England’s Champion; Saint Anne;
and Saint Mary;

Like England’s gallant warrior, George courageous I
foresee,

For honesty and honour known, and much sobriety.

Saint George loved Una, Spenser says; and claim’d her
for his Bride;

And, like a true and loyal Knight, none other loved
beside:

But here old Maids and tender Virgins too would
surely faint,

If the Sieur George as Bachelor had rivalled the Saint:
Here “odious is comparison;” fair Ladies! do not
chide:

The Youth flirts with his Daphne, and with fifty girls
beside.

“ O sweet Maria, heavenly Maid !” hath oft, this day,
been sung ;

While holy extacy and love on all around have hung.
So famed for meek-eyed gentleness is she we all
admire ;

So amiable, so lovely, is our much-esteem’d Maria.
Sweet Maid ! of thee I prophecy, and gladly do fore-
tell,

Where’er thy gentleness is known, each one will love
well !

Saint Anne the sacred story calls the blessed Virgin’s
Mother ;

And who so good a Daughter rear’d must be just such
another :

So pious, chaste, and excellent ; improving much her
mind

By reading, and contemplating ;—I here the likeness
find ;

And of our Anne I now foresee, my prophecy is true :
She will produce men children, and pretty virgins too !

Now for the Saint whose name I bear, unlike him
though I be ;

Saint Edward the Confessor was :—confess, ye maids,
to me ;

Which would ye rather have, the Saint as lover, or
the Sieur :

If true I do prognosticate, he'll make a jolly wooer.

Young men, I pray ye not to me, but to the girls confess

How much a just and virtuous love can ev'ry creature
bless !

Now Christmas, with his shaking sides, who well does
rule the roast ;

Producing forth his flagons, will demand a jocund
Toast :

“ May happiness and peace remain for ever fix'd
among us ;

We who have Wives will only smile, whenever they
do tongue us :

Young men be all united to the lasses they admire ;

And all old Maids be married soon, for 'tis what they
desire !”

ON THE THREATS OF INVASION.

To me no source of wonder
 The sword's dark gore, the battle's thunder ;
 Who've seen fell desolation stalk around ;
 It is Ambition makes our wounds to flow,
 For Liberty *we* feel the cheering glow ;
 And still we'll fight, though hosts of Foes sur-
 round.

Let Austria mourn her gallant efforts vain :
 Still Britain triumphs o'er th' extended Main
 And boldly dares the Gallic foe to face :
 The joyful cry to Britain, " they advance !"
 Woe to thee, Emperor, Potentate of France !
 The conflict o'er, here ends thy fiery race.

Thy fierce Ambition, too, both friends and foes,
 Insatiate, has through many years employ'd :
 Though daily to thy sight and mind arose,
 'Twas Empire won but never yet enjoy'd !

DE ANGLIA INVADENDA. 1806.

DULCIS Amor Patriæ, sunt dulcia nomina semper
 Conjugis atque Patris ; grataque tecta domi.
 Hæc vires dabunt homini, atque in pectore robur ;
 Hanc terram invades ?—Gallia falsa cave !

Nostrum justitia æqua est humanitasque ;
 Tu sævâ causâ, tu quoque fraude viges.
 Est Deus in cœlo, bonos qui semper amabit :
 Illi crudelis, nec tua causa placet.

Si bellum tolles in Anglos, robore fidens ;
 Nos sumus in Domino, justitiâque hilares :
 Decipiat Gallos sceleratus et improbus ille,
 Sceptrum qui sumpsit : Jam, neque Victor erit !

ON THE INVASION OF ENGLAND.

Translation of the Latin verses above, by the Author of them.

SWEET is our Country's Love, and sweet the names
 Of Husband, Father ; grateful is our home.
 Strengthen'd by these, each heart with courage flames ;
 Invade our land ; O Gaul ! beware thy doom !

Humanity's and justice on our side ;
In fraud and cruelty you still excel :
For good men Providence will sure decide ;
Your cruel Tyrant's cause can ne'er do well.

If confident in strength you us invade ;
In God and justice trusting, we rejoice :
Still by th' Usurping Wretch be France betray'd,
For Victory depends not on *his* voice !

The above is rendered line for line from the Latin ; except where the idiom of the language will not quite allow it in the two last.

REPLY TO MISS HOWARD'S NOTE TO THE SICK AUTHOR.

" Spring birds are always welcome."

THOUGH wintry storms on Arun's borders rage,
And make all Nature seem but one blank page ;
Though all be hidden underneath the snow,
And sluggish rivers hardly seem to flow :
No shrubs appear to cheer our dreary scene,
No rosy bowers, or laden trees, are seen :
Yet every Season blessings brings to man ;
Such is the God of Mercy's gracious plan !

This type of death, so dreary, waste, and cold,
Which chills the pasture, and confines the fold ;
To warmer suns shall in the Spring give way,
And burst with life renew'd, and cheer the day.
Again on every spray the birds shall sing,
And hail with glad acclaim returning Spring.
So, when our Judge's last, and awful, storm,
His beauteous work, in anger shall deform ;
When his bared arm, and just, excited, ire
Shall burn this World, and all its works, with fire ;
New Earth, and Heavens, at His word, shall rise,
And one Eternal Spring shall please our eyes.
There to the blessed realms of peace and love,
Shall all his faithful followers remove ;
There in His presence shall, enraptured, sing
The praise of their Redeemer, God, and King ;
There shall receive the welcome from their Lord ;
Because to his poor children they afford,
From his own Bounty, mercy here below ;
Glad to discharge *for Him*, the debt they owe :
They, like the birds in Spring, with glad acclaim,
Raise hallelujahs to Jehovah's Name !

NE SUTOR ULTRA CREPIDAM.

Now our Vicar corrects the good Shoemaker's lines,
And their grammar adjusts, while their sense he re-
fines ;

His toils and his labours can ne'er be surpast,
And they fit, and are match'd, and are polish'd, at *last*.

Go to Chichester, friend, if your fancy it suits
To want polish'd verses, or good shoes, and boots,
For in Little London of each is a treasure,
And in all he'll afford you good measure for measure !

Now Intellect marches no longer on stilts,
And all men with knowledge are cramm'd to the hilts ;
A Shoemaker, surely, can teach us, with grace,
As his verse we recite still to keep pace, by pace.

No sliding, no treading down heel, nor out toes ;
His work will be lasting as long as he goes :
Then may Time be shod by him, to keep out wet
weather,
And he and old Time go to Heaven together.

Nor powers, nor brains, in his joint-work are lacking,
While he beats Day and Martin, and Warren, in black-
ing ;

His verses are polish'd, his sentences fine,
Like his shoes they fit well, and in due lustre shine.

Proceed then, kind Vicar ! encourage his Muse ;
Her fame will be great if she treads in your shoes :
May she wear them with credit and gratitude too,
When cherish'd so kindly, dear Vicar ! by you !

ON WASTE OF TIME.

How sadly we mortals do waste all our time,
In vanity, folly, consuming our prime,
 And we never repentance can feel ;
Till death, or old age, swift approaching, do make
Us severely to feel our egregious mistake ;
 And our follies most clearly reveal.

Alas ! how absurd 'tis such customs t'obey,
Which lead but to ruin—too plainly each day
 Our neighbours their fallacy see ;
Yet, though often we find faults enough all around,
In ourselves do we think no such things can be found,
 And in this, this alone, we agree :

That to censure the conduct of others is fair,
Though their hearts may be good, may be honest,
and are

Very little indeed to us known ;
But if loaded with crimes, with dishonour we be,
We never can think that another is free
To censure, most justly, our own.

MIDNIGHT RECOLLECTION AND REFLECTION.

IN early life I married, and my bride
Was one on whom my ardent love relied
For many happy years—at last she died
On my sad breast,—its honour, and its pride !

Her many children added to our love ;
Some unto heaven God did soon remove ;
But many yet remain to cheer my heart,
For duteous offspring happiness impart.

In life's maturer years *again* I led
A virgin bride unto my nuptial bed ;

Two added infants soon our union bless,
And cheer my days with innocent caress.

A third, a tender girl, was also given,
Yet soon her spirit was recall'd to Heaven.
A fourth, another daughter, now is born :
Three living buds the mother rose adorn.

With age, infirmity my strength subdues,
Yet have I mental strength, and woo the muse,
When recollection would the past rehearse ;
Or grave reflection deck my thoughts in verse.

Weak as I am, and much to home confined,
Yet here God's mercy I in all things find :
My infants cheer my solitude with play,
Their healthful mirth does crown my happy day :

And though in midnight solitude I write,
No pangs of conscience do my soul affright ;
Cheerful I feel, and am to pain resign'd,
Because around me blessings still I find :
Rejoice my soul ! to thy Creator raise
One never-ending Hymn of thanks and praise !

MIDNIGHT CONSOLATIONS OF AGE AND INFIRMITY.

Written in Passion Week, 1831.

“ My Song shall be of Mercy and Judgment ; unto Thee, O Lord, will
I sing.”—*Psalm cii. 1.*

WHILE on my couch I lie, with pain oppress,
In vain I wish, in vain I ask, for rest ;
My frame with sickness, heart with grief, so worn,
That each succeeding hour I long for morn :
Long that another day's bright Sun may rise 5
To show Creation to my aged eyes :
To prove that God, in all His glory, reigns,
Whose wondrous might the Universe sustains :
What consolation should my mind require ;
Teach me, O Saviour ! and my soul inspire 10
To search those records, in thy Gospel found,
Where Mercy, Judgment, Wisdom, Truth abound !
Teach me, O Jesus Christ ! by hope sustain'd,
To learn the Victory which Thou hast gain'd,
O'er Sin and Death triumphant ; captive led, 15
While Faith, Religious Faith, exalts her head ;
And, with a smile of charity like thine,
Bids Revelation on my spirit shine :

Unfolds, with looks serene, each holy page,
And consolation brings to pain and age! 20
There, there, by prayer address'd, O Lord, through
Thee,

To God who reigns in Holy Trinity :
There do I find for mortal woes a host
Of consolations from the Holy Ghost !
And as with awe I turn each sacred page, 25
Where Truth and Mercy every thought engage ;
With lowly spirit do I kiss the rod,
Forget my woes, pour out my Soul to God !
For not *in wrath* His Judgments on my head
Have fallen ; surely, while I tread 30
His courts with praise ; and while my heart doth
yearn

To seek my God, whose might, and power, I learn ;
And while I bow submissive to His will,
His Revelation bids my Soul be still :
And, like a babe, to slumber, and repose, 35
He leads my Soul, which His Salvation knows :
He calms my spirits ; o'er me spreads His arm ;
And soothes my weary heart to holy calm !
For there I read, what long experience proves,
God oft chastises most whom most He loves ; 40
To make us purer His refiner's fire
More burns in mercy, than awakened ire !

For how shall He, the Lord of Life, delight
With fears of Death, eternal Death, to fright
Poor fallen man, the creature of His hand ; 45
Who cannot, oft, temptations great withstand ;
Whose nature, prompt to error since the Fall,
Would on himself severest Judgments call :
Since none is pure, is holy, in His eyes, 49
To Whom the strong are weak, and fools the wise ?
In Revelation's page I learn, with joy,
How God does great affliction, oft, employ
To justify to man His Sov'reign Reign ;
And hope extract from sorrow, joy from pain !
In pain, and sorrow, our Redeemer trod, 55
For many years, the paths which led to God ;
With resignation to Our Father's Will,
His blest commands, with pleasure, did fulfil :
Till, still submissive, He, upon the Cross,
Made our Atonement, and redeem'd our loss ; 60
Paid Adam's penalty : and Victory gain'd ;
By Faith, by Hope, by Charity, sustain'd ;
And over Death triumphant did arise,
While Hallelujahs rent the joyful skies ;
While Seraphim, and Cherubim, did raise 65
Their Hymns of gladness to Jehovah's praise :
Whose wondrous scheme from earliest time began
To make a glad Eternity for man !

His knowledge, too, of envious Satan's deeds,
Whose dread, insatiate, malice still succeeds, 70
By ways unknown, by pow'r too often found ;
Man's peace, man's hope, and pleasure, deep to
wound :

Whose influence frequent leads the Soul astray
From Virtue's path, Religion's blessed way :
God's great foreknowledge could alone decree 75
How Jesus Christ from Death mankind should free—
“ Be ye obedient ; hearken to My voice :
Your Souls in Me, your Father, shall rejoice :
If disobedient, Death shall be your lot ;
By God forsaken, and by man forgot : 80
While dust to dust, and earth to earth returns,
And for her Offspring weeping Nature mourns !”
Such *was* His Will, who man from dust did make ;
Such *is* His threat if Him we *now* forsake : 84
Such was the debt of Death, which Christ has paid,
Who for mankind one full atonement made !
Then turn, my soul ! to Him, to Christ thy Lord,
Whose Revelation comfort does afford :
Then turn to Him, whose ways are ways of peace,
And he will cause *thy* pain, and grief, to cease ; 90
Then call on Him, who will thy woes redress,
For all His paths are paths of pleasantness !

Through Thee, my Saviour ! shall my Soul aspire
To scenes above ; do Thou that Soul inspire, 94
To seek thy ways ; that Soul whom Thou hast given
Hopes of eternal rest, and peace, in heaven :
Where great Jehovah's truth and mercy reign,
Whose Gospel does my weary Soul sustain:
And while my body on the Earth decays, 99
My heart shall own, my tongue shall tell, Thy praise !

A MIDNIGHT MEDITATION.

" Your sorrow shall be turned to joy."

THUS to my Soul, with grief opprest,
And weak with agitation ;
I said, O Spirit ! take thy rest :
Behold thy consolation !

My body age and pain have worn,
Till death would be relieving ;
But why, my Soul ! art *thou* forlorn,
Why mourning thus, and grieving ?

Thou knowest well *thou* canst not die,
Thy essence is eternal :
While it, of mortal mould, doth sigh
With pains and woes internal.

Corruption hourly claims its own,
To dust is dust returning ;
In thee is incorruption shewn,
In fear Salvation earning.

“ Work out with trembling, and in awe,
Man ! work thy own Salvation ;”
Said He, whose Wisdom is our Law,
Whose Law our gratulation !

Then let my body old decay,
Death it from thee must sever ;
Thou knowest it, at the Last Day,
Shall join to thee for ever.

And as our Lord arose from Death,
Again the same kind Master,
My body shall regain its breath,
And shall retain it faster.

No more shall mortal pain decay,
No more shall sorrow grieve ye ;
It shall awake in *heavenly* clay,
From grief Christ will relieve ye !

Grieve not my Soul ! *thou* canst not die,
While He is thy Salvation :
O Grave, we scorn thy victory,
For Heaven is *our station* !

Rejoice my body ! He has won
For thee immortal glory :
Rejoice my Soul ! for Christ is one
Who died, who rose, before thee.

His body died, his Soul did live,
We all shall die, shall mourn all ;
He will, if penitent, forgive,
And give ye life eternal.

LINES,

*Written in my Great-Nephew and Godson, Garth Edward Turnour's
Prayer-book ; my present at his Christening, in the Chapel at
Worthing, 1831.*

WHEN fortune smiles, and youthful joy
Elates thy ardent mind ;
Then happiness, without alloy,
In grateful praises find.

If earthly trials be thy lot,
As fall on all beside ;
Then be not God thy Lord forgot,
But be His mercies tried.

To God, dear Child ! thy prayer address,
Then shall each sorrow cease ;
“ His ways are ways of pleasantness,
And *all* His paths are Peace ! ”

EPIGRAMMA IN CICESTRIAM, A
T. A. HOLLAND, M.A.

UNDE suum, quæras, duxit Cicestria nomen ;
En Cissæ castra—hæc parca fluenta Lavant !

Free Translation of the above.

Would you the name of Chichester disclose ;
By Cissa's camp the scanty Lavant flows.

ARUNDEL.

SWEET Arundel ¹ ! adorn'd by hill, and dale !
Open to Ocean's ever breathing gale :
Thy name is known where gentle Arun flows
Through meads where reed, and waving bulrush, grows.

¹ Arundo, in Latin : the Romans had a station here.

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THE CLERGY ORPHANS:

AN APPEAL

FOR THE

DESTITUTE WIDOWS AND FAMILIES OF MY POORER BRETHREN;

AND

A JUSTIFICATION OF THE CLERGY AGAINST LORD KING,
AND HIS LORDSHIP'S FOLLOWERS.

"God is the Father of the fatherless, the Husband of the widow."

SCRIPTURE *passim*.

"Tyrants would, in impious throngs,
Silence His adorer's songs :
But should Salem's lyre and lute,
At their stern commands be mute ?
Tyrants ! ye in vain conspire :
Wake the lute, and wake the lyre !
Why should Salem's lyre, and lute,
At their stern commands be mute ?"

SELECTIONS FOR ANCIENT CONCERTS.

THE CLERGY ORPHANS.

*Founded on facts continually occurring among the poorer Ministers
of the Established Church.*

AT school, and college, never was a name
More known for virtue, and for honest fame ;
Than young Eugene's : a fellowship he gain'd,
And a small country living soon obtain'd.
Long had fair Emily exchanged her heart 5
For his, and mutual passion did impart :
For how could worth, and sense, in him combined,
Not gain an influence o'er her youthful mind ?
He was an orphan, but her parents smiled
In approbation, and they gave their child 10
To him who loved her well. Her portion small
Furnish'd his vicarage, and was their all.
There many years they lived in calm content,
Proud of the olive branches Heaven sent
To grow around their table ; and afford 15
Sweet consolation at their humble board.
Eugene obtained the blessings of the poor ;
He would advise, would teach them, to endure ;

And the blest will of God above obey :
Then point to regions of eternal day, 20
Where having laid aside their mortal coil,
Eternal rest was sure to end their toil.
The rich admired his sermons, and his ways ;
They gave him *much*, alas ! it was but praise :
Praise which his life, and conduct won from all ; 25
Yet no one came to serve him, or did call
On those in power to aid the worthy man :
Who died as poor as when his life began.
But then a father's care at public school
Taught him to act aright, to live by rule ; 30
To be content with little, and to gain
Admission to his college ; sought in vain
By idle school-boys : they who wish to win
Such honours must in earliest days begin.
Must spend few hours in play, in study more, 35
And daily add to knowledge a fresh store.
Dying, Eugene to Emily address'd
These hopes, his hopes upon her mind impress'd ;
The tender father's life then ebbing fast,
He kiss'd his weeping children first, and last. 40
" Another martyr to the truth of God,
I bow submissive, while I kiss the rod ;
For His unerring wisdom can discern
What my whole life, indeed, has made me learn ;

That wealth, and honours, in this world do fall 45
On very few, but poverty on all
The greater portion of mankind. In vain
By every honest path I sought to gain
Some small addition to our means ; and save
For thee, and these, when I am in my grave. 50
Weep not, my Emily ; we all must die :
We all shall meet, and in Eternity,
Where sorrow is no more, tears wiped away ;
In peace, and rest, through one eternal day.
Nine are our Children, once they were fifteen ; 55
And I, with those we lost, in Church-yard green
Full soon shall lie ; yet do not, love, despair ;
Jehovah lives, and Orphans are His care !
The widow's Husband, Father of the poor ;
His Word unchanging, and His mercy sure. 60
Inspired by Him, who for us sinners died,
A great example to all human pride ;
In meek humility He earned His bread,
And often knew not where to lay His head :
Inspired by Him the Clergy Orphans are 65
Clothed, maintained, and educated ; where
St. John's Wood Chapel rears its modest head,
In Regent's Park, for burial of the dead.
There may *three* children, probably, receive
The bounty which our Widows does relieve. 70

Thyself and all the rest, must try to gain
What will with difficulty life sustain ;
From scanty funds which charity bestows ;
Scanty compared, alas ! with human woes.
I know thy talents will be well employ'd : 75
How many years those talents I enjoy'd,
And wished my Emily a better fate ;
Yet she, though poor, not once reproach'd her mate ;
But smiled in tears, nor did her labour cease ;
Her heart was upright ; in content, and peace. 80
Farewell sweet mother of my babes ; my bride !
Children farewell !" He ceased to speak, and died !

Why should I rend thy heart, my reader kind !
Oh ! paint the Widow's sorrows in thy mind :
Let my experience teach thee *how* they fall 85
In heavy storm, and tempest, on them all :
And want, and poverty, and faces strange :
Alas ! from humble comfort what a change !
These are the sorrows which my heart-strings wrung ;
I weep them still, but leave them still unsung. 90
To see each widow, hear her piteous tale,
Man's heart should be of adamant mail ;
His ears for ever closed to tales of woe,
His tears dried up, nor should their fountain flow.

But one resource remains ; the ready hand— 95
No human heart can e'er such plea withstand.
Yet would I gladly in my office still
Remain, and serve with zealous heart, and will ;
But that adversity her storms did raise,
And drove me forth where I must end my days ; 100
And near my native Weald to dust return,
While helpless Orphans for a father mourn ;
And my sad Widow will deplore their fate,
Like those I write of, poor, and desolate !
Father of Mercy ! hear thy servant's prayer ; 105
And take my *infant* children to thy care ;
Protect their mother ; guard my older race :
Oh ! lead our steps, through Christ, to that blest
place
Where, re-united, we on Thee may call :
And at thy mercy-seat redeem'd may fall ; 110
In grateful adoration there to pay
Our glad thanksgivings in eternal day !

Petitions sent at Emily's request ;
She sends certificates of health : and blest
In hopes of their election, frames her prayer 115
To those who take the Orphans to their care.
Her claim considered, and their father's worth,
At length the welcome news I issue forth ;

And generous friends ¹ who wish their names untold,
 Oft sent the Widows timely aid in gold : 120
 Frequent bank-notes with their admissions went,
 By our Committee freely, kindly, sent ;
 But from his private purse each mite was drawn,
 Which in the Widows' hearts bid hope to dawn ;
 And helped to furnish decent clothes, and pay 125
 The great expenses of the Orphans' way
 To where sweet charity her flag unfurl'd ;
 Our England's glory, glory of the world.
 From Yorkshire many, Lancashire, and Wales ;
 From every place where poverty prevails 130
 Among our working Clergy ; Sussex ! too,
 I oft received petitions sad from you.
 Cornwall, and Devon, Essex, many sent,
 Where Clergy live in want, and banishment.
 Nay, every county sent us, far and near, 135
 These Orphans to a Christian's heart so dear.

¹ An orphan at nine years of age, *and losing all interest* by the sudden death of my kind father ; for my late brother's children are nearly as old as me : I was early taught to feel for others in my condition—young, and fatherless. But much as I have always thought that the Godlike charities of my native land, under Divine Providence, had called down the protection of the Almighty on my Country, I never even conjectured the amount of private benevolence. *My office* made me know many, *very many*, truly noble acts of spontaneous liberality, both from clergy, and laity ; from the first, and not less from the humblest, individuals in Church and State ; to which my poor mite was “ as dust in the balance.”

These helpless Orphans, destitute, but given
To us the Clergy as a charge from heaven.
Why should our Widows mourn, our Orphans weep ?
We are your pastors, and we feed our sheep 140
From Christ's abundance; and through meadows lead
To ever-flowing springs the flocks we feed :
Springs which Salvation's knowledge do impart,
Wells of eternal life to man's glad heart.
Why should our Widows mourn, our Orphans weep ?
The Clergy generous are to all their sheep.
Nor do we *all* of any tithe demand,
Although our claim was laid upon your land
By its first owners ; as an offering given
To their Creator, Lord of Earth, and Heaven ! 150
No titles in this country are so old,
For they began when first was form'd the fold :
The baron's castle stood in strength alone,
He all the lands, and all the men did own :
Serfs were they all, and could not leave the soil, 155
But spent their years in ignorance, and toil.
At length a brighter, happier, sun arose ;
Dissolved of ignorance whole Alpine snows :
And as in purer streams the current ran,
The slave, at last, was ripen'd into man : 160
And England's barons bid our freedom rise
O'er tyranny, by their exertions wise :

Good Alfred's laws again began to shine,
Man knew himself, and knew the Power Divine ;
From whom alone came knowledge in *her* might, 165
And soon dispersed the envious shades of night ;
Brought up her forces ranged in firm array,
And truth, religious truth, adorn'd the day.
Then towns, and villages, on all sides rose,
The artist's skill o'ercame the serf's late woes ; 170
Where caves, or huts, in savage form appear'd,
More useful buildings now their heads uprear'd.
The humble Pastor's modest cell was built,
That he might warn his flock to flee from guilt ;
And while Salvation's Gospel he might preach, 175
By good example every virtue teach :
Teach how to live in peace, and lead the way
Through life's great changes to eternal day.
For this the glebe, and parsonage, were given
To Ministers of England's Church, and Heaven : 180
To those who by their vows are firm restrain'd
From every trade by which support is gain'd.
Pupils the poorer take, or sometimes write,
In hopes the Public may our toils requite ;
In hopes the talents to improve, as lent 185
To keep our families in calm content ;
To serve our fellow-men ; as men of sense,
Content ourselves with humble competence :

Yet still as living on an income small,
We, *working Clergy*, cannot save at all. 190

Had not my tender Father's guardian care
Made me a portion of his wealth to share ;
Like other working Clergy I must pine,
And every hope *to serve my own* resign.
Nothing is perfect here on Earth below, 195
Nor equal fortunes does our God bestow ;
His purposes are wise, to us unknown,
Therefore we humbly kneel before His throne.
And far from praying for increasing wealth,
We only pray for competence, and health : 200
The one we want in sacred duty's aid,
The other for ourselves, and others, made ;
Not for ourselves, and families, alone :
We *cannot* shut our hearts when others moan
In deep affliction, nor should *we* repress 205
A warm, and friendly, wish to help distress.
Brethren ! for ye I plead in words of Truth,
For ye, whose lessons train'd my early youth ;
For ye, whose learned works full oft engage
My mind, attentive, in my years of age : 210
Well knowing that the more I know, and learn,
I more of God's wise Providence discern ;

The more I learn of Truth, and Nature's Laws,
Still more discerning of the First Great Cause ;
Still more submissive to His guiding rod, 215
I go "from Nature up to Nature's God !"
I feel, I know, the Deity within ;
His gracious influence keeps my soul from sin :
His ever-present love, and might, I own,
To whom my every thought, and want, are known. 220
I know that He will for us all provide :
To Him I pray, nor own I *one* beside
In all this world, whose aid on me bestowed,
Has cleared of thorny care a Father's road ;
Has bade a Father, and a Husband, say 225
"One friend has cheer'd me on my arduous way ;
One Patron has enabled me to save,
For wife, and children, when I'm in the grave !"
Yet here I publicly declare to all
No want of duty caused my grievous fall : 230
Through London's vast extent, an honest fame
Had crown'd with popular applause my name :
Unpaid I many *public duties* bore,
Not *one* a shilling added to my store :
Save in three years, when Curacies I had ; 235
And one was rich enough, the others bad.
Yet did I help to all around dispense :
I did not feeling want, nor wanted sense

Both to discern, and share, another's woes :
I knew from whom my *every* talent rose ; 240
And, as His steward, I did gladly share
My mite with others, *equally* His care !
Success for charities my labours gain'd,
By zeal, and faithful pleading, well sustain'd ;
And 'twas my lot, my happy lot, to share 245
The Widow's blessing, and the Orphan's prayer :
To see my name enroll'd with good, and wise ;
To feed the poor, to soothe the matron's cries :
To cause the dumb to speak, the deaf to hear ;
To free afflicted labour's pangs severe : 250
To plead for famine, ignorance, and shame ;
And *shield the sex* in Christ our Saviour's name.
I boast not of my fame, nor my success ;
They came from God, who gave me power to bless :
They were His bounty, in His name were given ; 255
Praise I refused, and bade them turn to Heaven,
Whose gracious mercy sacred influence shed
Abroad¹ my heart, and crowned my aged head :
Who this bald head with whitening snows has deck'd,
Nor let its labours, or its hopes, be wreck'd ; 260
But with a pilot's hand has guided o'er
The hidden rocks, and led me to the shore ;

¹ " The love of God shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given to us." *Rom. v. 5.*

Flourish'd in health, and knowledge, and began
To win the favour of both God and man.
Thus, like their Saviour, taught with years to be
Increasing still in goodness : thus did He
In bright example lead our steps, nor cease ; 275
For all His paths are pleasantness, and peace.
His son to India, to Calcutta went,
By those who propagate the Gospel sent ;
Student in Middleton's, or Heber's name,
Whom God has crowned with eternal fame : 280
Great Fathers of a Church about to rise
In mighty strength, and seek her native skies ;
There, 'midst idolatry on Indian plains,
Her Saviour's cross courageously sustains :
Nor fear her sons to die, and all resign ; 285
Thine is the glory, Lord ! for all is thine !
Three years the young Eugene in college staid,
While progress in the Eastern tongues he made ;
Three farther years a catechist was known,
Nor ever knew a roof to call his own : 290
But, like the Baptist, he went forth to bless
With saving truth the barren wilderness.
At length a deacon, he in Church began
In God's own name to plead with fallen man ;
And, like his pious father, firmly trod 295
His way in peace with man, in peace with God.

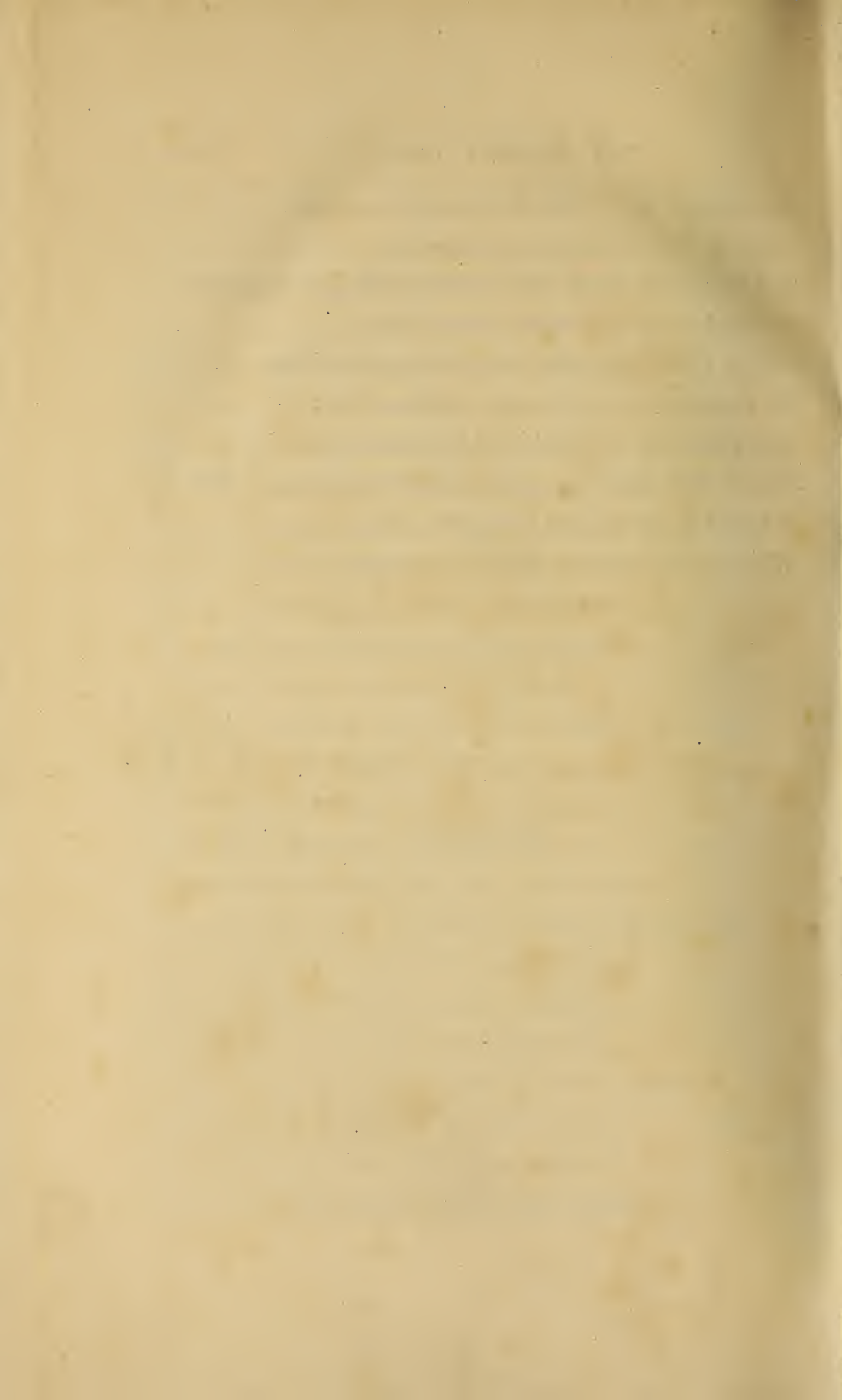
His eldest sister to her mother's care
We then restored ; and now her duties are,
To watch that aged mother's waning years ;
Protect her family, and wipe her tears 300
By duteous care, and tender love, away ;
And thus a debt of love, and care, repay.
The other sister in a school was placed,
Talent had her with high attainments graced ;
And after three short years she then became 305
A partner in the school, and shared its fame.
Such are the blessings which *some* Orphans find ;
Oh ! could we *all* protect ! *we are inclined*
To do our utmost : aid us ye who fear,
And love our God ; and our petition hear ! 310
Unite with us in charity, and know
How blest it is to give, and to bestow
Upon deserving want a friendly aid :
To save the blooming boy, the tender maid,
Who, like thy own, were shelter'd from all harm, 315
By parents, like thyself, with feelings warm :
Who now in poverty do weep, and sigh ;
Can hardly live, yet dare not wish to die.
Believe experienced age ; such deeds will cheer
Thy life advancing still from year to year ; 320
Sickness assuage, thy easy pillow range ;
And joys confer, which never, never, change ;

But brighter glow with Mercy's glorious fires,
Till to a better life thy soul aspires ;
Till round thy death-bed Angels watch, and sing 325
Praises for thy salvation to their King :
Till on their wings thy ransom'd soul they bear
To Paradise above, through realms of air :
And there thy soul will He his servant own,
Who seated reigns upon the sapphire throne ; 330
Whom Cherubim, and Seraphim, adore ;
Who is, and was, and shall be evermore !

THE END.

LONDON :

GILBERT & RIVINGTON, PRINTERS, ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.



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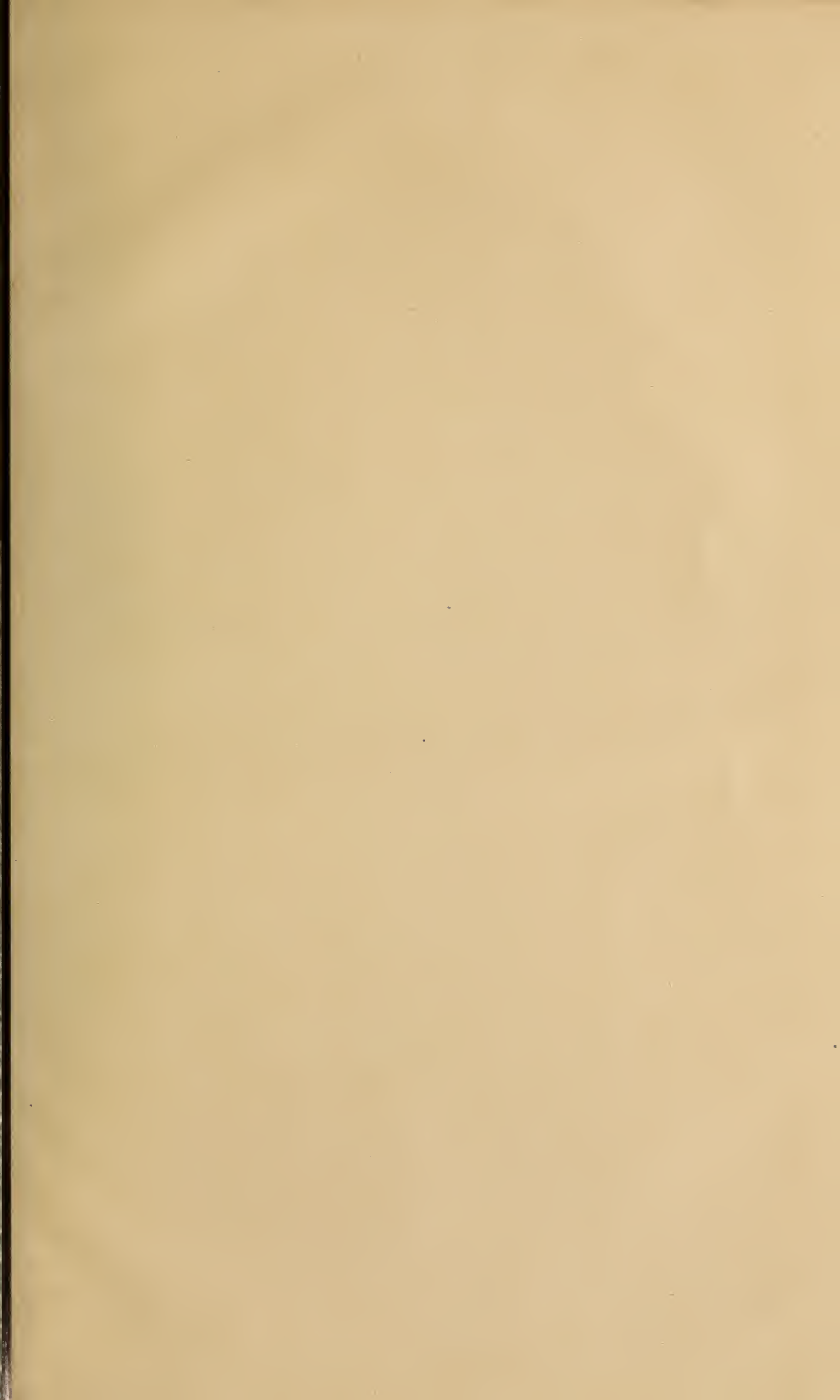
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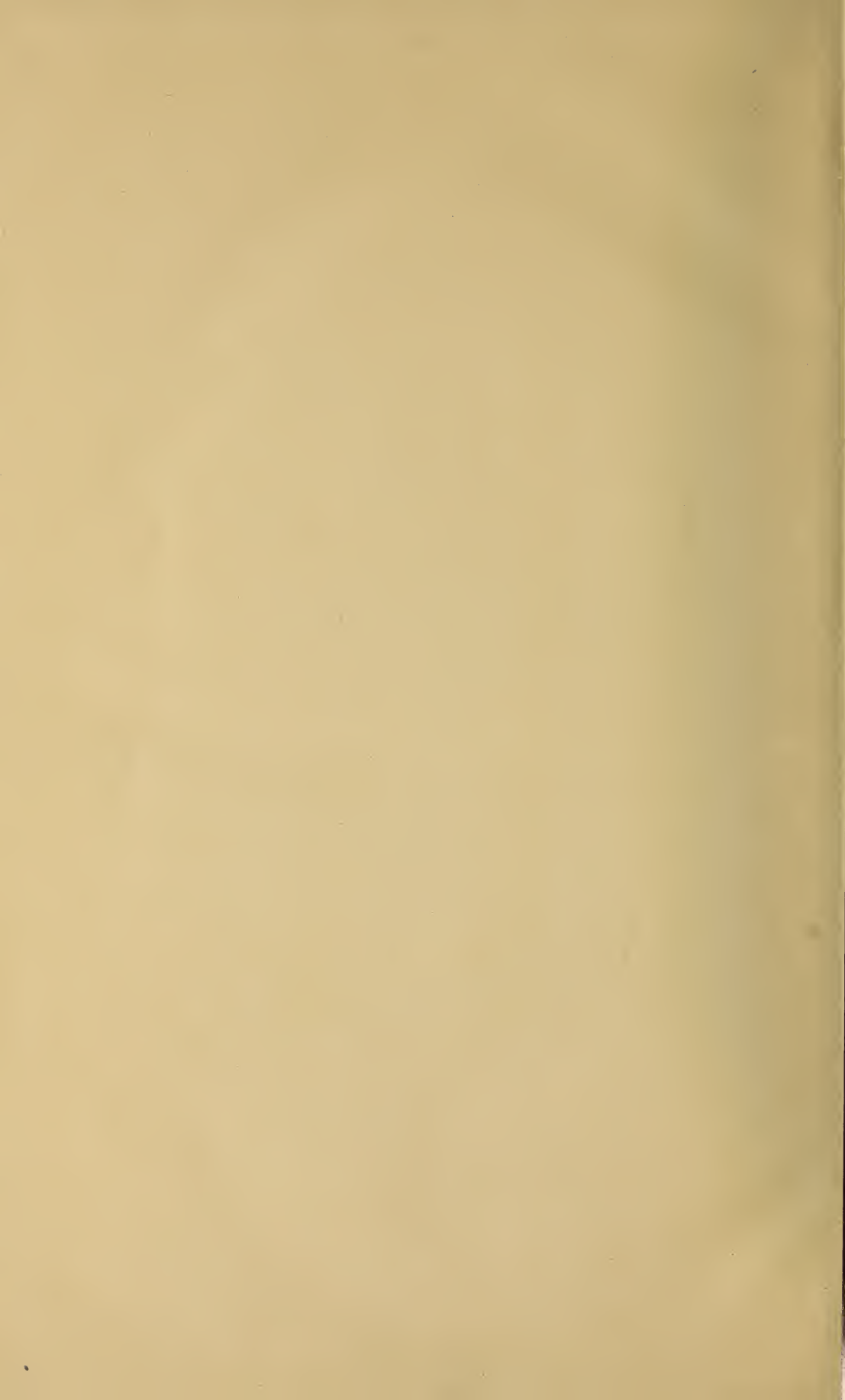
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